PHOTOPLAY

25¢

AUGUST

Hollywood's Fashion Authority

BETTE DAVIS
By Paul Hesse

WHY BOB MONTGOMERY WEN

HOW DEANNA DURBIN REALLY LIVES First Photos of

BE A FASHION STAR! Smart Midseason Clothes You Can Buy

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The End of the Chapter

The papers were signed . . . the decree granted . . . it was the end of the chapter for Jim and Marion. And so her wedding ring, in accordance with the Reno tradition, went spinning into the bleak little river below, as if to wipe out forever the whole sorry business of Jim's charges and her counter-charges. Incompatibility . . . what a harmless-sounding word to separate two people. As she watched the ring disappear, some of Jim's accusations kept creeping back into her troubled mind: . . . that the said Marion was quick-tempered and unreasonable . . . that the said Marion did willfully, and intentionally, humiliate the plaintiff before friends and business associates . . . that on numerous occasions the defendant Marion's breath was objectionable and offensive to a high degree. *Her breath! Why, she hadn't even thought about that when they were married. It didn't seem possible that such a commonplace could be so important a factor. Yet, come to think of it, the breath* was one of the really intimate things of life.*

Take Care, Mr. and Mrs. If you ever came face to face with a real case of halitosis* (bad breath), you can readily understand why it would be almost impossible to "live with." Even the law has been petitioned to recognize this condition in a bill for divorce filed in Cook County, Illinois.

If you're happily married and want to protect your happiness, don't neglect your breath. Keep it fresher, sweeter, and purer with Listerine Antiseptic, notable for its antiseptic and deodorizing effect.

Anyone May Offend. Some cases of halitosis are due to systemic conditions. But usually and fortunately, it is due, say a number of authorities, to the fermentation of tiny food particles in the mouth. Excessive smoking is also a contributing factor.

Before Meeting Others. Why not take the delightful precaution that so many fastidious people rely on? Why not get in the habit of using Listerine morning and night and between times before business and social engagements? This wonderful antiseptic and deodorant first freshens and invigorates the entire mouth, quickly halts fermentation, then overcomes the odors fermentation causes. Almost immediately the breath becomes sweeter, purer, less likely to offend.

This pleasant precaution takes only a minute or two, and you are more than repaid by the sense of security and well being it gives you when you are out to appear at your best. Put Listerine on your shopping list right now. Lambert Pharmacal Co., *St. Louis, Mo.*

***Don't let halitosis end the chapter for you . . . try* LISTERINE**

To find out where to buy these treasures, write to The Fashion Secretary, PHOTOPLAY, 122 East 42nd St., New York City. Please don't send checks, cash or stamps. Please don't send you who gets the money. Write, and we'll tell

SHOPPING FOR YOU AND THE STARS

1. TWO FOR THE PRICE OF ONE!

How'd you like to pay your usual 25c or 50c for a box of Woodbury's fine and utterly germ-free face powder, only to find a present on top! No—this isn't Christmas, but it **is** the time of year when Woodbury plants a bottle of Jergen's "Bateek" perfume, free, into the lid of all its powder boxes. So get going.

2. CARNIVAL SPIRIT

Inspired by the Circus, Lentheric launched a madcap perfume, "Confetti." Then, inspired by the perfume **and** the circus, Lisanda, specialists in mad but merry jewelry, juggled balls and sequins into confetti jewelry—sparkling sequins and crystal balls full of **real** confetti. Perfume, $2.75; necklace, $2; bracelet, $1; earrings, $1.

3. TOP OF THE SUMMER TO YOU!

Here's the topper that tops them all! A hat that combines the virtues of visor, babushka and snood in one. Born in answer to the summer prayers of rumble-seat riders, tennis players and beach-combers—it keeps off the sun, covers unruly ringlets and makes you look cute and pert. Washable, too. In polka-dot rayon crepe, $1; in white pique, $1.25.

4. FOLLOW ME LADS!

You sound your invitation in no uncertain terms when you scent yourself with Varva's persuasive "Suivez Moi" fragrance. To make certain that each and every one of you gets to know it "toute-suite," the company has contrived a companion set of "Suivez-Moi" Talc and Eau de Toilette, for the trifling sum of $1. Fine for gifts. How many, please?

5. THANK YOU, BOYS!

Luxite thanks you for everything—the shirting stripes and the he-man shorts from which they "copped" these simply perfect summer "undies" for gals. The lightest tricot you ever wore next to your skin, cool and fetching in baby pink or baby blue and white stripes. Luxable too, of course. The shorts, $1; the bra, 75c.

BY FRANCES HUGHES

6. SUMMER EDITION: "PIF PAF PUF"

Gals are going gaga over "Kaleidostripes"—new summer editions of Lucien Lelong's petite "Pif Paf Pufs," handy, pint size cosmetic kits with lipstick, powder, rouge and a puff—harmonized make-up for any costume color you can mention. Laraine Day, of Walter Wanger's "Foreign Correspondent" and "My Son, My Son," finds **her** kit very handy. Why don't you try one too? $1.50.

7. WALKING ON AIR

Have you heard about "Hi-larks"—Pli-Mode's airy-fairy playtime shoes? Good old winged Mercury himself could have felt no free-er nor been more buoyant than **you'll** be sporting this cute but comfy moccasin-shoe, "La Playa." Glove-soft capeskin on a two-tone wedge for easy-anchorage. Carnival colours—red, blue, yellow and white, $4.95.

8. "MIGHTY LAK A ROSE"

You may not be able to grow a garden, but you can certainly smell as sweet! You owe it all to Shulton's "Early American" for following their tangy "Old Spice" fragrance with something sweet and new for summer—an eau de cologne called "Friendship's Garden"—in a hobnail bottle that might have been one of your sainted grandma's dearest treasures. 4 ozs., $1.

9. REVOLUTION IN BED-MAKING!

Imagine a sheet that fits your mattress like a glove, with nary a wrinkle to disturb the fussiest sleeper! It's Pacific Mills' new "No-Tuk" sheet with—you'd never guess it—corner pockets! Just slip the mattress into the pockets. The rest is sleep, sweet sleep! Twin and double sizes, Sanforized, and only around $1.50 a sheet. You'll love 'em.

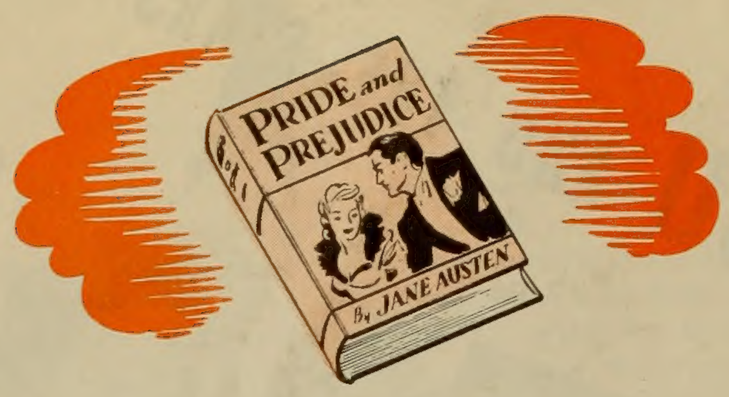
10. BRING ON THE ICE!

Take your week-end hostess Chase's Antarctic Ice Bowl and you're certain of her hearty "Thank you. Come again!" You never saw such chaste simplicity of line, with handy matching tongs and a colourful plastic handle. Chrome or copper, as you please—and no reason why the bowl won't do for pretzels, chips or popcorn, too. $3.

11. A ROSE BY ANY OTHER NAME . . . .

You know the velvety softness—the petal-smoothness . . . the irresistible fragrance of dusky roses! Well—they're all collected for you in Pond's new "Dusk Rose" face powder—an exotic, glowing shade that suits the summer sun-tan of blondes to perfection and makes brunettes more beguiling than ever! 55c a box—and mighty well worth it!

(For More Shopping News, See Page 69)



One of the most famous novels...

One of the most famous plays...

You'll fall in love all over again with the romantic heroine of 'Goodbye Mr. Chips'

The dashing star of "Rebecca" handsomer than ever in an exciting new role!

And now, it will be one of the most famous pictures ever filmed!

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with MARY BOLAND · EDNA MAY OLIVER · MAUREEN O'SULLIVAN
ANN RUTHERFORD · FRIEDA INESCORT · Screen Play by Aldous Huxley
and Jane Murfin · Directed by Robert Z. Leonard · Produced by Hunt Stromberg

PHOTOPLAY

THE ARISTOCRAT OF MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINES

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On the Cover—Bette Davis, Natural Color Photograph by Paul Hesse

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Escape

THE greatest panic in its history has hit Hollywood. This time it is thoroughly justified, if panic ever is, but it is the time for action, not for fear.

No business in America has been so hard hit by the war as the movie business. As Ruth Waterbury points out so searchingly in her story, "Hollywood White Book," the movies are the last cash business left in America. This is an advantage in times of prosperity but can be a great disadvantage in times of uncertainty. Movie attendance has been cut down. Foreign revenue has been reduced to a thin trickle.

It is obvious that the whole structure of the industry must change. It has been geared to the production of twice as many pictures as the public really wants to see. I have yet to find a person who really likes the double feature—and still no one has the courage to eliminate it.

It must now, of course, be eliminated.

So must some of the fantastic salaries, which were based on an entirely different profit-and-loss picture than can prevail today.

If Messrs. Zanuck, Mayer, Cohn, Freeman, Warner, Blumberg, et al., would get together tomorrow and decide on a simple, sensible, economic course of action, the motion-picture world need not collapse.

Above all, the industry must avoid raising theater prices. In the long run this will only further reduce that cash revenue upon which it depends.

I know that if the movies will organize to discontinue the double feature, making only those pictures which can be sold to the public on their own and not as a premium, hundreds of thousands of former picture-goers will return happily to spend their nickels and dimes in what is still the greatest entertainment medium in the world.

Although millions of people hang over their radios to hear the news, the motion-picture theater is more than ever the one place where a harassed public can go for escape.

It is time for the industry to take full advantage of this fact.

Ernest V. Heyn

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THE LONG OR THE SHORT OF IT

"WOMEN paint their fingernails red because they are predatory creatures." So says my father. But I have no objection to the colors which women paint their fingernails. My objection shows an even more predatory streak in the members of my sex—that is the length they wear their nails. Every time I see fingernails which extend beyond the length of the finger, I have the feeling that they are scratching up and down my back, as a cat might with her claws. These unsightly talons have spoiled many a tender scene for me. I am all for organizing with the makers of nail scissors, nail files and emory boards to have a law passed against them.

PENNY AVERILL,
Phoenix, Arizona.

CARNATIONS VS. ONIONS

I WOULD like to toss a bouquet of, not orchids, but of his favorite, white carnations:—

—to a fellow who deserves a lot more credit than he is getting.

—to a fellow who got to the top in two years, not by staging temperamental blowups to get his way, but by taking parts assigned to him and turning them into masterpieces of acting.

—to a fellow who, in face of overwhelming opposition, had the courage to stand by his own convictions and marry a girl whom he genuinely loved.

—to a fellow who, after that marriage, which was "sure to ruin his career," dropped from number one to an abhorrently low position in the list of money-makers.

Yes, I mean Tyrone Power. I think he deserves a great deal of credit, instead of, as Cal York suggests, in May Gossip, "onions to Ty Power for increasing his head size."

Mickey Rooney may have a larger "fan" following, but I'll bet my bottom dollar that through his honest and sincere attitude toward his work Ty Power has won the admiration and loyalty of a great many more real people and true friends than any other star in Hollywood.

ANONYMOUS,
Horseheads, N. Y.

PERSONAL PAT ON THE BACK

A BEAUTIFUL bouquet of long-stemmed roses for Photoplay's "Round-up of Familiar Faces." This is the only motion-picture magazine I have ever seen that gives recognition to the younger players and to the life blood of many an otherwise bad picture—the character players.

Please keep the department as long as possible, for there are many of us who prefer the good old reliable "bit" player to the so-called star of some "supercolossal floperoo." Would like to see a round-up of Warner Brothers' Henry O'Neill, who appears in eight out of ten of their features.

W. HUDD-HUMPHREYS,
Philadelphia, Penn.

New-fangled notion department: Brenda Joyce, Darryl Zanuck's shining light, turns rough-and-ready deb for Fox's new comedy, "Elsa Maxwell's Public Deb No. 1"

"TWISTED MONSTROSITIES"?

WHEN RKO-Radio announced that "Swiss Family Robinson" was going to be made into a picture, I waited for it eagerly, for, like most people, I had read the book not once, but more than ten times. I hoped now to see the characters I grew to know so well come to life. As a teacher I had even read the book to my classes. But after the children saw the picture they all said, "Why it's nothing like the book" and, after seeing it myself, I agreed with them.

Why should any producer take such an all-time best seller and try to improve on it? All that is left of the picture is a twisted monstrosity, with the whole theme of the play changed. It is no longer the fanciful adventures which enchant children but an adult problem of the complexities of life.

Why must any producer twist and contort such universal favorites merely for a bit of sensationalism and, even then, why must the fundamental theme and feeling of it be destroyed? I, for one, am getting tired of going to pictures made from enjoyable books, only to see my well-beloved characters act as they never would have in the book.

BERNARD HEUSER,
Cuyahoga Falls, Ohio.

. . . OR "GOLD MINES"?

IN common with a tremendous number of people, I love books and the sad days of my life have been when I went to see my favorite books screened. Hollywood couldn't believe that an author knew his business; they had to add glamour, change the characters, mutilate the plot and in other ways make the play as different from the book as was possible.

(*Continued on page* 71)

PHOTOPLAY INVITES YOU *to join in its monthly open forum. Perhaps you would like to add your three cents' worth to one of the comments chosen from the many interesting letters received this month—or perhaps you disagree violently with some reader whose opinions are published here! Or, better still, is there some topic you've never seen discussed as yet in a motion-picture magazine, but which you believe should be brought to the attention of the movie-going public? This is your page, and we welcome your views. All we ask is that your contribution be an original expression of your own honest opinion.* PHOTOPLAY *reserves the right to use gratis the letters submitted in whole or in part. Letters submitted to any contest or department appearing in* PHOTOPLAY *become the property of the magazine. Contributions will not be returned. Address: Boos and Bouquets,* PHOTOPLAY, *122 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y.*

BOOS AND Bouquets

New Screen Triumph Wins Praise from Hollywood Stars . . .

THE AUTHOR OF "GOODBYE, MR. CHIPS" SAYS:

"'Tom Brown's School Days' was the first, and still is one of the richest, of all stories of school-boy life. I am delighted to see Tom and Doctor Arnold, the 'Mr. Chips' of Rugby, brought to warm-hearted, youth-loving America. We salute the film version of this completely delightful entertainment for old and young alike."

James Hilton

"Don't miss 'Tom Brown's School Days.' Packed with dramatic punch . . . exciting melodrama . . . rousing humor. A full measure of enjoyment and laughter for every movie-goer."

Walter Pidgeon

"Another great classic comes to the screen. I enjoyed myself tremendously and I know you will, too."

Joan Bennett

"'Tom Brown's School Days' is a great and different picture. Its charm and realism completely intrigued me."

Charles Boyer

"Exciting! Thrilling! This famous classic is at last brought to the screen in a way that will make you catch your breath. I loved every minute of it."

Ann Sheridan

GENE TOWNE PRESENTS

The greatest schoolboy thriller of all time . . . read and loved by over 50,000,000 people

"TOM BROWN'S SCHOOL DAYS"

with

Sir Cedric Hardwicke · Freddie Bartholomew · Jimmy Lydon
Josephine Hutchinson · Billy Halop · Polly Moran · Hughie Green
Ernest Cossart · Alec Craig · Gale Storm

Produced by GENE TOWNE and GRAHAM BAKER • Directed by ROBERT STEVENSON

Adaptation and Screen Play by Walter Ferris & Frank Cavett and Gene Towne & Graham Baker
Additional Dialogue by Robert Stevenson • Distributed by RKO Radio Pictures

THE PLAY'S THE THING Production
RKO RADIO PICTURES

Brief Reviews

★ INDICATES PICTURE WAS ONE OF THE BEST OF THE MONTH WHEN REVIEWED

A case where a blonde finds something besides big game in the jungle: Paramount's "Safari," with Madeleine Carroll, Doug Fairbanks, Tullio Carminati and Muriel Angelus

ALIAS THE DEACON—Universal

Presenting Robin Burns as a modern *Robin Hood:* Bob plays a carnival grifter who's mistaken for a preacher and makes the most of it; Mischa Auer's the town barber; Peggy Moran and Dennis O'Keefe provide romance. Corny, but fairly amusing in spots. (*July*)

AND ONE WAS BEAUTIFUL—M-G-M

Alice Duer Miller's story casts Jean Muir as the glamour girl who lets playboy Robert Cummings take a prison rap for a manslaughter job she committed, but it's pretty Laraine Day, her younger sister, who works for his release. If you liked the story, you'll like the movie. (*June*)

★ ANDY HARDY MEETS DEBUTANTE—M-G-M

However, Mickey Rooney gets into plenty of trouble trying to track down deb Diana Lewis in Manhattan, after boasting about their non-existent "affair." Judy Garland is marvelous as the adoring girl who helps him out and Lewis Stone and Mickey are better than ever, if possible. Heart-warming stuff, as only the *Hardys* can do it. (*July*)

BEYOND TOMORROW—RKO-Radio

Three lonely businessmen befriend a boy and a girl. The men die but remain in the scene as ghosts. The boy is lured from the straight and narrow by actress Helen Vinson. It's an enervating sermon under the guise of entertainment, with Richard Carlson, Jean Parker and others doing their best. (*June*)

★ BILL OF DIVORCEMENT, A—RKO-Radio

Maureen O'Hara plays the role that sent Katharine Hepburn zooming to stardom in this somber film dealing with hereditary insanity. Adolphe Menjou, as the neurotic father who escapes from the sanitarium; Fay Bainter, as the wife who plans to remarry; and Herbert Marshall round out the principals. Well done, but not for the masses. (*June*)

★ BISCUIT EATER, THE—Paramount

An unexpected treat, this charming, sentimental story of the patient efforts of little Billy Lee to make a capable pointer of the runt of a litter. Promise, the dog, and Cordell Hickman, a little colored boy, are superb. (*June*)

BLACK FRIDAY—Universal

Put Boris Karloff in the role of a doctor who transplants the brain of a criminal into the cranium of his professor-friend, Stanley Ridges, and you'll have a trend of events that will keep you enthralled. Anne Nagel provides the spot of beauty. (*May*)

BLONDIE ON A BUDGET—Columbia

Blondie has a yen for a fur coat, *Dagwood* wants to join a club he can't afford. Toss in a girl friend to make *Blondie* jealous and let *Baby Dumpling* turn on his charm. There you have the latest effort of Penny Singleton, Arthur Lake, Rita Hayworth and Larry Simms. (*May*)

★ BUCK BENNY RIDES AGAIN—Paramount

Put Jack Benny on a dude ranch where he stages a framed holdup to impress his sweetheart, Ellen Drew; toss in an honest-to-Pete robbery; add that valiant valet, Rochester, Phil Harris' music and some snappy dance routines—and there you have entertainment that will have you cheering. (*June*)

BULLET CODE—RKO-Radio

George O'Brien is still galloping over the sage brush and righting wrongs. Virginia Vale plays the girl whose ranch he saves from a gang of rustlers. There's plenty of action. (*May*)

COURAGEOUS DR. CHRISTIAN, THE—RKO-Radio

Second in the series, Jean Hersholt is a small-town philanthropist who tries for better housing conditions and meets with civic opposition. He's supported by Dorothy Lovett, Robert Baldwin, Tom Neal and others. (*June*)

CURTAIN CALL—RKO-Radio

Small-town girl Barbara Read leaves John Archer flat when her strictly Grade-Z play is purchased by a Broadway producer for the sole purpose of irritating actress Helen Vinson. Alan Mowbray and Donald MacBride are something to see in their antics. (*July*)

★ DARK COMMAND, THE—Republic

That famous "Stagecoach" team, John Wayne and Claire Trevor, take a hand in shaping the destiny of Kansas in this film, which has Walter Pidgeon as the ruthless guerilla leader who terrorizes the country until Wayne steps in. This has the rich flavor of frontier life. (*June*)

DR. CYCLOPS—Paramount

A weird tale of a mad scientist who finds a radium mine and makes people shrink to the size of rabbits. A fascinating novelty, with Albert Dekker doing a fine job in the title role. Thomas Coley, Janice Logan and Charles Halton support. (*May*)

DR. KILDARE'S STRANGE CASE—M-G-M

This time, Lew Ayres toys with the recently publicized insulin shock treatment for mental cases, thus saving the reputation of a fellow medico and maintaining his own place in the affections of best girl Laraine Day and mentor Lionel Barrymore. (*July*)

★ DOCTOR TAKES A WIFE, THE—Columbia

Another of those risque setups, which has Ray Milland, a doctor, and Loretta Young, a novelist of a best seller glorifying the spinster, thrown into a compromising situation through a "just married" sign on the wrong car. To avoid a scandal they pretend they are married. The picture's fun and worth the money. (*June*)

★ DOUBLE ALIBI—Universal

Wayne Morris, number one suspect, poses as a crime reporter in order to hunt down a murderer. Against City Editor William Gargan's orders, Margaret Lindsay teams up with Morris and snoops, too. The story moves swiftly and you'll have fun dissecting the plot. (*June*)

FARMER'S DAUGHTER, THE—Paramount

A subdued Martha Raye, but still amusing, gets caught up in the cross-fire when a Broadway producer sends his gold-digging girlfriend to a barn-theater to get her out of town. You'll get plenty of laughs from Martha, Charlie Ruggles and Gertrude Michael. (*May*)

FLORIAN—M-G-M

A lavish production with sweep and color, but the story is curiously mixed up. It's about *Florian,* champion of the Lippizans (Austrian animals bred for the Royal House), and his influence on the lives of people. Robert Young is his trainer who is in love with a duchess, played by Helen Gilbert. Irina Baronova, the ballet dancer, makes her American debut and dances beautifully. "Florian" will enchant you. (*June*)

Consult This Movie Shopping Guide and Save Your Time, Money and Disposition

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SHADOW STAGE

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FORTY LITTLE MOTHERS—M-G-M

Not the usual Cantor girl show, but there're plenty of them, what with Eddie cast as a sad-eyed prof in a school with forty ingenues. He becomes a father by proxy when Rita Johnson abandons her baby. He hides it in his quarters, but complications end happily. Judith Anderson and youngsters Bonita Granville and Diana Lewis are excellent. (*June*)

FREE, BLONDE AND 21—20th Century-Fox

Like "Hotel for Women," this has a woman's hostelry for background. Mary Beth Hughes gets herself into a murder jam; Lynn Bari holds out on men and lands a millionaire; and Joan Davis is wonderfully funny as a chambermaid. Henry Wilcoxon, Robert Lowery and Chick Chandler make life interesting for the girls. (*May*)

FRENCH WITHOUT TEARS—Paramount-British

Once a successful stage play, now a movie of all-right entertainment. It's about a school in France where aspiring English diplomats study French. Enter Ellen Drew—who holds to the theory that all men were created to be her playthings. One of her catches is Ray Milland, who, incidentally, has never done better work. You'll like this. (*June*)

GHOST COMES HOME, THE—M-G-M

Frank Morgan's incomprehensible English and Billie Burke's vaporings are okay for comedy relief, but it's all too much in this story of a man who is nagged by his wife into becoming an unpleasantly dominant person. Ann Rutherford and John Shelton are in the cast, too. (*May*)

GRANDPA GOES TO TOWN—Republic

More trouble for the *Higgins Family* (James, Lucile, and Russell Gleason, in private life), when they innocently start a fake gold rush in the ghost town where they're trying to run a hotel. But Harry Davenport, as *Grandpa*, manages to save the day. (*July*)

HALF A SINNER—Universal

Schoolmarm Heather Angel goes on a glamour spree; finds adventure in the shape of a stolen car, a mysterious corpse and handsome John King. Constance Collier and Walter Catlett add comedy. (*May*)

HOUSE OF THE SEVEN GABLES, THE—Universal

Hawthorne's famous classic comes to the screen with Vincent Price as the man sent to prison for a murder he didn't commit. Ever-faithful to Price is his sweetheart, Margaret Lindsay, who suffers George Sanders' continuing menace until her lover can return to her. The atmosphere of evil is well created. (*May*)

★ HUMAN BEAST—Juno

Grim and bitter is Jean Renoir's mature direction of a family of drunkards, with member Jean Gabin powerless to conquer a lust to kill. A warped childhood gives the woman he loves, Simone Simon, no strength to help him overcome the curse of his ancestry. Stark realism, but gripping. (*June*)

I WAS AN ADVENTURESS—20th Century-Fox

That familiar Continental jewel-thief formula, but it makes a glamorous showcase for Zorina, as the charming swindler who tries to reform for Richard Greene. Peter Lorre and Erich Von Stroheim turn in some grand acting, while Zorina's ballet sequence alone is worth the price of admission. (*July*)

IF I HAD MY WAY—Universal

Despite fine performances from everybody concerned, this is much less than worthy of Bing Crosby and Gloria Jean. What little story there is provides a show-within-a-show for their songs and those of such early-day favorites as Blanche Ring, Eddie Leonard, Trixie Friganza. (*July*)

★ IRENE—RKO-Radio

The famous stage success hits the screen with Anna Neagle as the beautiful salesgirl who is set up in an exclusive dress shop as a model. Ray Milland is her benefactor, but the girl worries you when she seems to prefer his rival, Alan Marshal. The film has a lilting quality and "Alice Blue Gown" will haunt you throughout the unreeling of this. (*June*)

★ IT ALL CAME TRUE—Warners

If you missed Photoplay's March Movie Book, you might think this is another gangster melodrama, with Humphrey Bogart holding a club over the heads of stage-struck Ann Sheridan and composer Jeffrey Lynn in order to buy sanctuary in a boardinghouse run by their widowed mothers. But the picture ends on a gay musical note, with ZaSu Pitts, Una O'Connor and Jessie Busley adding their individual touches. (*June*)

★ IT'S A DATE—Universal

Here is a great picture, full of charm, good music, superb performances—and Deanna Durbin. She's the precocious daughter of a famous actress (Kay Francis, staging a comeback de luxe), who becomes her mother's rival for a stage role—and the affections of Walter Pidgeon. The unraveling is done in an entertaining fashion. Don't miss this. (*June*)

★ JOHNNY APOLLO—20th Century-Fox

Tyrone Power gets all mixed up with gangsters in an attempt to get his embezzling dad (Edward Arnold) out of prison—and winds up there with him, for his pains. Dorothy Lamour is a torch singer who tries to help them out. A jail break climaxes this well-acted, suspenseful and generally superior offering. (*July*)

LIGHT OF WESTERN STARS, THE—Paramount

This favorite Zane Grey yarn has received excellent screen treatment. The above-average Western cast includes Victor Jory, as an outlaw-fighting ranch foreman, and Jo Ann Sayers, as a socialite who adds to his troubles. (*July*)

MARINES FLY HIGH, THE—RKO-Radio

An overdone melodrama of two marines, Richard Dix and Chester Morris, after the same girl, Lucille Ball, who needs them to save her plantation from bandits. (*May*)

MILLIONAIRE PLAYBOY—RKO-Radio

Guaranteed to tickle the Penner fans. Joe has a complex that results in hiccups when any pretty girl kisses him, and plenty want to do it. Linda Hayes is the one who finally cures him. (*May*)

★ MY FAVORITE WIFE—RKO-Radio

Irene Dunne returns from a seven-year absence on the very day that husband Cary Grant, having given her up for dead, has married Gail Patrick—and the fact that her desert-island companion turns out to be Randolph Scott doesn't help matters, either! Sophisticated humor, superbly directed and acted. (*July*)

★ MY SON, MY SON!—Small-U.A.

Adapted from Howard Spring's best seller, this is a superb study of an adoring father who gives his son everything, and of the boy who ruins the lives of all those near to him. Brian Aherne, as the father, and Louis Hayward, as the son, are superb. Laraine Day's performance forecasts stardom for her. Madeleine Carroll, Henry Hull, Josephine Hutchinson, Bruce Lester and Scotty Beckett are all good in their roles. (*May*)

★ NORTHWEST PASSAGE—M-G-M

The first half of Kenneth Roberts' book, the journey of *Rogers' Rangers* through the wilderness to attack the Indians at St. Francis, is filmed in Technicolor to bring you a picture so beautiful that it can be labeled epic. Spencer Tracy has never given a finer performance as the man whose indomitable will conquers all. Robert Young is excellent as his young aide. (*May*)

ONE MILLION B. C.—Hal Roach-United Artists

Charging dinosaurs, whose gigantic realness is a noteworthy tribute to studio technique, create most of the excitement and keep caveman Victor Mature and cave girl Carole Landis in an understandable state of jitters. It's the darndest thing! (*July*)

★ OUR TOWN—Sol Lesser-United Artists

The Pulitzer Prize play emerges as unusual film fare which is often slow but, more often, strangely compelling. Martha Scott is the daughter of Guy Kibbee and Beulah Bondi. William Holden is the son of Thomas Mitchell and Fay Bainter. Their small-town courtship and marriage supply most of the plot, as "narrated" by Frank Craven. Stuart Erwin is another member of the exceptional cast. (*July*)

★ PRIMROSE PATH, THE—RKO-Radio

Not a pretty story, this, of a family whose nominal head has a weakness for gin, and a mother

Farewell to Broadway (and Hollywood, too?): Laurence Olivier and Vivien Leigh took time off from their Shakespeare venture to visit one of the four Leigh movies showing simultaneously in New York—just before announcing their intention to volunteer for war service in Great Britain

A Wad of Money—

DOESN'T MAKE YOU RICH

A sure way to fatten your pocketbook is to wad money up in bunches. But *folded* bills buy just as much . . . and are lots less bulky!

Elementary? Certainly! And for just that same reason Kotex sanitary napkins are *less bulky* than pads made with loose, wadded fillers! Kotex is made in soft *folds!*

Naturally this *folded* center makes Kotex *less bulky* . . . less apt to chafe.

Snap your fingers at worry! For safety's sake, an *improved* new type of moisture-resistant material is now placed between the soft folds of every Kotex pad . . .

And that's not all! Kotex has flat, form-fitting ends that never show . . . never make ugly bulges . . . the way napkins with thick, stubby ends so often do!

Kotex* comes in three sizes, too! Unlike most napkins, Kotex comes in *three* different sizes — *Super — Regular — Junior.* (So you may vary the size pad to suit different days' needs.)

All 3 sizes of Kotex have soft, folded centers...flat, tapered ends...and moisture-resistant "safety panels". And *all 3 sizes sell for the same low price!*

FEEL *its new softness*
PROVE *its new safety*
COMPARE *its new, flatter ends*

"You scarcely know you're wearing it!"

*Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

She's writing a Deliberate Lie—"Having a Wonderful Time!"

Why let underarm odor spoil your fun when Mum every day will guard your charm?

"I'VE MET the grandest man, too!" wrote Ethel. But she never said that just *meeting* him was all. It ruined her vacation to see him so attentive to a girl far less attractive. Yet *she* could have been the popular one...if she had remembered to use Mum!

Underarm odor is noticed so quickly by everyone you meet, that you must prevent it *every day* if you want to play safe! Don't expect your bath alone to keep you fresh. Your bath removes only *past* perspiration. But Mum prevents risk of future odor... makes you always welcome because it *keeps you sweet*—nice to be near!

Mum is so dependable that of all deodorants it is most popular. *More* women prefer it... more screen stars, more nurses, more girls like you!

QUICK! A pat of Mum under this arm, under that, takes only 30 seconds.

SAFE! Mum won't harm any kind of fabric, the American Laundry Institute Seal tells you that. Nor will it irritate your skin, even after underarm shaving.

SURE! Mum makes odor impossible—not by attempting to prevent the perspiration, but by *neutralizing the odor before it starts.* Get Mum at your druggist's today—and make sure of *your* popularity.

MUM IS SAFE FOR SKIN AND CLOTHING

For Sanitary Napkins

Wise women everywhere prefer Mum for Sanitary Napkin use. It is gentle, safe, prevents odor. Avoid embarrassment . . . use Mum this way, too.

MUM

TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

who supports her family by going on parties with men who can afford the money to buy groceries for her brood on *February Hill.* It's a shock, but a pleasant one to see Ginger Rogers' acting in this simple, honest story, and Joel McCrea is the most convincing he has ever been. (*May*)

★ REBECCA—Selznick International-U.A.

The main character, *Rebecca*, never appears in the film, but dominates the whole. She was the first wife of Laurence Olivier. After her death, Olivier marries Joan Fontaine, brings her to his country estate, *Manderley*, and there she discovers—but we can't spoil the story, for its success depends on the surprise twists of the plot. The mood for haunting fear is magnificently contrived, aided by the superior work of Olivier, Miss Fontaine, Judith Anderson, George Sanders and Reginald Denny. (*May*)

★ ROAD TO SINGAPORE—Paramount

One of the gayest, most amusing films of the season has Bing Crosby, son of a rich ship owner, desert his fiancée at the altar, root out his laziest pal (Bob Hope) and head for the South Seas where, when they team up with Dottie Lamour, peace goes chattering out the window. Crosby's grand and Hope has never been better. Don't miss this. (*May*)

SAFARI—Paramount

Madeleine Carroll manages to mess things up beautifully for Doug Fairbanks, Jr., and Tullio Carminati when she comes along and injects the triangle motif into an already dangerous lion hunt. The story isn't much, but the players are excellent —particularly Lynne Overman in an outstanding character portrayal. (*July*)

SAINT TAKES OVER, THE—RKO-Radio

George Sanders is as charming as ever in one of the best of this series. On this occasion, he steps out to vindicate the fair name of *Inspector Fernack* (Jonathan Hale), with some rather gory results which upset everybody except George and his helpful pal, Paul Guilfoyle. (*July*)

SATURDAY'S CHILDREN—Warners

Loads of human interest and great performances from Anne Shirley and John Garfield can't keep this refutation of the two-can-live-as-cheaply-as-one theory from being depressing. Anne tricks John, who has other plans, into a marriage which her father (Claude Rains) has a dramatic time trying to save. (*July*)

SEVENTEEN—Paramount

Tarkington's famous story of teen-age love, with all the troubles left in—tuxedo, the horrid little sister (Norma Nelson), etc.—gives Jackie Cooper an opportunity to strut his stuff. Betty Field is perfect as the siren from Chicago. (*May*)

SON OF THE NAVY—Monogram

Orphan Martin Spellman sets out to find himself a papa and mama, creating lots of complications for battleship gunner James Dunn and Jean Parker. Unpretentious but pleasant. (*July*)

★ STAR DUST—20th Century-Fox

Taken from a portion of Linda Darnell's own life —the story of a girl trying to get a break at the studios. John Payne has a role worthy of his talents. Roland Young, as an ex-star, and Charlotte Greenwood bring hearty laughs. (*June*)

STARS LOOK DOWN, THE—M-G-M-British

A grim subject—coal mines and miners. Michael Redgrave plays the idealistic schoolteacher who tries to combat social injustice. A countertheme is the sordid marriage of Redgrave to Margaret Lockwood. The photography is excellent. (*June*)

STRANGE CARGO—M-G-M

This weird, allegorical preachment has to do with escaping convicts in the jungles surrounding a tropical prison camp. A deglamourized Joan Crawford turns in a superb dramatic performance as a brothel gal who is kicked off the island. Clark Gable seems a little embarrassed with his role, but Ian Hunter is praiseworthy as a Christlike figure who brings regeneration to these unfortunates. (*May*)

THOSE WERE THE DAYS—Paramount

College life at the turn of the century provides horse-and-buggy antics a-plenty for such engaging juveniles as William Holden, Ezra Stone and Bonita Granville. Fun for the whole family. (*July*)

★ TILL WE MEET AGAIN—Warners

Remember "One Way Passage"? This time George Brent and Merle Oberon are doomed from the first reel—he's an escaped murderer (Pat O'Brien's his captor), she has coronary thrombosis. After a symbolic beginning, a deathless love develops, each discovers the other's secret, each pretends. See it for a good cry. (*June*)

TOMBOY—Monogram

Marcia Mae Jones has the title role as the daughter of an ex-baseball player, Grant Withers, and makes life tough for her young boy friend, Jackie Moran. Sweetness and light. (*July*)

★ TOO MANY HUSBANDS—Columbia

Jean Arthur, Fred MacMurray and Melvyn Douglas worry over the problem of bigamy when Jean remarries, thinking her first husband has been drowned. But the fun begins when he returns and Jean can't make up her mind which she wants to keep. Full of fairly suggestive slap-happy scenes, played with flair. Dorothy Peterson is swell as the secretary. (*May*)

TURNABOUT—Hal Roach-United Artists

Thorne ("Topper") Smith's loopy fantasy of the husband and wife who got their wish: "If only you were in *my* shoes for a day!" Carole Landis and John Hubbard are hilariously convincing as the couple who change bodies, as well as jobs, and nearly wreck her household and his business. Slaphappy comedy. (*July*)

20 MULE TEAM—M-G-M

Wallace Beery has a made-to-order role as the toughest mule skinner in all Death Valley in the early days of the borax industry. Helping him out are Leo Carrillo and Marjorie Rambeau. Top-budget Western. (*July*)

★ TWO GIRLS ON BROADWAY—M-G-M

A love of a musical—with George Murphy starting things by opening a wedge for his dance partner, Joan Blondell, to follow him on Broadway. But her young sister, Lana Turner, steps in and Joan is relegated to cigarette-girl status. Good music, good footwork, good story. (*June*)

TYPHOON—Paramount

Back to sarongs for Dottie Lamour, as a white girl cast away on a desert isle when she was only a tot. Comes love, in the person of drunken sailor Robert Preston, whom she reforms, with an assist from the typhoon. All too reminiscent of "My Jungle Love," but Lynne Overman's humor helps and so does beautiful color photography. (*July*)

★ VIRGINIA CITY—Warners

A swell adventure film, with Errol Flynn the hero in the traditional manner. There's a chase, an attack on a wagon train, a hairbreadth rescue by the U. S. Cavalry, Miriam Hopkins (a Southern gal who falls for Northern Flynn) and Randy Scott, a Confederate captain. (*June*)

VIVA CISCO KID—20th Century-Fox

Cesar Romero, sideburns and all, spends most of the footage rescuing Jean Rogers, who's pretty and extremely good in her role. The *Kid's* honorable *Robin Hood* attitude remains staunchly the same. (*June*)

WAY OF ALL FLESH, THE—Paramount

Akim Tamiroff is a respected banker until crooks swindle him out of his trust on a trip to New York. His resultant degradation and exile from wife Gladys George, who courageously goes on bringing up the family, offers a "Stella Dallas" in reverse. Morbid and tear-drenched, but for the most part honest and well-acted. (*July*)

WOLF OF NEW YORK—Republic

In the title role, Edmund Lowe isn't a crook—but he's mighty close to it, as a lawyer who works on the side of crime and against law and order. Adequate cops-and-robbers entertainment. (*July*)

WOMEN IN WAR—Republic

Not a very auspicious comeback for Elsie Janis, favorite entertainer of the doughboys during World War I. Here she's in charge of a hospital at the front and trying, in her hard-boiled way, to watch over Wendy Barrie, who has all the other girls down on her because she's so darned attractive. (*July*)

WOMEN WITHOUT NAMES—Paramount

Plot revolves around a boy and girl convicted of a murder on circumstantial evidence. Robert Paige and Ellen Drew have top roles and Judith Barrett's a heavy. Plenty of suspense. (*May*)

★ YOUNG TOM EDISON—M-G-M

A biographical film—the story of Thomas Edison during his early youth, up to the time he left home to become a telegraph operator, but with Mickey Rooney playing the role, the character could have been named John Smith, so warm, so sympathetic and completely entertaining is his interpretation of the great inventor. Fay Bainter, Virginia Weidler and George Bancroft are excellent. (*May*)

The doctor takes his favorite wife to the movies—and what a treat, considering that he is Francis Griffin—and she is Irene Dunne!

How Well Do You Know Your Hollywood?

Co-starring encore: Bob Hope and Paulette Goddard, gold-star team of "The Cat and The Canary," carry on in "The Ghost Breakers"

GRADE yourself five points for every one you guess right. If you get sixty or less, you don't keep up with Hollywood. If your score is eighty, you're doing quite well; and if you have a score of one hundred, you know as much as PHOTOPLAY. Check up on page 74.

1. Two of these stars portrayed queens on the screen:

Claudette Colbert *Carole Lombard*
Irene Dunne *Greta Garbo*

2. "Dr. Kildare's Strange Case" makes the following number of feature pictures Lionel Barrymore has appeared in:

65 *90*
75 *100*

3. Two of these actors play the title roles in two picture series:

George Sanders *Arthur Lake*
Warren William *Preston Foster*

4. He was the first actor in Hollywood to own a race horse:

Robert Taylor *Clark Gable*
George Raft *Jack Benny*

5. Eddie Cantor gave two of these stars their first real break:

Judy Garland *Deanna Durbin*
Jackie Cooper *Bobby Breen*

6. He was once a news cartoonist:

Walter Pidgeon *William Powell*
Gary Cooper *Robert Preston*

7. Two of these proud fathers have twin sons:

Jack Holt *Bing Crosby*
Richard Dix *Don Ameche*

8. She paid $40,000 to get rid of her last Hollywood contract, but now she's planning a return to the screen:

Katharine Hepburn *Claire Windsor*
Sylvia Sidney *Fay Wray*

9. Two of these celebrities are also bank officials:

Darryl Zanuck *Edward Arnold*
Donald Crisp *Cecil B. De Mille*

10. He was the voice of Pinocchio:

Walt Disney *Johnny Russell*
Dickie Jones *Terry Kilburn*

11. Two of these stars recently appeared on the Broadway stage:

Ingrid Bergman *Joan Fontaine*
Betty Grable *Joan Crawford*

12. Paramount Studio is suing this actor for damages because he refused to play the role assigned him in a picture for which he was borrowed from another studio:

Don Ameche *Fred Astaire*
Ronald Colman *Joel McCrea*

13. Two of these pictures are remakes of old films:

The Doctor Takes a Wife
Two Girls on Broadway
Till We Meet Again *Strange Cargo*

14. Her husband, who is a writer and director, has given up his Hollywood career to serve in the Royal British Navy:

Virginia Bruce *Dolores Del Rio*
Maureen O'Sullivan *Mary Astor*

15. Two of these stars have adopted children:

Joan Bennett *Marlene Dietrich*
Hedy Lamarr *Barbara Stanwyck*

16. This singing star is a direct descendant of President Martin Van Buren:

Alice Faye *Nelson Eddy*
Jeanette MacDonald *Dick Powell*

17. Two of these actresses were once models:

Ann Sheridan *Jane Wyman*
Lana Turner *Lucille Ball*

18. Two of these stars played bit roles as chorus girls in "Pretty Ladies," a picture starring ZaSu Pitts in 1925:

Norma Shearer *Joan Crawford*
Jean Arthur *Myrna Loy*

19. Two of these actresses have played Deanna Durbin's mother on the screen:

Gail Patrick *Fay Bainter*
Irene Rich *Billie Burke*

20. Can you name two players who are always co-starred in the same pictures who have more than forty years difference in their ages?

"Some Girls look Older in Summer–and GRIT in Face Powder is one of the Reasons!"

says Lady Esther

Day by Day the summer sun is changing the tones of your skin! You *should* look younger in summer, yet it is tragically true that many girls *look older*. The reason may be an out-of-season powder shade—or a face powder that is wrong in texture—a powder that contains GRIT.

Don't let grit in your face powder spoil your loveliness!

Yes, grit in powder can give your skin a grainy, "powdery" look—often mistaken for an *aged look*. So beware of gritty face powder! Impartial laboratory tests show GRIT even in many powders that cost $1.00, $2.00, $3.00.

But you'll detect no grit in Lady Esther Face Powder. It clings smoothly 4 long hours. Put it on say at 8—and at midnight it will still flatter you, never giving you a "powdery" look that makes you *seem older!*

Are you using the WRONG SHADE for Summer?

Thousands of women unknowingly wear a powder shade that was all right for March, perhaps—but is all wrong for July! For the summer sun has subtly changed your skin tones—and you need a new shade that will glorify your skin *as it is today*.

So Lady Esther says: Mail me the coupon and I will send you ten glorious shades of my grit-free powder. Try them all!—every one. That is the way—and the only way to discover which is the most glamorous shade for you this summer! Perhaps it will be Champagne Rachel, perhaps Peach Rachel, perhaps Rose Brunette. But find—*on your own skin*—the one right shade for *you*.

Make my famous "Bite Test!" Put a pinch of your present powder between your teeth—and grind slowly. Don't be surprised if your teeth find grit! Now make the same test with Lady Esther Powder. Your teeth will detect *no grit!*

Find the right shade—your lucky shade—in my grit-free powder and you will look younger and lovelier—you will really be in tune with life!

*** 10 shades free! ***

(*You can paste this on a penny postcard*)

LADY ESTHER, (58)
7118 West 65th Street, Chicago, Ill.

Please send me FREE AND POSTPAID your 10 new shades of face powder, also a tube of your Four Purpose Face Cream.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____

If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Toronto, Ont.

Big Brother: Jimmy and Mrs. Cagney, with Paramount's starlet Jean

Star: Of Warners' "Torrid Zone"

Gardener: One reason why psychologists can't figure Jimmy out

BIG-TIME *Small Guy*

BY JIM TULLY

A friendship deep with understanding began on the stage of a darkened theater when one redhead played the role another had lived

HIS middle name is Francis. To tell people what he looks like is hardly necessary. To tell them what he is off the screen may be more important.

Jimmy Cagney's sense of humor is as hard as the roles he plays in films. He claims never to have seen a whale with wings. He does not drink.

Abstemious always, he is shrewd, proud and cynical. The person who helped him to become one of the most unusual entertainers in the nation is his mother.

A Norwegian girl, she married an Irishman in a careless moment. Without being sentimental, and there is little of that in the Cagney clan, I have always felt that such women as Jimmy's mother have had more to do with the destiny of America than any of its statesmen.

Jimmy's father ran a gin mill. The actor was born, the second of five children, in a district known to the police as "the guerrilla jungle."

Psychologists and others who flounder in the bogs of the mind have often wondered why so gentle and cultivated a young man as Cagney is able to play such hard-boiled roles. The answer is so simple it might even be explained by a scenario writer. The early years wrote with heavy strokes on the sensitive parchment of his soul.

Widowed early, Mrs. Cagney gathered her brood close and taught them that though good fortune might be accidental—the love of family was eternal.

The children scattered during the day to any honorable task found. The mother guarded the home, and by her example inculcated in her offspring the feeling that whether or not the referee was looking—one always had to keep punching—above the belt.

After being graduated from public school, Jimmy worked here and there and was eventually an office boy with the *New York Sun.*

Hearing of more pay at another job, he then became a bundle wrapper in a large store—at one dollar and a half more each week. It seems a small sum now for which to shift positions, but at the time he was the only Cagney working.

His next job was that of custodian in the Webster Branch of the New York Public Library.

The pay was not so magnificent as the title. A custodian is a boy who seems to endlessly move books from one shelf to another.

His mother, knowing much by intuition, encouraged him to make the change.

His quick hard mind became imbued with booklore.

To make matters more difficult, Jimmy next decided to become an artist and entered Columbia. His mother did not complain, though an aspiring artist was the last thing the family needed, even though at this time another brother was working.

When nothing material came of his ambition in art, he recalled that *he knew a man who knew a man who knew a chorus boy.*

Such boys were needed for a musical in production called "Pitter Patter."

Jimmy was on hand at the tryout.

"I didn't know the Highland fling from a Sailor's hornpipe and I couldn't even sing 'Sweet Adeline'—but I needed that job."

Fifty applicants were assembled.

"I watched the fellow's feet next to me and did what he did."

There are those in the world who have flashes. Else how would the dancing instructor have yelled to a red-headed Norwegian-Irish boy who could neither dance nor sing—"The short fellow—step out."

He was a chorus boy for thirty-two weeks. By this time Jimmy was eighteen—and he knew every dance step in the book.

When it all ended the great unconscious master of Yiddish dialect through environment opened in Philadelphia playing a Yiddish boy in a vaudeville sketch.

"Was I low! From the Great White Way to the hinterland. I was starting at the top and working my way down."

Then came the seven lean years. "I always seemed to open in Philadelphia." Two dozen sizable towns were within a radius of two hundred miles.

"I played them all—a thousand times. It was the Cagney circuit."

When he earned forty dollars a week, twenty went to his mother.

Stocky, with a face of granite on which the rains of life had beaten, he was definitely not the juvenile type, and was either too individual or too untrained for character roles.

"I was not ugly enough to play freaks. Just warm enough never to get hot." Then he added with whimsy, "Just a small-time hoofer—with hope—and nerve."

BUT destiny was weaving the frayed ends of the net for him. I was at the other end. Orphan, road-kid, bruiser, I was banging with knuckle-cracked hands at the gates of Opportunity.

I had published "Beggars of Life," after thirteen years of hunger and labor.

While I was picking up and dropping a living as a small-time writer in Hollywood, the book made its way slowly.

Two years passed.

Then something happened. Kenneth MacGowan, now a producer at 20th Century-Fox, and able dramatist Eugene O'Neill, listened to Maxwell Anderson. He had a dramatic outline of "Beggars of Life" called "Outside Looking In."

The book, being autobiographical, had two dominant characters in it—both were redheaded.

Kenneth MacGowan sent to a casting office for "redheads of all sizes." They came. Charles Bickford was selected to try out for *Oklahoma Red,* the yegg, at once. A fellow with vivid red curls was selected ahead of Cagney, to play *Little Red.*

"That was that." Jimmy was the last in the group to walk away.

MacGowan glanced at the fellow selected. His red toupee was awry.

MacGowan turned his eyes.

"Come here, you—what's your name?" he asked.

"Cagney—James F. Cagney," he snapped the answer.

"This play's about tramps—ever know any?"

"Been a hoofer seven years."

MacGowan studied the defiant youth. "I think you'll do," he said. "Come back for a tryout tomorrow morning."

The toupeed lad walked away. "Better luck next time," said MacGowan.

Cagney was ahead of time next morning.

The stage was a jungle for hoboes. Cagney walked on. The script containing his part was rolled in his hand. He had learned the lines since the day before. Sharp as a March wind in Dakota, he cracked them.

I noted the perfect timing and the nonchalant manner of the lad who was superior to his rags. It was something new for me—to watch someone play a role I had lived.

The road with its hardships and glamour came to life again as he played the scene with Charles Bickford. I shivered in memory.

"There'll be no further testing," said MacGowan.

When it was all over, I said to Jimmy, "You made it almost too real—how come?"

"Well," he grinned, "I just thought of the Cagney Circuit—those ten-cent vaudeville houses and fifty-cent hotels—and I knew if I didn't make good I'd have to open again in Philadelphia."

Eugene O'Neill nodded. George Jean Nathan smiled. "He's your man, Jim," he said. "He'll be heard from for a long time."

The elite of the city crowded the theater for months.

The nation became hobo-conscious. Jimmy Cagney and Jimmy Tully became known.

THAT was more than a dozen years ago. His next opening was not in Philadelphia but in Hollywood.

To my friendship has been added deep respect for the son of the Norwegian mother and the Irish father.

Traveling the hard way, his art is so unconscious that only the discriminating realize that he is one of the few great artists on the screen.

As a *timer*—doing the right thing at the precise second—there is only one to stand with him. His name is Charles Spencer Chaplin.

His work in "The Fighting 69th" indicated that he is just beginning. He's forging ahead in "Torrid Zone." It is the spirit of the strong daughter of Norway—his mother.

It has made two of her sons doctors, one an advertising expert, another a great actor, and the younger daughter, Jean Cagney, now under contract to Paramount Pictures, a graduate of Columbia.

Only recently we talked of luck as a factor in life.

"Suppose, Jimmy," I said, "that MacGowan hadn't noticed that that fellow's toupee was on crooked."

"Well," he said, "I'd have been ready for the next break."

Flaming silks flashing against blue sky and green turf! Men born with a zest for danger and the right to worship beautiful women! Headstrong young love! Fierce family pride! Romance! Beauty! Courage! *Again a great picture has captured a great tradition!*

Greater than "Kentucky"

DARRYL F. ZANUCK'S
Production of

MARYLAND

IN TECHNICOLOR!

with

Walter Brennan • Fay Bainter • Brenda
"Kentucky's" great star
Joyce • John Payne • Charlie Ruggles
Marjorie Weaver • Hattie McDaniel
of "Gone With The Wind" fame

Directed by **HENRY KING**

Associate Producer Gene Markey • Original Screen Play by Ethel Hill and Jack Andrews

A 20th Century-Fox Picture

The Temple past, left to right: she debuts as a prodigy in the Fox Follies; she makes her mark in movies—prints in Grauman's forecourt for the famous; she graduates to ermine for the "Little Princess" premiere with mentors Mrs. Temple and Darryl Zanuck. The future? "Time out to be a baddie," says prophetess R.W.

Ruth Waterbury

CLOSE UPS AND LONG SHOTS

BY RUTH WATERBURY

TWENTIETH CENTURY-FOX paid the Temples $300,000, whereupon a contract which still had a year and a half to run and the career of the most amazing box-office star the entertainment business has ever known were, temporarily, at least, washed up . . . I say "temporarily" despite the statement that Shirley's very far-seeing mother gave to the effect that she wanted her young daughter to get the chance to grow up normally . . . have normal school contacts with other children, which up until now have been impossible . . . I believe Mrs. Temple . . . who has always put the welfare of her astonishing child far ahead of any money consideration . . . is completely sincere when she announces that Shirley will now enter into the life of the average child . . . but personally I doubt that Miss Curlytop will ever be able to do this. . . .

There has never been any little girl who has been more carefully guarded or more wisely reared than this wonder-infant . . . compared to the complexities of raising a daughter like Shirley the task of guiding the royal princesses of England is a snap . . . after all their Highnesses Elizabeth and Margaret Rose did nothing save be born to the right parents . . . but little Miss Temple has made herself and her parents millionaires by her own talent . . . she has been out in the world, pitching, since she was five . . . she has been out there shaking hands with everyone from President and Mrs. Roosevelt to Joe Whatnot of the Fried Egg Bugle and treating Joe with the same grace and tact with which she treated the Roosevelts. . . .

She has managed to keep her baby head in an atmosphere that has tumbled many an adult one . . . she has learned to dance and to sing and to act, better than all her competitors . . . who after all have been numerous and striving and talented, too . . . at the same time that she was learning her letters and the multiplication table . . . she knows what it is to make "super-specials," "fashion stills," "home art" and "publicity shots," at the very same time that she is learning fractions . . . in other words Shirley is complex and subtle, industrious and shrewd all at once . . . so how on earth can she regard the life of the average twelve-year-old in its magnificent simplicity as anything but a pretty dull and one-sided affair compared to the teeming life she has known? . . . .

Even allowing for all this, however, I do hope that the whispers which are now going around Hollywood are not true . . . whispers that say that Shirley may go to Universal under the clever directing hand of Joe Pasternak . . . whispers that also say her parents are considering offers from three other studios for her. . . .

FOR while I believe Shirley is now too sophisticated . . . for all the actual lovely charm and sweetness that she possesses . . . to go back to any average child's life that a youngster of her age would normally be living . . . nevertheless I do think she needs a period of retirement . . . let's say three or four years . . . let's say a retirement that would bring her back at sixteen or seventeen . . . when she has had time to digest the stupendous character of her success. . . .

I think she has now earned a retirement in which she may learn how great she has been

Fact about fiction: The "Dr. Christian" series, interpreted by Jean Hersholt, pays enough bills at RKO to cover the cost of a disastrous "Vigil in the Night"

More handwriting on the wall: Bill Boyd's "Hopalong Cassidy" is the homespun series that saves Paramount headaches over the lost receipts on "Dr. Cyclops"

. . . learn how great she has been in order that she may grow up in four or five years toward her mature greatness . . . Shirley needs a chance to let her natural mischievousness have full swing . . . to be a baddie once in a while just for the sheer devilment of it . . . to get out and rough it up, like any kid, and not to have to stop and think of the effect of her simplest action upon the people watching her . . . in other words . . . to relax and yet know herself for the big shot she so truly and naturally is . . . it's a big order, I know . . . but if this can be managed . . . and I'll not put anything past that mother wisdom of Mrs. Temple's . . . then I prophesy that in five odd years from now we will be seeing the cleverest young comedienne who has ever decorated the screen . . . and thus, and for this reason . . . PHOTOLAY does not say "Good-by, Shirley" . . . instead we say, "God bless you, Shirley, 'til we meet again. . . ."

PRAISE be and glory be but at last they have found the right role for Robert Taylor down at M-G-M . . . as *Roy Cronin* in "Waterloo Bridge" (though the picture itself, in my opinion, creaks in its aged joints) . . . Bob crashes through with a handsomeness, a charm and a warmth that not only equal that first charm he displayed in "Society Doctor" and "Magnificent Obsession," but far surpass it . . . in face of the lovely opposition of Vivien Leigh as the girl *Myra* . . . in face of Vivien's having the fat role and he being a mere leading man, Bob comes back with a warmth, a humor and an intelligence that are truly exciting to witness . . . his performance is a triumph and it is so good to see him being purely romantic again . . . I do trust that Metro will now quit their "dirtying up" process on him . . . turning him, by script, into a prize fighter or a stumblebum or whatever, in the dopey notion that such setups would make him seem very male to his women followers . . . when all that did was to make the majority of us merely think he needed a bath . . . that's one of the troubles with all the producers being men . . . they only know vaguely what women audiences want . . . but after this triumphal personal performance I am quite positive we will be wanting Mr. Taylor again . . . but lots. . . .

Rejoicings, too, over an exquisite new actress come to the screen . . . Martha Scott in "Our Town" . . . a girl not conventionally beautiful at all, but with the most expressive eyes ever seen . . . a girl who would never become a mere glamor girl in a thousand years . . . but who plays the most touching love scene this year as revealed with a radiance and a dewyness that ring your heart . . . go welcome her for I guarantee that you will delight in her.

While I'm handing out my acting bouquets this month . . . let me give a large one . . . not of roses or orchids or such sissy flowers . . . but of something spikey and spicy to Granville Bates for his irascible old judge in that riotous romp, "My Favorite Wife" . . . when you can steal a picture from such shrewd technicians as Irene Dunne and Cary Grant . . . and that's what Mr. Bates does . . . believe me, kiddies, it stays stolen . . . kudoes also to Garson Kanin, the boy wonder, for his sly, saucy direction of this one . . . he's got away with murder here and well he knows it . . . a bow, too, to the musical score of this, the first film background that actually conveys an actor's emotions. . . .

HANDWRITING On The Wall But Who Reads It Department: Do you know that "Maisie" is turning out to be one of the most money-making young persons that M-G-M has ever discovered . . . just "Maisie" first and then "Congo Maisie" and "Gold Rush Maisie" now to come? . . . do you realize that "Blondie" is Columbia's little gold mine? . . . are you aware that "Dr. Christian" pays enough bills at RKO to cover much of the cost of a disastrous "Vigil in the Night" . . . and at Paramount that it's "Hopalong Cassidy" that will probably mop up some of the tears the bookkeepers will shed over "Dr. Cyclops" gate receipts? . . . "Dr. Kildare" keeps on re-proving what a fine prescription for box-office stimulus he has . . . but isn't it odd, since all these films make so much money and so many steady, repeating customers for the movie theaters, that they are all made on "B" budgets and that their stars aren't treated with all that shattering devotion and toadying around that are lavished on many an "A" star who doesn't bring back half so much bacon? . . . and isn't it stranger still when these series pictures are put on an "A" budget, like the *Hardy Family,* or *Mr.* and *Mrs. Nick Charles'* adventures in the *Thin Man* atmosphere, or even the adventures of *Mr.* and *Mrs. Tarzan* . . . and thereupon make millions . . . doesn't it seem positively crazy not to put the best writers on these characters which obviously charm us . . . and the best directors and the best players. . . .

As funny as the *Hardys* were in their original low-cost state . . . they are certainly five times funnier in their opulent budget state of today . . . when I think of Carole Lombard, Charles Laughton and Director Garson Kanin all being lavished on "The Other Man," a remake of that creaky old "They Knew What They Wanted" . . . well, jeepers, it looks as though the producers didn't love us plain cash customers . . . and about all I can see for us to do is to go to the movie theaters when those aching "A's" come around . . . not to see the movie . . . but just to get the free dishes, so there! . . . .

If you're a qhost then I want to be haunted!
The two stars of "The Cat and the Canary" find love and laughter in a haunted house!
BOB HOPE
PAULETTE GODDARD in
"THE GHOST BREAKERS"
A Paramount Picture with
RICHARD CARLSON · PAUL LUKAS
ANTHONY QUINN · WILLIE BEST
Directed by GEORGE MARSHALL • Screen Play by Walter DeLeon
Based on a Play by Paul Dickey and Charles W. Goddard
PAULETTE SETS BOB'S HEART A-DANCING WITH SOME VERY UN-GHOSTLIKE ROMANCING!

Significant: Elsa Maxwell, society's pet, now hobnobs as a permanent Hollywood resident with Dietrich, only a free lance, and with film magnate Harry Joe Brown

Entree for mere star Claudette Colbert in the new order is Edith Mayer Goetz, wife of Fox's vice-president, daughter of Louis B. Mayer, M-G-M head

HOLLYWOOD WHITE BOOK

THE UNTOLD STORY OF FILMLAND'S SOCIAL REVOLUTION

Fortunes such as these people possess is the factor that has broken the chill between Hollywoodians and America's aristocracy. Left to right: the Darryl Zanucks, the David Selznicks and William Goetz

Comes the revolution: Greta Garbo, an ex-barber shop girl is now palsy-walsy with Mrs. Harrison Williams (right), wife of the New York multimillionaire. At extreme right Gaylord Hauser, Garbo's interest

Inaugurator of the new order was socially ambitious Fred Astaire who made it possible for David Selznick to bring Jock Whitney (right) to Hollywood

BY RUTH WATERBURY

ONE night about three months ago Greta Garbo, who started her business life as a lather girl in a Swedish barber shop, rushed out of Ciro's in the company of Mrs. Harrison Williams, who is frequently called the best dressed woman in the world and who is the wife of the multimillionaire New York Wall Streeter.

For months before that Liz Whitney, who was born an Altemus and who is the recently divorced wife of the very social, very rich John Hay (Jock) Whitney, had been seen hobnobbing with everyone from singing cowboys to movie magazine writers.

This month Tucky French Astor, Mrs. John Jacob Astor, stood up at the christening of Daphne Fairbanks, daughter of Douglas Fairbanks, 2nd, the son of Douglas Fairbanks, 1st, whose real name was Ullman.

Look at those events superficially and you may not realize the social significance they have, yet actually they are more indicative of what is truly going on in Hollywood than any amount of headlines that read "European Film Trade Wiped Out" or "Is Lana Turner Divorcing Artie Shaw?"

These separate items are all paragraphs that are steadily developing into what may be called Hollywood's White Book, or the hidden, unwritten (until now) portfolio of the amazing facts that are causing the revolution that is going on secretly in Hollywood today. These facts of the White Book tell louder than any publicity statements why certain stars are loaned out to certain studios, no matter how much the stars may protest; why certain options aren't picked up; why certain writers are signed for certain stories; why certain people are invited to certain parties and certain others excluded; and why there is a general ferment of protest going on in this art-for-money's sake village.

In order that you may understand the facts behind this revolution, I shall have to tell you in this White Book about names and social circles which ordinarily do not figure in PHOTOPLAY. I shall have to tell you, too, bits about New York society and the financial world, in order that you may know why these two separate factors are now invading filmdom and why filmdom is so bowled over by their generally patronizing presence.

First of all, you have to realize the importance of Louis B. Mayer's having two daughters, of David and Myron Selznick being the sons of the late Lewis J. Selznick, of Nick and Joe Schenck being brothers and of the whole kit and caboodle of them having made million-dollar fortunes.

The fact that Nick and Joe Schenck are brothers explains Twentieth's ability to borrow M-G-M talent whenever it is needed—as for example, Myrna Loy as star and Clarence Brown as director of "The Rains Came"—for Nick is Metro's big shot and Joe (in the throes now of government charges for income tax evasion) is the real power of Twentieth Century-Fox. This inter-studio chumminess is helped further by the fact that William Goetz, Twentieth's vice-president, is the husband of Edith Mayer Goetz, daughter of Louis B. Mayer, head of Metro.

Then, to these facts you must add the realization that movies are the only cash-on-the-line business left in the world today: so far, there is no way that you, the movie-goer, can buy your way into a theater on the installment plan. Thus Wall Street, looking about for something on which to earn a decent return on its unemployed funds, is for the first time in its snooty history looking eagerly for good Hollywood investments, which explains the millions the lordly Chase National Bank has tied up in Twentieth.

These are things purely on the business side, but to understand the inner workings you must likewise evaluate the let's-have-fun side. You must realize that with the frightfulness of the European war, California is about the last season-round playground left. It is the only remaining community where handsome and attractive people have the wealth and the leisure in which to do nothing but enjoy themselves. Feel about this as you will, you can't have a society in the sense of a Four Hundred unless you do have leisure, wealth and the capacity for creating amusement. Hollywood has these three things. Up until lately it hasn't had the fourth social factor—it hasn't had birth and the steady climb upward of successive generations, but now it is even getting that. As Hollywood goes into its third and fourth generation, into a true film aristocracy, it is growing more consistently snobbish. Who you are, rather than what you are, is becoming constantly more important.

THE best starting place from which to get a true view of Hollywood's social and business revolution is a consideration of the Mayer-Selznick-Schenck setup, since there is no doubt of the fact that Louis B. Mayer is the most powerful single individual in the movie world.

The reasons for Mayer's power are exactly the reasons that were the secret of the elder J. P. Morgan's power. Louis B. Mayer has intelligence, energy, talent and an absolute genius for picking the right men to work with him. The sheer man power behind the M-G-M studio has every other studio licked and is the true cause not only of Metro stars' having more lasting careers than any other stars, but also of Metro's apparently discovering more stars than any other outfit.

I say "apparently" because it is due to the sheer executive faculty of many studio departments all working together that the Metro youngsters come along so much faster and more authoritatively than the youngsters of most of the other studios.

For example, five years ago, Eleanor Whitney, at Paramount, looked just as talented as Judy Garland at Metro. But the careful grooming of Judy Garland into major stardom is the factor that now gives Louis B. Mayer more money, and hence more power, and hence makes David B. Selznick, who wants to borrow Clark Gable, have to cut Mr. Mayer and his organization in on the terrific profits of "Gone With the Wind." And the fact that Mr. Mayer gets steadily more wealthy just as inevitably loads the scales toward his becoming socially more powerful as it loaded the scales of the New York Vanderbilts and Astors toward becoming metropolitan social leaders.

To this factor of wealth, one more element must be added: Hollywood intermarriage, which concentrates the wealth into a small group of families and which is the prelude all over the world for the foundation of a social class.

For instance, David Selznick, brother to Myron, son of Lewis J., is married to Irene Mayer, daughter of Louis B. Already tied by daughter Edith's union with Fox's William Goetz to one great studio, M-G-M's Mayer is now united by this second marriage to the most

talented individual producer (Selznick) in Hollywood today. Another example of this powerful intermarriage on the M-G-M lot is the wedding of Director Mervyn LeRoy to Doris Warner, daughter of Harry M. Warner. Take the power of M-G-M, Selznick International, 20th Century-Fox and Warners and you have most of the pictures and most of the profits that are coming out of Hollywood today.

This powerful business combination naturally influences the social side of the Hollywood revolution. Due to their concentrated wealth, the wives and the relatives of the associates of these four studios are the pivotal personalities in Hollywood's society.

THE whole social revolution was given primary impetus by David Selznick, who turned the first trick by bringing in Jock Whitney of the Whitney-Vanderbilt tribes as his business backer and partner.

However, he did not perform this coup d'etat on his own. He accomplished it through the influence of Freddie Astaire.

When you are talking of social aspirations, Freddie Astaire deserves a paragraph all to himself. Born, to his own intense annoyance, a mere Fred Austerlitz of Omaha, Nebraska, Fred has used his dancing feet, his real charm and his ready wit to carry himself right up into the first social ranks. His sister Adele carried herself even further, getting into the peerage as the wife of Lord Charles Cavendish. Freddie is the only actor who is a member of the fiercely exclusive Racquet Club of New York and he was one of the ushers at Jock Whitney's wedding to Liz Altemus, she who is now chummy as can be with any number of Hollywoodians. Freddie married into society, too, when he wed the former Mrs. Eliphalet Nott Potter. But as far as the Hollywood White Book is concerned, Freddie's greatest contribution to the new movement was bringing Jock Whitney and David Selznick together.

I can't actually attest to the fact that Fred Astaire really introduced Whitney to Selznick, though that is the accepted Hollywood belief, but there can be no doubt that knowing Fred did turn Jock's thoughts Hollywoodward and that, through knowing Jock, David Selznick was able to pole vault straight into the most high-browed of New York's social circles just as, through Selznick, Jock Whitney pole vaulted into filmdom's inner ring—along with his wife Mary Elizabeth Altemus Whitney, otherwise Liz (on whom Jock has just settled, the reports have it, as a divorce settlement, a mere $3,000,000, which makes her one of the richest divorcees in the world).

How do the original Hollywood stars figure in the new plan? Well, the Whitney bridge also gave a closer big-time social entree to the three stars who are most frequently in the Selznick parties—Claudette Colbert, Joan Bennett and her husband, Walter Wanger, and Loretta Young, and also the one director, Ernst Lubitsch and his wife, Vivian Gaye (who was once an agent).

The lissome Colbert you will also find in the Zanuck crowd, through the Goetzes, as Edith Mayer Goetz is her closest friend, but you won't find Loretta Young there, because of a feud with Zanuck brought about by Myron Selznick, who hasn't one scrap of his brother's social ambitions but who actually earns more money.

The fact that the Misses Colbert, Young and Bennett are in this first crowd of Hollywood is another example of White Book data. Joan Bennett can afford the parties, due to her own earning capacity plus that of her producer husband's. As for Miss Colbert, she is a very high-bracket star, having earned the largest salary of any movie girl for the last two years, according to the income tax reports.

The Gary Coopers belong to the first crowd of Hollywood, too—due to their money and to the fact that Gary's wife is a socialite, the former Veronica Balfe. But Richard Greene is not a member for two reasons: First, because on the most conspicuous social occasion when he was invited to one of these big parties he refused to play pretty boy to an elderly titled woman present; and, second, because he hates ostentation. Then, too, the fact that he makes a mere three-figure weekly salary as compared to the other's five figures has a lot to do with it.

STRANGELY enough, most stars haven't much social ambition. Irene Dunne goes about more in New York and Louisville society than she does in Hollywood, largely so that her husband will not be put in the uncomfortable position of being "Mr. Dunne." He most distinctly is not that when they go about with the Jim Farleys and such political figures when they are in the East. Margaret Sullavan and her very high-earning husband, Leland Heyward, have their own group around them: Jimmy Stewart and whoever is his girl friend of the moment, Henry Fonda and his pretty wife, who was prior to this marriage the very inner-ring Mrs. George Brokaw of New York, and John Swope, son of General Electric's Gerard Swope. But this group is one more dedicated to games and swimming than to any social lion-hunting. Equally strange is the fact that while Mrs. Jack Warner is one of Hollywood's keenest hostesses and undoubtedly very ambitious socially, none of the Warner stars, with the exception of the Edward G. Robinsons, gives a fig about knowing "the right people."

When you come to the Metro lot, you find such strong individualism that you see little mingling.

For some reason, while there is an entente between the higher-ups and Mervyn LeRoy and his by-marriage Warner affiliation, there is little with Myrna Loy and her by-marriage (to Arthur Hornblow) Paramount affiliation. This may be due to the fact that most of M-G-M has always believed Hornblow inspired Myrna to her salary fight with Metro some time back, just as it now believes Gene Markey, recently at 20th Century, inspired Hedy Lamarr to her salary fight.

Yet the Hornblows and the Markeys list higher in the social scale than any other Metro people save the Mayers, for these reasons: First of all, in Hollywood two salaries are always better than one. Second, that Norma Shearer and Joan Crawford (who one might think would head the list of M-G-M social magnates) do not like each other is no secret. Both these ladies being currently unwed is a handicap, too. They haven't been helped, either, by each of them getting into a romance that isn't popular with most of her friends.

That Clark Gable, and therefore Carole Lombard, simply will not go to anyone's party for purely political reasons is no secret either. As for Barbara Stanwyck Taylor, she can see through a snob at thirty paces and will denounce what she sees.

But even at that, with all the Metro individualism and with all the Warner ruggedness, you still will find precious little mixing at any studio between stars and featured players or between featured players and bit players. Right there I believe has lain the chief reason for the downfall of Ouida Rathbone's hope of becoming the outstanding social leader. Basil Rathbone is a charming, high-salaried, educated, cultured gentleman and Ouida is a hostess of extraordinary charm and originality and talent. But Basil isn't a star.

It is this atmosphere that gives even the highest salaried "bit" players their definitely humble air when they are around stars, even in studios. They may be earning $1,000 for a week, but they have neither the name nor the money to batter down the social barriers, for you can consider a yearly salary of at least $200,000 as a minimum for social entree.

This is why, also, you may expect to see more and more social marriages like that of Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., to Mary Lee Epling (who through a former marriage had come into a large slice of the Hartford-A & P fortune); or like that of Randy Scott to Marion duPont Somerville, of the duPont millions, or such a union as that of Andrea Leeds to the scion of the wealthy Howard race-track clan.

ANOTHER fine entrance wedge into the newly formed social class is the combination of a social name and a good earning capacity. The more those combinations occur, the more you will see the entrance of a Jimmy Roosevelt and a Y. Frank Freeman (a Paramount executive) into Hollywood production activities; the more you will have an Alfred Vanderbilt calling around for a winter's amusement.

Nothing could show that the revolution has taken place more plainly than the presence of Elsa Maxwell among us, the irrespressible Elsa who can be seen hobnobbing equally with Kay Frances and Marlene Dietrich (mere free lancers now); with the Harry Joe Browns and the Zanucks of 20th Century (where she is a star both on and off screen); or with the Warners, where she is the hit of their parties and a maker of shorts on their lot. As Elsa goes, so goes the tide of society.

But the full story of Hollywood's White Book will never be written until the third generation that is growing up so rapidly in Hollywood—the generation that is the children of these marriages—gets going. That generation will prove whether or not this mingling has been good for art and eugenics or whether genius will continue to be, as it has so far, utterly careless, producing impishly the defiant figure of a Joe Yule, Jr., son of a burlesque comedian and a little chorus girl, and making him become the greatest artist of them all, Mr. Mickey Rooney.

Myron Selznick and two of the few stars who are admitted to the David Selznick party crowd: Joan Bennett and Loretta Young

Flight from horror: Bob and his wife Betty, as they returned from war-threatened Europe last fall. Today he is R. Montgomery, ambulance driver in a gray-green uniform, somewhere in France

War first touches the Montgomerys: Robert, Jr., and Elizabeth arrive safely in New York on the Arandora. First plans had been to send them back on the Athenia

WHY BOB MONTGOMERY WENT TO WAR

He left his wife, two children and a great career to drive an ambulance at the Front. What made him do it? Here is an honest answer

BY ERNEST V. HEYN

WHEN *Dr. Valkonen,* in Robert Sherwood's enlightening play, "There Shall Be No Night," is told that he must not go to war in the medical corps because it "isn't suitable work for a winner of the Nobel prize," the doctor answers with great sadness:

"It is not suitable work for any member of the human race . . . But someone must do it."

That is the sort of offhand but characteristic reply Robert Montgomery would give you if you were to say, "You, who have everything to live for—a wife and two grand young children—a career—and a future more pleasant and successful even than your pleasant and successful past—why should you enlist as an ambulance driver in the American Field Service? To leave all hope behind, perhaps to die upon a foreign field—why?"

"Someone must do it!"

Actually, thirty-six-year-old Montgomery doesn't like to answer such questions. In Hollywood, where he was known as the rather suspect champion of the underdog, he was asked by a well-known writer, who has a superior talent for getting the boys and girls to talk about things that are too intimate even for us film magazines to publish, to tell her about how he had managed to get the commissary workers' salaries raised.

They sat chatting amiably while Montgomery ate his usual chicken salad and toasted rye bread.

The conversation was urbane, charming, satisfying.

Only when she had left did the writer realize that, contrary to her usual indomitable spirit, she had allowed herself to be sold on "Zuleika Dobson" as an example of English wit and a sketch by Max Beerbohm as an example of superb satiric art!

The commissary workers and their increased salaries—somehow these had been adroitly sidestepped.

That is like Montgomery.

He much prefers hiding behind a sort of ribald wit. Told by a friend that she couldn't stay long in Hollywood because she'd brought only a couple of old bags, Bob asked characteristically, "Anybody I know?"

He has always been desperately afraid of revealing that at heart he is really a very earnest young man. He is a camouflaged crusader, a wisecracking Rupert Brooke whose own poetry sticks in his throat and makes him blush.

As president, in 1937, of the Screen Actors' Guild, he was aware that his championing of the oppressed was suspect. He had too much—and yet he said then to a friend, "The world can't afford to be so complacent and so selfish. There'll be a day of reckoning," and added ominously—for much of his conversational charm is his half self-conscious grimness—"it will come if through no other cause than through the unrest of our own conscience!"

And today it has been simplified to: "Someone must do it."

The radio reported him as explaining, "I am a great admirer of President Roosevelt. All I'm trying to do is to carry out his good-neighbor policy!"

Very charming—but Bob's habit, I suspect, of keeping his tongue very much in his cheek!

Yes, he always talked against his own awareness of what people thought of him. He was laughed at—and he knew it; they said he was a show-off, and he knew it.

They said it was his way of expressing his actor-exhibitionist impulses, these fine frenzies for the underdog, those earnest battles for the welfare of the underprivileged. Yes, they laughed. And yet—

It is known that his boss, far more important in the Hollywood scheme of things, both from a financial and executive standpoint, was always distinctly uneasy when threatened by a visit from Crusader Montgomery.

Having planned to star Bob opposite Katie Hepburn in "The Philadelphia Story" after he finished "Busman's Holiday" in London, Louis B. Mayer could not be pleased from a business standpoint that his star is not coming back.

But he is glad, from a humanitarian standpoint and—well, why not face it?—from a personal standpoint because it means he will not have to meet face to face the stormy petrel, of whom, he admits, he is scared to death!

In June, 1939, Montgomery was sent to England to make "The Earl of Chicago." He leased a house in Buckingham, near Denham, where he was to make the picture. It was a lovely brick Georgian house, and just the opportunity his English blood craved to become part of the

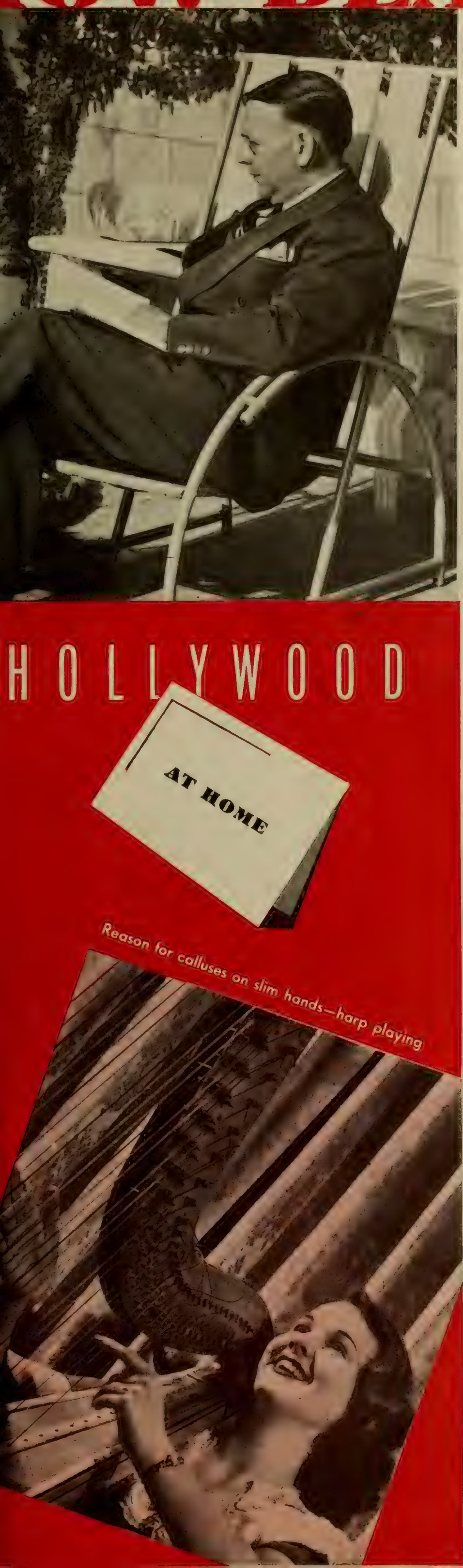
(Continued on page 66)

Over-the-back-fence view of the Durbins—Ada, Deanna and Jim, a family who has its roots in England, its home in Hollywood, its glory in an eighteen-year-old genuis

The pool: Says Mrs. Durbin, "We never dreamed of anything like this"

Above: Universal's gift, a Hammond organ. Left: Talent in tune: "I can't do much more than play an accompaniment for my scales," says Deanna. "I've no time for any lessons but singing lessons. One day, though, I'll learn to play —I hope, I hope, I hope!"

HOW DEANNA DURBIN *Lives*



Photoplay, by invitation, knocks over the "No Visitors" sign on the stars' private homes, to take you, in unprecedented fashion, into their intimate lives. Second in an unparalleled series—

BY ADELE WHITELY FLETCHER

(With intimate photographs by John Swope)

IN the hills behind Hollywood there's a residential community known as Laughlin Park. It's old and exclusive and conservative. And it's quiet, too, except for the birds. Vine-covered walls and flowering shrubs screen the big houses. You seldom see anyone about . . . a delivery boy, perhaps, a child walking with a nurse, or a gardener raking the gravel at the entrance to a driveway.

One house in this park, fashioned after the houses in Spain, stands flush with the road, like a wall. It looks a little forbidding with its beige stucco back turned on those who pass. But if it were possible to climb the hills and come upon it from the other side you'd find the sun shining on terraced gardens, a lily pond where goldfish flash, gushing waterfalls and a swimming pool blue as the sky. And you'd probably hear a girl singing. . . .

For this is where James and Ada Durbin live with their daughter, Deanna.

This house with its quiet surroundings and its formal furnishings is more a background for a mature, conservative couple than a young, top-flight movie star—it's not a case of Deanna's mother and father's living with her but of her living with them.

In the studios Deanna's completely on her own. The Durbins haven't the faintest notion what's best for her there and they don't interfere. However, at home she's a daughter who is subject to parental authority and watched with loving care so she won't rush off without her breakfast . . . find the wrong people exciting . . . read in a bad light . . . or forget to telephone immediately she reaches the studios now that she's driving herself in a gray *LaSalle* roadster.

Deanna's new contract with Universal gives her $195,000 a year. Her commercial interests, including the clothes and accessories which carry her name, yield another fortune. Fifteen thousand dollars a year is allotted to run the house. The remainder, minus approximately forty-five percent which pays government taxes and agents' fees, is divided equally between Deanna and her parents. Only she doesn't get her share. It's accumulating for her in nice safe investments like United States bonds and annuities. Unless the world goes into a complete tailspin she'll be a very wealthy woman.

Deanna's success has changed the Durbins' mode of living. But it hasn't changed their standards of living. They're endearing proof that human beings can move from a little house on the south side of town to a big house on the hill and remain simple kindly folks.

As Mrs. Durbin herself points out: "We never dreamed of anything like this. The Durbins and my family, the Reads, were shopkeepers and mechanics. And when we came to Hollywood Daddy went into the real-estate business. There were no singers or theatrical people among us."

Now they've a cook and a combination chauffeur, gardener and houseman. But Mrs. Durbin likes to bake, so she bakes. She specializes in the little mince pastries she learned to make when she was a bride and the little chocolate cookies decorated with half cherries or chopped nuts which always have been favorites with Edith and Deanna. And Mr. Durbin likes to putter, so he putters. You find him, coatless, looking for a blown fuse, setting ant traps along the pergola wall, or adjusting a screen door so it will close tight and bugs—Deanna hates them—can't get in.

Deanna also remains true to her original type. She wears simple

An alcove of the comfortably formal living room. Musical accents are an organ and a harp—both gifts of Universal to the girl whose name on a contract is one of their biggest assets

Treasures: A "junior" Oscar; plaster figure of Stokowski, marking "100 Men and a Girl"

Deanna's book shelf: Signs of the musician—"Men and Music," "Toscanini"; signs of the everyday girl—"Little Women," "Campfire Girls' Week-end Party"

clothes and ties bright scarfs (blue or red, usually) about her neck. Her hair has a brushed and shiny look. Her eyes, clear blue, miss nothing. Her back is straight and her head is high. She looks eager and you expect her to talk in an incoherent rush of words and to laugh often. She surprises you by her nice diction. And she's more apt to smile than to laugh.

THE simple pleasures she knew before she went into pictures she remembers well. With due respect to the glittering prerequisite of stardom—which she thoroughly enjoys—she still votes the vacation when she, her mother and father, her aunt and uncle, and her cousin, Jean Read, camped out in Yellowstone Park as the best time in her life. The Durbin cook explains: "Miss Deanna's more like a girl getting ahead in business than a movie star. I never send trays up to her room. She comes downstairs and has her tea—and what little breakfast she'll eat besides that—in the dining room.

"She helps around the house, too. When I'm off either she gets dinner or she clears it away. When she gets dinner she wants to do it all herself, so her mother tells me. And I'm the one who knows how neat she leaves the kitchen when she clears away. You don't come back from your day off and find dishes waiting for you in this house!"

It's not in Deanna's make-up to be a glamour girl. Nothing that word implies, in its superficial sense, interests her. She has to think twice to remember names like Barbara Hutton and Brenda Frazier. But Helen Hayes, President and Mrs. Roosevelt, Noel Coward and the late George Gershwin are familiar to her tongue and they make her eyes shine.

Explaining why these five are her favorite public characters she says: "They contribute something to life. I like them first for that. I don't think I have proper understanding of people who don't do anything because I've never lived a life of ease and I never want to.

"It's men and women who accomplish things who give me a thrill. In fact, the most wonderful part of success, to me, has been meeting great people, listening to them, studying them and working with them sometimes."

The Durbin living room is comfortably formal. The sofas and chairs are deep and squashy. Little tables hold cigarettes and ash trays for those who smoke (Deanna doesn't). Lamps have been placed to provide the best chairs with a good reading light and French windows open on a level with the garden. It's a large room—fortunately! For now it must hold a grand piano, a Hammond organ and a harp. The organ and the harp were recent Christmas presents to Deanna from Universal.

"I don't play the piano, the organ, or the harp," Deanna says, "although I have calluses on my fingers from the harp strings since I taught myself to strike chords.

"I've no time for any lessons but singing lessons. One day, though, I'll learn to play them all—I hope, I hope, I hope!

"I did have piano lessons years ago—first from my sister Edith, and then from a regular teacher. But I can't do much more than play an accompaniment for my scales."

There's also a curio cabinet in the living room, filled with Deanna's treasures. There's the small-sized Oscar she was awarded for the best junior performance on the screen in 1938. There's Pinocchio. He's an elephant. He used to stand on the piano at Maestro de Segurola's where Deanna admired him daily while she was having her singing lesson. "I cannot *give* him to you," de Segurola told her. "That would not bring you luck . . . I cannot *give* him to you . . ." Deanna understood. She *took* Pinocchio. There also are amusingly beautiful wood carvings in that cabinet. Each has the name of a different Durbin picture stamped on its base. Joe Pasternak, her producer at Universal, gave her these carvings, one by one, as different films were completed.

The Durbin dining room is furnished in mahogany and the walls are covered with blue brocade. A beautiful silver tea service stands on the long sideboard; it's important in this household with English roots. Love birds sing in a cage near the window.

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MODERN *Sea Hawk*

THE *Sirocco* is the only thing that dominates dominator Errol Flynn. He bought her because "A boat is a perfect retreat." He sails her because sailing is a reflex action with him. "I have her loaded down with brass and pretty things and showerbaths and gadgets," he says. One of the gadgets being a radio telephone with which he can contact anyone, anywhere—if and when he wishes. He's as colorful as the law allows. He's off across the Pacific, down to the South Seas, to hunt gold, to shoot game fish at the drop of an anchor. The headlines call him a "swashbuckler." He doesn't care because he never reads them. All he does care about is his wife "Damita" (he doesn't call her "Lili"), the feel of brine in his face and the radio-telephone trick. Up until now the *Sirocco* has taken him into pretty deep waters. Up until now, he's always brought her safely in

From the natural color photograph by Paul Hesse

A modern seaman's ship comes in: Errol Flynn, master Hollywood sailor, cashes in on his hobby in his newest Warners portrayal—Sabatini's "The Sea Hawk"

MAN of Many Moments

Most young men go out looking for excitement. In Charles Boyer's case, the process was reversed

BY HOWARD SHARPE

CHARLES BOYER at nineteen had a profound self-confidence and was superbly justified in it. His childhood in the little French town of Figeac had been perfect—well, almost perfect, discounting the episode of the forest fire which he and his friend Pierre had caused by smoking forbidden cigarettes. *Maman* still beamed proudly on him, especially now, after the black-coated doctors of the Sorbonne had bestowed his license upon him; and he was no longer an undergraduate, but a man ready for his career.

So now he could speak his mind, and did, with no reticence. "I still want to be an actor," he said; and thereupon got himself enrolled in the Conservatoire du Drame.

A year went by uneventfully until one day young M. Boyer was called hurriedly to the office. It seemed that M. Gemier, the theatrical director, had readied a play, "Les Jardins de Murcie"; opening night curtain was in twelve hours; and the leading man was ill. M. Boyer understood that the Conservatoire was not accustomed to lend its students professionally, but M. Gemier had heard of the remarkable memory of M. Boyer and was insisting . . . Did M. Boyer feel that in twelve hours he could learn those lines and give a performance which would not disgrace the Conservatoire?

Opportunity was tapping at his door, saying, "Here is the impossible to do—do it, and you are made."

"*Merci,*" murmured Charles. He learned the role in its entirety within the twelve hours and went on that night, haggard but assured.

The curtain came down again and stayed down, this time, although the applause still poured in waves from the enthusiastic house. M. Gemier rushed from the wings and embraced Charles with Gallic exuberance.

He dreams: Boyer as a student at the Conservatoire du Drame in Paris, where he emoted in French with the same easy talent he exhibits today in "All This, and Heaven Too"

He acts: Right, in "Man of the Sea," a film

He buffoons: Boyer equipped for "Thousand and One Nights"

He owes his profile to his mother: A line-by-line proof of the resemblance between Mme. Louise Boyer and her son as they were ten years ago

The boy had not missed a cue; the play was a success and so was Charles.

Young M. Boyer, a feverish look in his eyes, staggered to his dressing room and threw himself on the couch. By the time Gemier found him, contract in hand, only snores broke the stillness.

Paris discovered Charles Boyer, that year, and was delighted. It found a young man born for the theater, not naïve as young men of twenty are naïve, charming, well-mannered and with a flair for mystery. Fascinating. Female Paris discovered him, it would be better to say. The city loved him, gave him things, stared at him.

He stared back. He saw a magnificent city, chic and desirable and nervous. He had conquered it already, climbed on top of it; now he must explore it—and someday he must conquer himself, when there was need for it. People told you that. *"Know thyself, be thine own master,"* they said.

Well, when there was something to conquer . . . . he must create a personality before he could master it. He wanted to do this, and to be a great actor. Just those two things. The first would take money, the second passionate vitality and hard work. But the second would take care of the first. He thought, *there will never come a time when I will not care enough about my work to do it automatically, without forcing myself, without grumbling.*

But he was wrong. He lived too hard.

The strange history of those Paris years in his life has many facets, and some are brilliant, some tarnished, some mottled and full of curious colors.

CHARLES tossed the damp towel aside, climbed into a robe and went out on his private terrace to breakfast in the warm afternoon sunlight. Along the street below people strolled past on their way to the sidewalk cafes and bars for apéritifs. Charles reflected that it was symbolic of what his life had become, this breakfasting while other people prepared for dinner; he worked while they played, played while they slept, slept while they struggled in offices and shops. He was used to living this way, having done it since Gemier first put him under contract, four years before.

Four years . . . a claxon sounded below and he looked over the railing. Madame C———, whose salon was the most amusing in Paris, had stopped her very small, very expensive motor at the curb and was smiling up at him. She held out three chubby fingers of a hand covered with emeralds. Charles nodded and smiled vaguely. Madame C——— drove on, her yellow wig valiant in the breeze. *At three o'clock tomorrow morning,* thought Charles, *I shall be asleep; Estelle will have two new ducs and be furious. . . .*

He wondered if he were going a little stale. Four years ago at this time he had been an eager youngster; the theater had been his life. He had been poor, and Lucien Guitry had been his idol, and the only thing in the world worth doing had been to approach in some measure the incomparable genius of Guitry, act the way Guitry was able to act, look the way Guitry looked. Now it was different. The fine clear purpose had been lost somewhere in the maze of those four years, in the confusion of many performances and many parties and more money and adulation and excitement than he had ever believed existed. All I need is to take up the violin and freehand drawing and I'll be a dilettante, he thought disgustedly.

His man came to the windows leading to the terrace. "M'sieur Henri Bernstein to see you, sir." Charles jerked erect in his chair. Bernstein, Guitry's producer—the greatest playwright, the greatest director the French theater had ever known, *here?* Charles stuck his head

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DESIGN FOR SERENITY

IN Hollywood these nights when the talk turns to acting (and it always turns to acting the moment the second drink is served) you will hear it flatly stated that the most delightful light-comedy performance of many a year is that which Walter Pidgeon is currently giving in Deanna Durbin's "It's A Date."

Mr. Pidgeon had a tough assignment in that one. He had to make you believe that both a vibrant young girl and her beautiful sophisticated mother would fall in love with him. It was the kind of assignment that would have murdered most actors in the notices. But it never so much as fazed Walter. He took it all in his six-foot-two stride. In fact, he practically took the picture and would have except for the charming struggles of Deanna and Kay Francis.

The net result of such acting is all the pleasant things: Studios angling to borrow him from Metro where he's under contract; big roles being announced for him; autograph fans pursuing him at previews—agreeable happenings which offset nuisances like me coming around to ask him where, what and why.

Not that he makes you feel like a nuisance when you question him. He conveys the impression that you have the lure of Hedy Lamarr, the youth of Shirley Temple and the wisdom of Solomon, all merged into one little bundle of nerves and muscle. In fact, around him you glow like a two-dollar stove and feel you are Mrs. Wow herself until you get home and discover that all you have learned about Mr. Pidgeon in an hour's lunch-time conversation is that he is smooth as so much plate glass and four hundred times less revealing.

For instance and to get down to cases: Mr. Pidgeon and I had lunch together in his pine-paneled dressing room. The general idea was that we were going to talk about him. The lights were dim and the table was small, and I had chicken salad and a glass of milk and he had eggs and coffee and a great wedge of apple pie with a particularly rubbery-looking slab of cheese lying on top of it.

We started off all right. We chattered away merrily on the relative merits of New York vs. Hollywood, of penthouses vs. country places, of the different moods of "It's A Date" and "The Dark Command." (Regarding this latter, it seems that Walter, due to conflicting schedules, made both those pictures at once. Mornings he was at Universal on the Durbin set being a neartbreaker and afternoons he was at Republic being as dark a dastard as was ever portrayed. Such change of pace would have floored most performers, but Walter doted on it.)

We talked about the Pidgeon love of symphonic music and why the Philadelphia Orchestra is sometimes superior to the New York Philharmonic and why Toscanini is a god. We talked of Mexican philosophy. Walter was very impressed once when he went on a vacation in Mexico and told his guide that he had to go back to work to have the guide say, "Why?" Mr. Pidgeon said that was because he had to earn money. The Mexican again asked why. Didn't he, asked the Mexican, have enough money for another day? Walter said of course. He had enough money for another month, for another six months, if need be. Well, why work till you are broke, asked the Mexican, or even if you are broke and no work is in sight, why worry? One can starve to death in twenty days, which means all one ever needs to fear are three disagreeable weeks. So why fret?

We talked about how pleasant it is to bring in an oil well (at least, Walter, he having just done that, talked about how pleasant that is). We talked about acting, with Walter saying that he couldn't see how any actor could complain about anything when he got so much money for doing so little work. With a lot of prodding on my part, we did get down to personalities, with Mr. Pidgeon stating that for his money there were only two modern acting geniuses. One was John Barrymore and the other, in his opinion, was Mickey Rooney. He also said that he thought Deanna Durbin was the feminine spellbinder of all time. As much as he delighted in listening to her enchanting singing voice, he

We present this story of Mr. and Mrs. Walter Pidgeon for a special reason—it has to do with happiness

BY ELIZABETH WINTER

Still that didn't worry me greatly. I thought there must be a dozen people around M-G-M who could tell me the details of his life. So I went around to ask them. But what I found out is that while Walter Pidgeon has been in and around Hollywood since pre-1929, he is the star nobody knows a thing about.

That got me really interested. For when a man of such charm and intelligence and handsomeness can be around this nosey village and yet be an essential mystery, then it must be because he himself is very deliberately elusive. After all, there is a reason for all things, even in Hollywood.

So I set myself to discovering the real story behind Walter Pidgeon. It took a lot of questioning and sleuthing, but finally I found it, or rather her. Walter calls her "Little Pidge" and when you know of her, I believe you will understand that warmth and tenderness that lie behind the carefully superficial exterior of Walter Pidgeon, the warmth and tenderness that make him more than a comedian and a leading man,

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Left: An informal view of informal people. Ruth Walker Pidgeon's hobby is home-making; her career, Walter and "Little Pidge"

explained, he was almost impatient for her to cease singing, so that he could watch her act. He feels that Durbin can do anything and that even her spectacular success up to date is a mere scratching of the surface of what she will do in the future.

We talked about portrait painting, both ancient and modern, about Shakespeare and George Kaufman, and then there was a knock on the dressing-room door and the assistant director outside saying the set was waiting. Instantly we were galvanized into that frantic action those words produce in any studio and a moment later I stood alone in the hot sunshine and knew that while I had had some of the best talk I'd ever heard, all I knew about Walter Pidgeon himself I could write on a fingernail.

New team rising in the West: "What are we waiting for?" said Cary Grant when he saw Martha Scott's picture

Best-dressed young girl in pictures: Rita Hayworth, a five-foot-fiver who can make castanets—and films—click

A blue-eyed girl from Illinois who gave a rosy tinge to the famous Goldwyn face: Hoax Girl Doris Davenport

The old—and new—faithfuls of Hollywood. You're sure to know their faces; you may know their names; but ten to one you don't know this news about them

Round-Up of

BY SARA HAMILTON

Great Scott!

MARTHA SCOTT, the young actress who has scored such a tremendous hit in the picture, "Our Town," is the girl Hollywood wouldn't have at any price. "You simply are not photogenic," they once told her flatly.

So Martha, who had scored in the stage play, "Our Town," for two years, went back to Broadway to radio work and a new stage play. Two weeks later Mr. Sol Lesser telephoned her to come back. Mr. Lesser, it seems, had seen Martha's test for *Melanie* in "Gone With the Wind."

It just happened when Mr. Lesser phoned that Martha's play was a flop, so she was free to come, and did, and saw, and conquered. But better still, down in Williamsburg, Virginia, "The Howards of Virginia" troupe (formerly "Tree of Liberty") were awaiting a leading lady, a post left vacant by the illness of Joan Fontaine.

"I have the test here of a youngster unknown to Hollywood," Producer-Director Frank Lloyd said to star Cary Grant. "We might look at it."

"Well," said Cary, when the test had been run off, "what are we waiting for?"

To think that Cary aproved her, sight unseen, is the biggest thrill of Martha Scott's life.

There could have been no better choice for a heroine of a small-town play than Martha. In the tiny village of Jamesport, Missouri, Martha grew up among people whose troubles and joys were her troubles and joys. After eight years in the village one-room schoolhouse, Martha went away to Kansas City to attend high school.

"The girls weren't very kind," she says, "for with my long curls and country clothes, I guess I did look odd."

But Ida Lilly, one of the instructors, recognized the qualities behind Martha's small-town appearance and advanced her the magnificent sum of $1500 to study at the University of Michigan for the teaching profession.

Six months of teaching taught Martha herself a lesson. She wanted not to teach but to act, so she traveled to Chicago in search of stage work. She found jobs in a department store and a candy shop, but no stage work. And then she heard that a winter's stock company was being organized in Detroit. Boarding a bus, Martha headed there. They gave her walk-on and bit parts and paid her ten dollars a week, but she learned and worked and studied.

Thomas Wood Stevens, head of the company at Ann Arbor, liked Martha's work. When he and Iden Payne organized a Sheakespeare Memorial Theater in Chicago, Miss Scott was given a job. She toured two years with the company, reciting Shakespeare by the yard. Then one day in San Diego, when Martha had saved $150, she left the troupe and headed for Broadway for *big* things. Instead, she found a bit on a radio show with another young strug-

A failure in his first test on the hair score, Richard Denning now knows how to wield his comb like an actor

Graduate of a New York hall bedroom course: Lucille Ball, who went from billboards to bigger and better things

gler called Orson Welles, but no theater work. At least, not until the Dennis summer stock company, with Julie Haydon and Evelyn Varden, gave her a chance.

"I need a girl for *Emily* in 'Our Town'," Mr. Jed Harris told Miss Varden one day. The latter remembered Martha and Mr. Harris put Miss Scott to work.

Martha has paid back every penny of her loan from Miss Lilly. Her hazel eyes reflect her aliveness to life. She's jolly, eager, young, talented. Even though it took Hollywood two solid years to make up its mind about her she has only gratefulness in her heart to the town that has finally bid her enter.

In Spain They Say "Si, Si":

When we tell you Rita Hayworth was born Margarita Carmen Cansino, you know most of the story right off. For olive-skinned, dark-eyed, dark-haired Rita, daughter of the famous Spanish dancer, Eduardo Cansino, has all the allure of old Spain, plus the soft-spoken voice of her English mother and the outstanding chic of the American woman. 'Tis this beauteous bundle of international allure, then, who creates such havoc in her role in "Susan and God" and is about to create more playing opposite Brian Aherne in the remake of the French picture, "Gribouille," which will undoubtedly be given a name that sounds less like a fish soup.

At fourteen, while still a student at Alexander Hamilton High School in Los Angeles, Rita became the dancing partner of her renowned father. With him she traveled over Europe and America, stealing hearts as her castanets clicked. One engagement took the father and daughter team just south of the border to Caliente in Mexico; there Producer Winnie Sheehan saw her and immediately put in his bid for pictures. She created little stir in movies and soon left Fox for Columbia where for three long years she worked, studying diction and dramatics. Finally she began to impress with her work in the small pictures that came her way, among them "Blondie on a Budget" and "Music in My Heart." Now with "Susan and God" Rita has arrived.

To break completely with the past, when her movie career began, she gave away all her bright dancing costumes and took the name of her English mother, changing the "Haworth" to "Hayworth" for pictures. It was a wrench to part with the famous "Cansino," but Rita feared the Spanish name would mean Spanish typing (yellow shawls and a rose clenched in the teeth) so she fearlessly took her stand.

She could be French as far as clothes smartness is concerned. Recently, a rival studio named her the best-dressed young girl in pictures. Fashion designers term her "America's ideal tall girl," Rita being another of those five-foot-fivers.

"I buy just the things I need for one season," Rita confided, "and then I discard everything at the end of a season and begin fresh next season. And if it's only three or four outfits, I buy good things."

On October 17, 1918, Rita was born in Washington, D. C. Her childhood was spent traveling with her parents (her mother did not dance) and preparing herself for the dancing stage. She doesn't think it odd so much preparation should have gone into a career that remains danceless. Moreover, she prefers it this way.

When just eighteen she married Edward Judson, handsome, thirtyish and retired through the courtesy of certain oil wells. There could be no happier couple, for Judson worries much more over Rita's career than she does.

In the midst of bedlam over new tests (we happened to be caught in the midst of it), Rita remained calm, quiet, softly spoken.

PACE SETTERS

A blond with brown eyes and a music-loving nature, one of the best "baddies" in the business: Lloyd Nolan

White-collar businessman type who owns his own home and has just one extravagance: young Jimmy Ellison

A Britisher with no reserve, he yells and jumps at cricket games—the seventy-six-year-old C. Aubrey Smith

"I have a quick temper," she admitted honestly, "but I never display it in public. I save that for home and there they understand," she laughed.

Her dark hair with the odd high lights grows closely about her forehead. She wears no make-up but lip rouge and polish to match on her long nails. She maintains the own natural curve of her thick brows. With sports clothes she wears no stockings. Her education was completed with private tutors and in studio schoolrooms.

She's shy. But we'll bet she could tear apart with her own slim hands the many would-be wits that call her "Rio Rita."

Little Girl Having Fun:

On the list of genuine people in Hollywood, let's place the name of Lucille Ball. Let's write the name in great big capitals, both for her take-me-as-I-am-or-leave-me wholesomeness, and for her splendid work in "You Can't Fool Your Wife" and "Have It Your Own Way."

Up in the portrait gallery of RKO Studios, not so long ago, we came upon Lucille having the time of her life in a hula skirt, the one she wears in "Have It Your Own Way." With bare legs flying, she reminded us of nothing so much as a little girl whirling around in her first pleated skirt. That's exactly what Lucille is doing. Whirling around in the fanciful skirt of Hollywood, being herself, keeping her balance and having fun.

There was a day, some few years ago (seven, to be exact) when Lucille smiled from every billboard poster. In fact, it was because she was a famous poster girl that Hollywood claims her now, for Sam Goldwyn brought out all the beauteous poster girls he could find for his picture "Roman Scandals." Lucille expected to remain six weeks. She's been here ever since, except for the two months she spent in a Broadway show.

Behind her is a long and rocky road mile-posted with perseverance and dotted with dogged determination. To make it tougher, starvation had a way of springing out at her and crying Boo! But Lucille yelled "Boo!" right back as she climbed the five flights to her New York hall bedroom to take stock of herself. The business of forsaking her job of modeling for the precarious business of show acting, with its five weeks of rehearsals without pay, was getting her exactly nowhere. So, after due deliberation on a very empty stomach, Lucille decided it was a far, far better thing to become a good model than to be an actress out of funds, out of luck and out of work.

In no time, Lucille was that tall (five foot six and a half) model who created envy in the too-ample bosoms of dowager customers at an exclusive gown shop. Lucille knew how to swish a gown right off her back into a cozy little nesting place in some customer's Park Avenue cupboard.

Born in Butte, Montana (where her father was an electrical engineer) under Hollywood's favorite sign of Leo, Lucille moved with her family to Jamestown, New York, when she was a tiny girl.

After her graduation from high school, her mother, who was an excellent pianist, had high hopes of Lucille's becoming a musician. But the dramatic bug had Lucille by the ear and off she went to New York to enroll in John Murray Anderson's Dramatic School.

It took Hollywood, finally, to fulfill her cherished ambitions. Under contract to RKO, Lucille has acted in at least a half hundred pictures, scoring nobly in "Stage Door" among others.

Her hairline runs close to her temples, she wears her strong nails long and red, she's the only girl we know who prefers lynx to mink. "I can wear mink when I'm old," she says.

Her business manager allows her ten dollars a week allowance which she hoards like mad for a new hat or two. Loves the purple of the California hills at sun-going-down time and is especially fond of hamburgers and onions. She had read all the "Bobbsey Twins" books before she even started to school and now thinks Christopher Morley objectionable because he's just too darned sure of his women.

And, oh yes, she need only change the "B" of her name to "H" when she gets ready to say "yes," for director Al Hall is her best beau.

Lloyd Nolan—Goes Native!

Behold a native son! Born in San Francisco on a cool August day, young Nolan, the fascinating "baddy" of "Johnny Apollo" spent all his early life in the Bay regions. He attended Santa Clara Preparatory School for five years and then entered Stanford University. One year and lo, Mr. Nolan's name led all the rest on the flunked-out list. That meant he must remain out a year before re-entering. Lloyd spent that year sailing around the world on a tramp steamer, came back to Stanford and flunked out again. But he didn't mind much. A summer of touring the vaudeville houses with another Stanford pal had decided Lloyd on a career. He'd be an actor. He joined the Pasadena Community Playhouse to make good his decision. Next he joined Edward Everett Horton in a tour of the West in "The Queen's Husband." Then he felt the urge of Broadway.

Strange, but Broadway didn't feel the same urge somehow. Until one fine day the street went down for the count of nine and there was Nolan—the winnah!

When the depression hit the hardest, Nolan worked the longest with Lunt and Fontanne in "Reunion in Vienna" and then finally hit the star role of "One Sunday Afternoon." We saw Nolan in that 1932-1933-1934 hit and so did Paramount, who brought him out to loaf on salary for a year.

Then gradually he worked into movies, began wearing sport coats and slacks and open shirts, took to golf and ruthless but still likeable gangster roles.

Free-lancing offered him more advantages, with "The Man Who Wouldn't Talk" definitely establishing him as an actor not to be sneezed at. He proved his worth again in "Johnny Apollo" for Twentieth Century-Fox followed by "Gangs of Chicago" for Republic and "Pier 13" for Twentieth.

Night clubs and the usual social whirl are out of his sphere. He's a quiet kind of guy who likes to listen to records or spend his evenings with his friends, the Fred MacMurrays. In fact, there isn't a single swaggering, racketeering, bold bad-man trait about the man who plays these roles so well. He's even a blonde with brown eyes, for Pete's sake.

He married an actress during his New York days. The arrival of their first baby in the fall of this year has actor Nolan all agog. He's even buying the kind of Hollywood house he's always loathed, a cute one with all the gadgets, because he thinks the baby may like it.

Businessman Hero:

In every town, city and community there are dozens of Jimmy Ellisons; stalwart young Americans who have made good in their chosen fields. Being of Hollywood renders Jimmy not one whit different from those other young businessmen, though his work, play-acting, may lend a bit more variety to his career. After all, it's not every young man who can become a singing cowboy in the *Hopalong Cassidy* series, a young romanticist in "Vivacious Lady"; and more recently a "lush" in "Anne of Windy Poplars" and a *Milquetoast* in "You Can't Fool Your Wife," his last picture with Lucille Ball.

When Jimmy was six months old his family left Guthrie Centre, a dot on the surface of Iowa, and moved to Montana. When his father died a few years later, Mrs. Ellison moved her family to Los Angeles to be near her older boy who was in camp near San Diego during the first world war. Jimmy became student body president of Polytechnic High School, after thoroughly trouncing the school bully, and then looked about for a career. Those school days hadn't been all clover, for Jimmy worked as towel boy at the Y.M.C.A. every day from three to nine P. M. all through high school and in the summer walked the horses over at the Midwick Country Club.

An older brother was story editor at Warner Brothers so Jimmy joined that studio as a reader. He was a good one, too, and first recommended "I Am a Fugitive from a Chain Gang" to his bosses. But, after a good long talk with his oldest brother, Jimmy decided to learn acting.

He enrolled for a year in the night-school drama class of Hollywood High. He worked two years at night at the Pasadena Community Theater and finally joined the Laura Hope Crews company of "As Husbands Go."

M-G-M saw him and signed him and another lad by the name of Bob Taylor for stock. Together they labored over their work. Finally Jimmy was given the picture, "The Winning Ticket," which was a loser; his friend Taylor was put into "Society Doctor," which was a winner. So Jimmy knew his path would be the slower and harder one. But it's been a sure one.

It was Cecil De Mille and his puttees who took him out of the *Hopalong* series for "The Plainsman." It's been nice going ever since.

The first time this tall handsome blue-eyed lad saw Gertrude Durkin, his wife to be, she was in the kitchen of her apartment making jelly and peanut butter sandwiches. He fell in love instantly with Gertrude and the sandwiches and waited four years for her "Yes."

Jimmy and Gertrude own their own little home, have a wonderful colored cook who kinda' bosses things and people and carpenters but makes the best fried chicken in existence. Their boat, the "Trudy," short for Gertrude, a forty-foot cruiser, is their only extravagance.

The Ellisons, happy, contented, average good-looking young people, love the sea and hope Durk, their baby boy, takes to it, too.

(Continued on page 70)

Beginning Next Month-

For the first straight drama to co-star Dick and Joan Blondell Powell as husband and wife, Paramount chose a story as real as today's headlines and PHOTOPLAY is first to publish this compelling novel of a young man who prospered on broken marriages—until his own wife said:

"I WANT A DIVORCE"

by Adela Rogers St. Johns

in SEPTEMBER PHOTOPLAY

The lady has a helpmate, too—husband Louis Hayward

THE LADY HAS Character

Six days a week she'll talk your ear off about her husband. We caught her on the seventh: An Ida Lupino scoop

BY MARIAN RHEA

SHE was describing how she wanted the old fireplace in their living room torn out and what kind of new one she wanted in its place and how she wanted knotty-pine paneling above and shelves underneath—all of it with gestures, darn descriptive gestures, too. When she dwelt upon the tearing out of the bricks, you practically saw 'em come. When she put the new ones in, you looked for her trowel—or whatever it is you lay bricks with. When she came to the knotty-pine question (and that's not a pun) she curved thumb and finger so convincingly, you practically saw every knot. And she was in such raptures about the whole thing that you glowed, too. Not that the present fireplace didn't look all right to us. It was just that her enthusiasm was infectious. But definitely!

Ida Lupino is like that, we guess. . . .

In this Hollywood of the "decorous forties," whose glamour girls work very hard at being not glamorous at all, but oh, so boringly ordinary (or so it seems to us), it's refreshing to come across a celebrity (and a real one since "The Light That Failed") who doesn't insist she's as commonplace as Mrs. Joe Doakes, but who puts on a show, off the screen as well as on.

On this day Ida tore the fireplace out (or almost) we had been invited up to hers and husband Louis Hayward's house on the sawed-off top of the highest hill in Mandeville Canyon (near Santa Monica) for tea. Well, we had tea, to say nothing of some elegant cake. But we also had a lot of excitement.

First, as we say, Ida, attired in a fetching housecoat and mules, which, as she pointed out apologetically, weren't mates (but were extremely effective just the same) went into the matter of the new fireplace with a man who was going to do the job.

"This fireplace we have," she explained in preface, "has no character!"

Well, as we say, we thought it looked pretty good, but, of course, a fireplace or anything or anyone else would have to have a lot of character to compete with Miss Ida Lupino. She fairly exudes character, all of it colorful, also positive. So anyway, it was settled that there would be the new fireplace. Settled with gestures, as we say. The cost was also settled.

"Between sixty and seventy-five dollars," the man estimated.

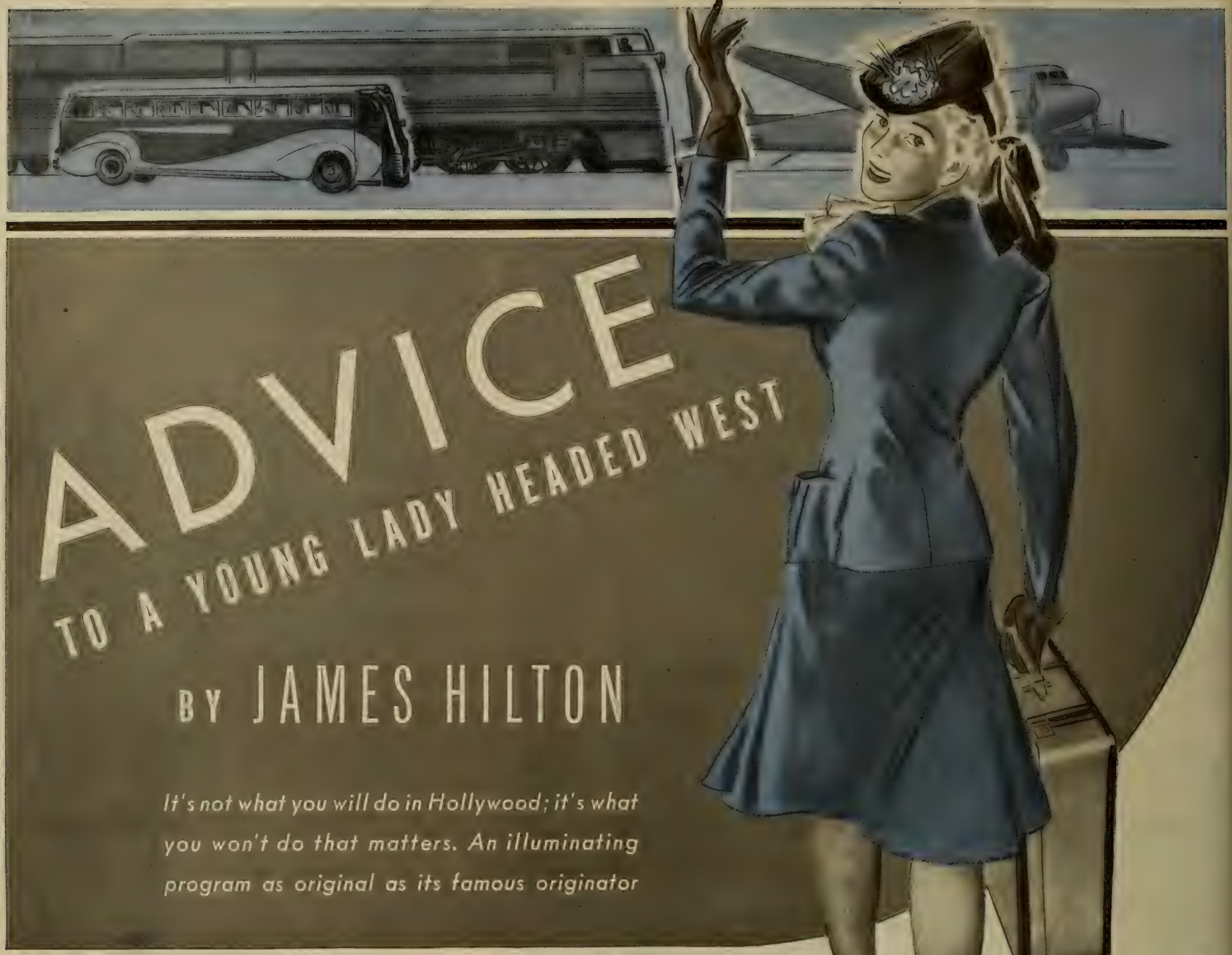
"Say, sixty," Ida remarked. The gesture she used here was one of dismissal—not of the man; he stayed for tea—but of the matter of cost. He kind of stuttered around after that, trying to open up the subject, but he never got a chance, someway. Sixty it remained until, with slightly bewildered mien, he left.

In the middle of our tea, another man came with three large books of wallpaper samples and we all discussed new paper for the living room and hall. One of the first samples he showed us was green, but Ida gave a shriek of distaste.

"Take it away! My dear man, have you ever noticed how women look, especially *blondes,* in a green room? No? Well, they look as though they had liver trouble! My husband would divorce me in a fortnight!"

So we forgot green and concentrated on soft

(Continued on page 64)



ADVICE

TO A YOUNG LADY HEADED WEST

BY JAMES HILTON

It's not what you will do in Hollywood; it's what you won't do that matters. An illuminating program as original as its famous originator

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN HOLMGREN

MY dear young lady:

Yes, of course, I remember you. (On the train, wasn't it, between Chicago and Kansas City, and we took a stroll up and down the platform at Davenport, Iowa?) You see, I'm rather good at remembering people who are rather good at being remembered—and I mean that as a compliment. But let's get down to business. You ask my advice, and it all boils down to this—Should you come to Hollywood?—and my first answer must be another question—What do you want to come for?

If you have a hundred dollars to spend on a holiday, over and above the return fare, then the answer's simple. Jump on the next train, bus or plane. There are few places in the world today that can offer more than Southern California and nowhere in Southern California makes a better center than Hollywood. I can't help it if this sounds like a Chamber of Commerce testimonial; it just happens to be true. Hollywood can give you sea, mountains, desert, cities, any kind of luxury you can afford, any degree of simple life you prefer, and the whole thing dished up with sunny days, cool nights (bring a coat) and a few extra specialties of its own; such as concerts in the Bowl, food at drive-in restaurants and film previews at which, without being particularly lucky, you're almost bound to see some illustrious face that you recognize. By all means, therefore, make the trip if your finances will allow it. There's the Grand Canyon on the way, and the San Francisco Fair if you can fit it in on the way back, and the entire expedition should turn out to be something you'll remember all your life.

But is it possible, my dear young lady, that you had rather more in mind than just this? Maybe what I said just now, about seeing the San Francisco Fair on your way back, gave you a bit of a jolt? You're not sure you intend to go back? You don't quite say so outright, but from what you mention about your success in the High School Dramatic Society and about your deep interest in plays and films, I've an idea you're half-thinking of a career in the movies. Am I right? And you haven't got a hundred dollars, but just enough for a one-way bus ticket plus a few dollars that you think will keep you till you can find a job. You're young, you're ambitious, you know you're pretty (I know it, too) and you don't see how you *can* fail. After all, if nobody had ever left a home town, Bob Taylor would be a doctor in Nebraska and Garbo would still be dressing hairs, or whatever it is that hairdressers do in Sweden. You're quite right; the fellow who wants to buy a lottery ticket can always point to the winners of past lotteries. But if he asks my advice as to whether he should mortgage his home to buy a thousand lottery tickets, then prudence (that middle-aged virtue—for since Mrs. Jessel is old enough to be Mrs. Jessel, then I'm certainly old enough to be your father) compels me to say—PLEASE, for your own sake, DON'T.

You see, my dear, Hollywood for a holiday and Hollywood for a career are two entirely different places. As a visitor you'll have a wonderful time. You can hire a car on Sunset Boulevard and have a guide point out to you the home of your favorite star; and if that star's in his front garden he'll probably wave to you; and one of the studios even invites you to travel in a bus through its "streets" and outdoor sets. After all, you're a very important person in Hollywood, *as a member of the public,* for it's the public's dimes and quarters that have made the film industry what it is, so Hollywood naturally feels it owes you some hospitality. But there's one thing it *doesn't* feel it owes you, my dear, and that is a JOB.

And now I'm going to be rather brutally frank. Hollywood is full of pretty girls. Hollywood is full of clever girls. Hollywood is full of ambitious girls. So if you're only pretty, clever and

(Continued on page 68)

THE CAMERA SPEAKS

Sidelights on a profile Hollywood has reason to remember: Once upon a time, movie moguls let Mary Martin sing for them—anonymously—behind the camera, but wouldn't let her appear before it. "Your nose," they explained. But they all ran after her when she made a hit on Broadway—then discovered that she photographed like Claudette Colbert! Mary recently capped her conquest of Hollywood by marrying Richard Halliday, story editor for Paramount, the studio currently co-starring her with Bing Crosby in "Rhythm on the River"

Richee

ON THIS AND THE FOLLOWING PAGES PHOTOPLAY BRINGS YOU HOLLYWOOD AT ITS PICTORIAL BEST

One for the money; the English Richard Greene, who has been drumming up the romance trade in Fox's "I Was An Adventuress." A guy who's been busy getting famous, he's professionally proud of a thespian heritage, privately pleased with Virginia Field, his regular Saturday night date

Powolny

Two for the show: a quiet, dark-eyed young woman with an oddly chiseled face—Claudette Colbert, esthetic member of M-G-M's "Boom Town" company. Nimble-worded, nimble-witted, she presides calmly over Dr. Pressman's white house in Beverly Hills, makes a gay livelihood by turning her left profile, the best, to the camera and letting her eyebrows do the rest

engstead-higgins

Husky men all, who don't need the help of outdated shoulder padding! Dick Greene, Ralph Bellamy and Dennis Green simply add to the effect with sprawling plaids which—like Pat O'Brien's cable stripes—have not been worn by well-dressed men for at least two years

Bing Crosby may not be interested in setting men's styles, but he is too typical of Hollywood's "jazz" modes in this mix-up of stripes and violently patterned tie, topped off with a broad shiny feather hatband

There's more latitude in sportswear, but Bob Taylor goes too far, at the prize fights with wife Barbara Stanwyck and the Jack Bennys. That small-patterned wool was high fashion once (some four or five years ago), but it now can be found in low-price "ready-mades," practically never in finely tailored suits

"Impossible combination" for a man of wealth and position —even if it is Bill Powell, with Mrs. P. Who ever heard of a double-breasted sports jacket—outside Hollywood?

You'll see only narrow shoulders and close-fitting, high-armhole sleeves on such society leaders as Charles A. Munn (right). Note the perfect tailoring which distributes coat weight evenly from the entire shoulder. On opposite page—today's plaid, as worn by tomorrow's style-setters. Seen at the Palm Beach Country Club, Social Registerite Milton Holden wears the small overcheck which has replaced the bold plaids Mr. Holden wore some years ago—long before Hollywood took them up!

espite Carole Lombard Gable's admiring glances, Clark's huge pockets are characteristic of the xaggeration in his single-breasted suit. "Why," sks Mr. Starbuck, "should the best physiques on he screen be padded to the point of absurdity?"

Though one of Cinema City's best dancers (as Norma Shearer knows), George Raft doesn't cut the figure he should in "peg-top" trousers and too-long jacket—with buttons much too low—which take at least three inches off his height

Annabella appears not to notice that husband Ty Power's "pseudo-English" suit is a perfect example of the exaggerated shoulders, lapels, trousers that are NOT being worn this season

WHO SAID WELL DRESSED ?

Hollywood women set American styles, but as for the men—a noted authority on masculine fashions cries out in anguish at the clothes those Hollywood males shouldn't (and DO) wear!

"BEFORE the man in your life buys next fall's topcoat or this summer's sport jacket, *don't* let him see any picture of his favorite masculine star! Because if he copies Hollywood he's likely to be at least a year behind the current fashion."

Thus boldly does John Starbuck—for more than thirty years one of the foremost forecasters and interpreters of fashions for the men's apparel trade—speak his mind about the clothing blunders the males of Cinema City seem to him so fond of committing. While Hollywood influence has the most marked effect on feminine fashions, starting many trends, the male section of the star population is sadly lacking in style savoir-faire, he declares.

Instead of starting fashion trends, the Hollywood male is the last to get them. "Long experience has proven," says Mr. Starbuck, "that styles for men originate in England, are brought back to this country and then are first really spotlighted by undergraduates of the so-called 'Big Three' universities. From these campuses the styles pass on to national popularity and—eventually—Hollywood."

In case you think Mr. Starbuck is talking through his silk topper, he has selected several of Hymie Fink's newest candid portraits for these pages and pointed out the latest style errors made by stars.

"For instance," he says, "now that everyone else has taken up big bold plaids or small check tweeds, the style-setters are wearing small overchecks, with vertical stripe of one color and horizontal stripe of another.

"The wide-shouldered jacket is doomed. Today, the men the nation will follow in styles are wearing only very narrow-shouldered jackets, with no trace of padding."

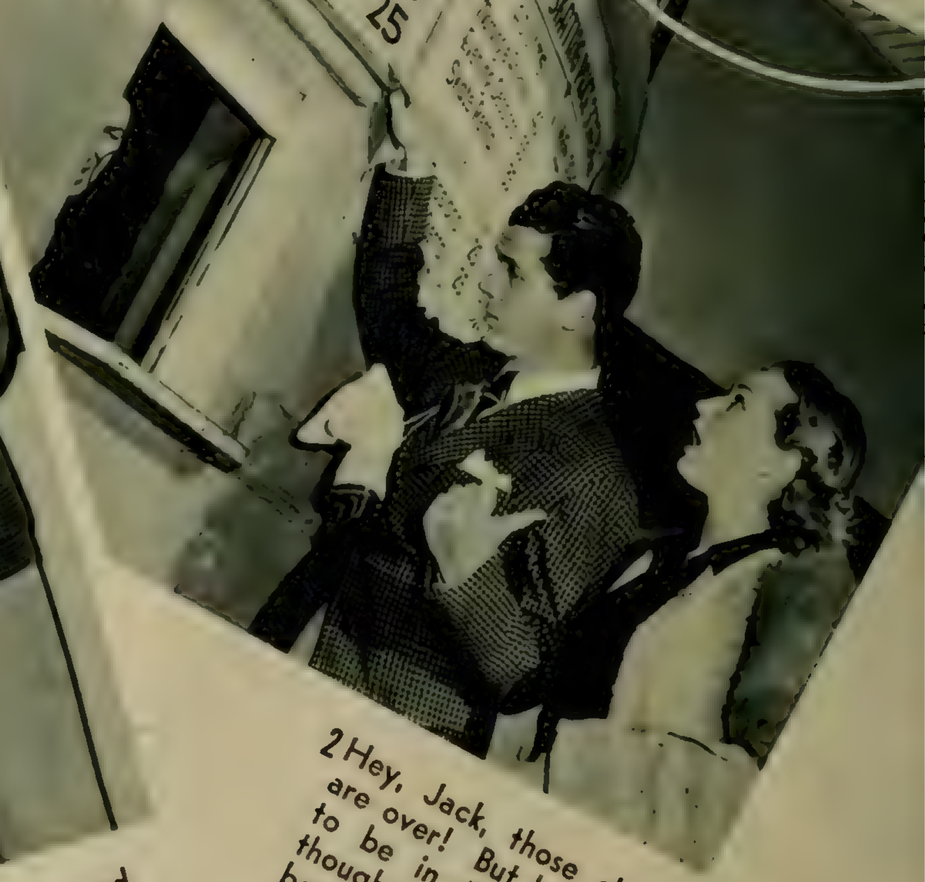
Hollywood men, take note!

Gordon Morris

YOUTH

No transcontinental telephone romances for Jackie Cooper—not on an allowance of $15 a week! Hyman Fink's never-fail camera catches Jack spending the first nickel, to date Bonita Granville for a typical "young fry" film society outing

1 "What am I," demands Jack, "an errand boy?" "You said you wanted to go skating first," Bonita reminds him firmly. "Those are my slacks—and a perfectly darling sweater that I knitted myself"



2 Hey, Jack, those child-star days are over! But he's proud enough to be in the almost-adult class though he does save thirty cents because he and Bonita are still under 18. Skating for two—80c

5 More exercise—bowling, of course, since that's the favorite sport of Cinema City's "young fry" society these days —and, as Jack points out: "It costs me only four bits!"

6 Hungry? Who wouldn't be! Steak dinners for two in a streamlined diner, $1.70; a side order of French-fried onions, 25c; tip, 25c

Jackie Cooper and Bonita Granville prove that teenster dates in "our town" of Hollywood are much like those in anybody's town—and not much harder on the budget!

Goes Dating

Serves Jackie right for trying to teach Bonita fancy tricks! "Never mind," she sympathizes, tactfully, "it was my fault. Come on — I'll buy you a drink"

4 Ring up "no sale" on the register for Jack's budget this time. The soft drinks are Bonita's treat and Jackie is properly appreciative

Fink's camera caught Bonita accepting Jack's invitation for four o'clock—but don't ask Hymie for details of the conversation! He was racing from phone booth to Granville home—and they were still talking it over when he got there

7 Movies next, of course, as in anyone's home town. Only this is a preview, so Jack gets his reserved seats free, by courtesy of the profession, and treats Hymie to a ticket instead (for which Fink hereby tenders thanks). That adds 65c to the date budget, although Jack has saved that much, buying one ticket

8 Hollywood youth is as perennially hungry as young folks anywhere, so it's another snack after the show: One coffee and one hot chocolate, served with cookies—20c (and add a penny for California's sales tax)

9 Now, up the Granville walk to say goodnight at the door. And what a grand time they had for a total of $4.41 (including the phone call)—which wouldn't even buy two steaks for their older confreres at spots where the autograph-seekers gather!

Rarely posed in modern dress these days: Laurence Olivier . . . on screen, a Jane Austen hero opposite Greer Garson in M-G-M's "Pride and Prejudice" . . . on stage, a Shakespearean lover opposite Vivien Leigh in his own production of "Romeo and Juliet." That the latter was something less than a success with the critics will undoubtedly be more than compensated by the impending marriage of its co-stars

It's "Arizona" for Arthur. After that Columbia assignment, Jean will star in "The Devil and Miss Jones" for a new RKO production unit just formed by the Norman Krasna who wrote the scenario —and the Frank Ross who is her husband

Schafer

MOTION PICTURE

Typical of the membership of this noteworthy Hollywood organization: Mrs. Alice Cooper, a member of the board—and the mother of that not-unknown motion-picture actor, Gary Cooper

Wouldn't you know Mrs. Lela Rogers — noted for her knack of furthering young careers (notably, her daughter Ginger's) —would be a busy vice-president of this group to help other families?

Firsthand knowledge of Andy Hardy problems—and the job of guiding son Mickey Rooney's career—has made Mrs. Nell Pankey a logical member of the M.P.M.I. board

IT'S more than a title. It's the name of an actual organization—and it means everything those four words can imply. Motion Picture Mothers, Incorporated is just that: A federation of Hollywood women (a number of them pictured on these pages) whose sons and daughters have made motion pictures their career.

Only yesterday they were babies—just little boys and girls who depended upon Mother for everything. Today they are successful men and women in pictures and Mother, who has devoted half her life to caring for them, suddenly finds her hands very empty and her heart very full.

At least, that's the way I felt when my son Tom grew up. Other motion picture mothers, I knew, must feel the same as I did. Helen Mack's mother, Anita Louise's

Widow of an actor and mother of one, Mrs. Tyrone Power is highly eligible for the M.P.M.I. office she holds

Brand-new grandmother (by courtesy of Anne Shirley Payne) in the federation of mamas: Mrs. Mimi Shirley

By their smiles ye shall know them—as mother and son: Mrs. C. J. Romero and Cesar, the "Cisco Kid" himself!

MOTHERS, INC.

BY MARIE BROWN
(Mother of Tom Brown)

uiding spirit of a ccess story in cur- nt headlines: Mrs. thel Garland, who's ound a new role as iry godmother, now at her Judy is an tablished starlet

Another member whose face any consistent movie-goer should recognize anywhere by her resemblance to her very photogenic offspring, Robert Taylor—and thus identify by her own name, Mrs. Ruth Brugh

Presenting—the author of this enlightening history of one of the most inspiring organizations in all Cinema City! (Of course, that's Tom Brown grinning up at "Madam President"—who's still "Ma" to him)

mother (Mrs. Whitehead) and I often talked about it.

Most of us had known struggle and hardship when we were bending every effort to help our children to the top. How nice it would have been had some unseen hand held out courage and comfort to us! We three decided to be that helping hand to the present generation.

Of course, we weren't entirely unselfish. Most of us were quite lonely and desirous of meeting other mothers who had things in common with us. We wanted to form new friendships and fill in useless hours with something interesting and, at the same time, worth while. In other words, we didn't want to be put on the shelf—we wanted

(Continued on page 64)

Photographs of Mothers by Flannery Bros. Mrs. Lake's photograph by Winifred Gail

Mrs. Ann Whitehead (daughter, Anita Louise) was a "founder," along with the mothers of Helen Mack, Tom Brown

Like Joan Crawford—who is so active with Screen Guild—Mama Anna Le-Sueur is busy with her own club work

Easy to see—looking at Annette Yde Lake—that Ann Sothern inherited her dimpled chin from her maternal parent

Big "Brigham Young" from Broadway: Dean Jagger

Real-life drama finds a new role on the screen: Bob Taylor playing a scene from "Escape" with political exiles Albert and Elsa Bassermann

While the dog's away, Ray Turner, Larry Simms, Arthur Lake and Penny Singleton play—and "Blondie Has Servant Trouble"

We Cover the Studios

Leaping from location to location makes this month a movie marathon

BY BARBARA HAYES

IF you don't think that covering the Hollywood studios is exciting and more darned fun than a birthday present of a basket of silver foxes, you have no appreciation of thrills. Of course, some of the boot that we get out of seeing beautiful actors in the sun may all come from our being a woman (this department, like the leads in "Turnabout," having gone through an upheaval and having turned from being male in point of view to being feminine in point of view). We have to admit that we get almost as much of a bang from looking at the width of Spencer Tracy's shoulders and noting Hedy Lamarr's new hair-do, as we do from watching how W. S. Van Dyke actually shoots a scene.

So, even if we may sound a bit dizzy at times, we are going to try to give you the whole picture of movies in the work every month, not just that stuff about what's the plot about but also who was where and what they wore and what they said. So here we go for this month, and we hope you like us.

We began with "Brigham Young." You know in general outline, don't you, the story of Brigham Young, founder of the Mormon church, husband of some twenty-seven wives, and amazing Western pioneer? Twentieth Century is being thrifty, so you will only get twelve wives in this production and only two of them have real roles: Chief wife, Mary Astor, second wife, Jean Rogers. But you are going to get a hatful of the most beautiful scenery you ever saw, the aforementioned Mr. Jagger, who is six feet three, handsome and a bit grim about this being his third discovery in Hollywood and he hopes it sticks this time, all this plus Tyrone and Linda Darnell (which makes it heaven, too, in our opinion).

Ty and Linda, who are made-up characters in this otherwise from-life bunch, furnish the young romance, the rest furnish the history.

The day we go calling, the company is working far out of Big Bear, which is a mere dot of a town, anyhow, in an open field wherein two gigantic pines stand sentinel. The covered wagons are drawn up under these trees. Actually, it's supposed to be Ogden, Utah, along about 1846. The wagons have parked for the night and in the scene which we watch Mary Astor has come to tell Dean Jagger that he'll have to do some burying during the night, Linda Darnell's mother having died, whereupon Dean goes to get Ty to help him. That's all there is to the scene, but it takes a whole hour to shoot, and what with the sun getting white very early in such a high altitude, once the scene is captured to Director Henry Hathaway's satisfaction, work is called off and we go home planning on next day's trip to Sonora to see "The Return of Frank James" and Henry Fonda.

Tyrone is in this one, too, in the smallest bit he's ever played. The picture opens on the scene that was in "Jesse James," the scene of John Carradine's coming in and firing the bullet into Jesse's back and killing him.

In "The Return of Frank James" Ty falls flat on that beautiful face of his and from there on Hank Fonda takes over, bent upon hunting down John Carradine and killing him.

The day we land in Sonora is Hank's birthday, though nobody knew it till Marjorie Wennison turns up with a birthday cake for him. Marjorie Wennison is practically Movie Fan Number One. She's a married woman now, in her middle twenties, but ever since she was a kid of fourteen she's been meeting all the movie stars who come to Sonora, which adds up to a lot of movie stars, Sonora being one of the favorite location spots.

Hank, who isn't, off screen, that rather solemn owl he seems on, is very pleased with Marjorie's cake. So's the company. They gather round as Henry goes into the big cutting act. They're all still chewing as we leave because we have decided to try Twentieth's home lot in an attempt to catch a scene in "I Married A Nazi."

It's late afternoon when we get there and also the day when all shooting is being held up because of Lloyd Nolan coming into the picture to replace Richard Greene, who is very ill with flu. We're in luck, however, for we run

(Continued on page 72)

PHOTOPLAYS Midseason Fashions

GWENN WALTERS

Fashion Editor
Associate Fashion Editors:
Frances Hughes, June Smith, Peggy Sweet

Prices quoted on these pages may vary in different sections of the country

PAULETTE GODDARD . . .
winds up the summer on the gold standard, wearing a slim-skirted, open-midriff dinner gown of gold-studded heavy white crepe designed especially by Edith Head for Paulette's role in Paramount's "The Ghost Breakers." The new sheath-skirt wears a waist-band of golden discs which march in glittering rows to the hem and surround the little molding-bodice. Paulette's bag matches perfectly, and her chiffon handkerchief, too, is studded with winking golden discs. A sleek outfit for the equally sleek star of "North West Mounted Police" and "The Dictator"

Richee

Picnic PREREQUISITES

Yes, even hard-working young Hollywood takes occasional time out for a picnic. Shows you how to dress the part, too—props, stock and barrel! The gal? She's none other than Jean Cagney, Jimmie's talented young sister, already started on a film career of her own and next appearing in Paramount's "Rhythm on the River." Her picnic pal is William Henry, the young romantic lead in Paramount's "The Way of All Flesh"

Don English

WATER BABIES — Jean (top) in Sacony's white piqué ballerina bathing suit that has a body-molding shirred lastex bodice, flaring dancer's skirt and brief jersey panties attached beneath. Ballerina bathing suit, $4.95

The Plymouth Shops, New York, New Rochelle, Hempstead

Jean has the fun, Bill the work, but Bill also has some nice recompenses — i.e., the view (at the right, above) of Jean's smart knee-length clan plaid pleated gingham skirt and tuck-in shirt. The skirt, $6.95; shirt, $3.95

Peck & Peck, New York, Chicago and Minneapolis

"COME AND GET IT" says Jean (direct right), wearing a Joan Kenley play dress that buttons gaily from square neck to hem and boasts—for good measure and picnics—a red and white peppermint-striped piqué apron with giant pockets. What if the pickles do spill! Jean's white piqué dress will come out from under as crisp as celery. $3.98

Oppenheim Collins, New York; W. C. Stripling, Fort Worth, Texas

AQUA MODES

Hyman Fink

THE DUTCH EAST INDIES inspired the moonlight bathing dress with surplice bodice and daringly slit skirt which, together, make a devastatingly lovely swathed summer evening gown of Cormee's red and green flowered rayon crepe. Should someone whisper," Moonlight swim?" Joan could shed her skirt and be perfectly dressed for a spur-of-the-moment dip in red sharkskin lastex tights and flowered halter-bodice

"GARCON" is Brigance's own name for the boyish daytime suit in which Joan toasts herself in her own back yard before taking the plunge, guarded by Stinky, her faithful little dachshund. The brightest of red spun rayon jumper-bras—new with Brigance—tops willow-slim bathing trunks of red and white striped sharkskin lastex, making the most of the famous Crawford figure

All Brigance suits from Lord & Taylor, New York

Could it have been with Joan Crawford's lovely figure in mind that the talented young Brigance, originator of America's moonlight bathing dresses, did the two swim suits you see here, modeled especially for PHOTOPLAY readers by Miss Crawford, who is at present starring in M-G-M'S film version of "Susan and God"?

TWO FOR TRAVEL

Tom Kelley

Pretty Iris Meredith, now appearing in Columbia's "The Return of Wild Bill," knows how to travel light and like it. You would, too, in either of Rolanda's double-time ensembles. "Double-Time" because they can come to town and stay for dinner, perfect for either purpose, perfectly priced for every purse

FULL DAY AHEAD—but it holds no terrors for little Iris, who is ready for come what may. Discreetly dressed for the train in a bolero-jacket with shiny satin revers and rhinestone decoration (top), she is just as perfectly dressed when she doffs the jacket for dinner, looking very festive indeed in her smart crystal-buttoned black satin blouse atop a slightly flaring skirt. Under $20

TAXI, PLEASE! And Iris is off in "Top Flight"—a wool, rayon* and acetate oxford cloth suit with a satin-bound jacket that is kindness itself to her curves. The dress beneath has a tucked black satin blouse-top and new slimmer skirt to see Iris through her dinner and dancing date in style. Added attractions — jet buttons and a mammoth rhinestone decoration. Under $23

Rolanda selections available at leading stores throughout the country. Miss Meredith's hats and luggage from Broadway Hollywood, Hollywood.

Sidelines MAKE HEADLINES

Neiman Marcus, Dallas; I. Magnin, Los Angeles; Marshall Field, Chicago

As if made to order for the luscious Sheridan chassis comes side-saddle drapery—at its brilliant best in "Chamonese," a new Celanese rayon and silk crepe, of unusual beauty and supple handling. Alternating rhythms carry the bodice-drapery to one side; the waistline to the other—both marked by giant jeweled feather clips. Ann stars in Warners' "They Drive by Night"

Sheer Economies

Now's the time to run up a dress so sheer that you'll look cool and crisp even while others wilt. If you're very smart, you'll choose a brown sheer—fashionable forerunner for fall. Let Photoplay-McCall's pattern feature guide your course between seasons

No. 3816—To the loveliest lady of the evening—a brown organza dinner dress with airy sleeves, heart-shaped buttoned bodice and a swirling six-yard skirt. Wear it over a rustling taffeta slip

No. 3836—Hollywood says keep cool in brown cable net or chiffon with the help of a low square neck, short sleeves, a shirt-frock bodice and a skirt with easy front-fullness

No. 3819—Entrancingly new—convincingly cool—brown and white plaid chiffon frock with midway sleeves, yoked-bodice, flaring skirt. Wear it with a brown taffeta slip

The symbol (Ph) identifies these PHOTOPLAY-McCALL PATTERNS *available at leading department stores throughout the country*

Sheer Necessities

Anne Gwynne, who supports Deanna Durbin in Universal's "Spring Parade," is keeping cool in dark "sheers" that have two points to their credit. First, they're brown, a color that's headed for headlines; secondly, they're spirited sheers that not only challenge the heat but take you smartly into fall as well

NIP AND TUCK—a brown chiffon with bands and bows to nip your waist to nothing and tucks by the dozen to slim you from shoulder to hem. Wear the bodice as high or as low as proves becoming; add white hat and gloves for summer, dark ones for the fall

Ray Jones

$22.95. Lord & Taylor, N. Y.; Meier & Frank, Portland, Ore.

CRACKER-CRISP—a tucked brown triple sheer that wears its frosty lingerie collar and cuffs all summer long, then sheds them, come fall, for jewelry. Tucked bodice and flaring skirt are born flatterers; a matching slip banishes lingerie problems completely

$10.95. Franklin Simon's, New York.

Enchanting little Leila Ernst plunges headfirst into fall in hats so new they were whipped before our camera before the final stitch was taken. Look for Leila with the *Aldrich Family* in Paramount's new "Life with Henry" and — take our word for it — you'll want to keep on looking at her. Next, look at the shoes, gloves, bags and jewels on this page and you will know just how heads, hands and feet will look this fall

1 Giant Knox beret in felt, shirred, draped and inset with grosgrain ribbon. Set it back on your pompadour. Around $10

2 New! Fringed dress-mitts of bright red doeskin, side-panelled for the third dimension by Louis Meyers. Around $2

3 Victor Silson's "Key to Your Heart" in leather on a braided chain. The key really locks the bracelet, $1. Necklace, $2

4 "Whipstitch" — Paramount's box-toe moccasin step-in with red whipstitched bow and vamp, smart squared heel. Around $7

5 Alice May's new velvet face-framing bonnet with the squared-off brim, sprouting jeweled peas-in-a-pod. Around $12.50

6 "Sassy"—De Liso Deb's D'Orsay bow-pump, collared in lastex-leather rickrack. News: Cradle heel and porthole. Just $10.75

7 A bow on your Jenny bag, too —satin on suede, with curving top and satin bracelet-handle to pull the Talon. Around $5

8 Merry Hull's "Finger Free" hankie-glove, new in broadcloth with contrasting wall and colorful piping. Around $2

9 Flash! Brown pearls for fall. Marvella's 3-strand twist, combining gold, topaz, and burnt topaz pearls with topaz clasp. $3

10 "Senorita"—Knox's new velvet sailor, as Spanish as Carmencita, dripping a seductive circular veil over the eyes. Around $15

11 Silson's Persian-inspired "Turnabout" jewelry—gold on one side; silver on the other. Necklace, $4; bracelet, $3

12 "Floradora"—Aris' suede zipper-glove clings comfortably over suit-sleeves or crushes at the wrist. 4-button-length, $5

13 Carry Jenny's soft, elongated pouch this fall, in suede, with corded, shirred top and bracelet Talon-puller. Around $5

14 Rhythm Step's wedge-heel suede oxford tipped and collared in lizard. Look for slender backs in the new wedges. Around $7.50

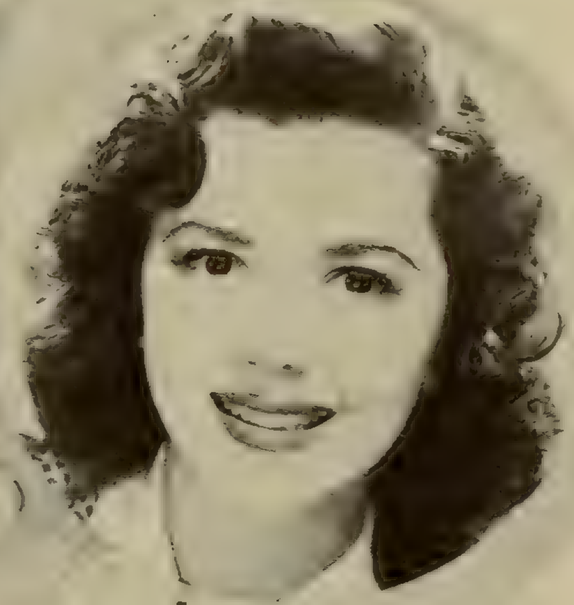
COMPLEXION COCKTAILS for YOUTH

1

2

3

4


5

6

IT'S a lot of fun being young and gay, especially if you're wise enough to avoid the complexion mistakes that too many young girls make. Either they feel that, being so young and because their skins may be clear and soft, their complexions need no care at all; or they overdo the whole thing and give their skins treatment that should be reserved for an older woman. Either mistake is just as bad as the other. Or they're troubled with skins that are rough and blemished, so desperately they try one treatment after another to restore the natural clearness that is one of youth's greatest attractions.

How you care for your skin today is the foundation for tomorrow's complexion; therefore, it's vitally important to you to treat your skin properly so that it will remain lovely all your life. Hollywood's young stars realize this and their beauty routines are the ones that every young girl should follow.

Cleanliness is the one-word rule for youth. Soap and water, cleansing creams, are ideal for young skins and should be used thoroughly at the very least twice a day, preferably more often.

You've all watched Judy Garland grow up to be the charming, attractive young lady of seventeen that she is now. Judy's skin has remained soft and smooth through all the adolescent years and she has every intention of keeping it that way. She knows that the better care she takes of her skin now, the more dividends it will return her in future years.

We cornered Judy on the set of "Strike Up the Band" and asked her what she did for her skin, what was her complexion cocktail to keep it smooth and glowing.

"The only routine I use in caring for my skin," said Judy, "is good old scrubbing. Of course, when I remove my make-up after I've been working I use a pretty heavy cream; and after I've creamed my face well come the soap and water. Soap and water are my stand-bys.

"I have never used a real mask on my face because I don't think a young girl needs it,

(Continued on page 71)

1. Look-pretty-please recipe of Linda Darnell: cleansing cream; light make-up
2. Beaten egg white is one of the chief ingredients of the Judy Garland make-up
3. The sparkle in the Laraine Day formula comes from special use of eye drops
4. A Helen Parrish prescription: Small brush to put her skin in the pink
5. New type skin cocktail is introduced by Ann Rutherford—light astringent
6. A Deanna Durbin special: Small brush and comb to make her eyebrows behave

Penny Wise

1 *Forester, Waterbury*
Claire Angrist, Elizabeth, N. J.

Saks Fifth Avenue, New York
I. Magnin, Los Angeles
E. T. Slattery Company, Boston
Forester, Waterbury
Carson, Pirie Scott, Chicago
Claire Angrist, Elizabeth, N. J.

2 *courtesy Hannins*

A. De Pinna Co., New York
Forester, Waterbury
Claire Angrist, Elizabeth, N. J.

3

1 PRESTO CHANGO!—a camisole-dress of snowy Celanese rayon jersey with a backwards apron that whips off before you can say "Jack Robinson," to become a flowing evening cape. Red drawstrings add extra excitement. Under $20

2 A PARAGON of loveliness dines at Victor Hugo's Paragon Room, proving that you can be completely casual yet completely correct in a white sheer crepe shirtwaist dress with an important-looking gold kid monogram and belt. Under $20

3 STOP, LOOK AND LISTEN—says Ellen's seductive chiffon frock that alternates panels of midnight blue and white, from a wafer-thin waist that meets up with a hypnotically low bra-bodice. Under $20

fashions

(*Trademark*)

WORK THEIR SUMMER EVENING SORCERY

James McCreery & Co., New York
Jordan Marsh Company, Boston
The John Shillito Co., Cincinnati
Forester, Waterbury
Claire Angrist, Elizabeth, N. J.

4 IT'S BABY PINK CHIFFON that gets 'em—a shirred-neck frock with flower clips and a mile-wide skirt. Under $15. Cymbidium orchids by Halchester of Hollywood

Best & Co., New York *Forester, Waterbury*
Marshall Field, Chicago *Claire Angrist, Elizabeth, N. J.*

5 SATIN SIREN—Ellen extracts her favorite tune from Bandmaster Henry King of Victor Hugo's Garden Room, beguiling in "mother of pearl" satin with draped bodice, waltzing skirt. Under $20

Forester, Waterbury
Claire Angrist, Elizabeth, N. J.

6 ALL-TIMER—a marquisette gown over taffeta, that sheds its ingenue organdy collar and flowers, come fall, to become a seductive black dress with a peekaboo top that's a perfect foil for sparkling jewels. Under $13

Penny Wise lassies with an urge to be belle of the ball can hitch their wagon to the little starlet, Ellen Drew. Ellen and Robert Paige played hooky from work on their Paramount pictures—Ellen from "Texas" and Bob from "Dancing on a Dime"—just to pose for Photoplay at the famous Beverly Hills Victor Hugo restaurant. The purpose? To set Miss Penny Wise a good example, for any dress she buys between seasons is sure to be a problem child! It must be cool . . . serene . . . summery . . . yet it must hint of festive things to come this fall. Here's a sextette that will take the midseason fashion hurdle easily, yet every one of them is under $20!

PLAID PROPOSAL FOR FALL

Ann Sothern adopts her own picture costume, designed by Howard Shoup for her to wear in Warners' "Brother Orchid," as her first fall travel-ensemble—and there is an idea for you, too! The plaid wool frock, you'll find, leads a purposeful life of its own and, as the leaves begin to fall, the plaid-lined woolen topper becomes your favorite between-seasons coat to wear all day long over everything. A beanie in matching plaid sits pertly atop Ann's curls. For other Sothern talent, see M-G-M's "Gold Rush Maisie"

Welbourne

A Cupid's enigma at Ciro's: A startled Bette Davis with an attentive Bob Taplinger

Big romance—or big red herring? Alice Faye and Sandy Cummings at Ciro's

Cal York's GOSSIP OF HOLLYWOOD

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HYMAN FINK

Cal Plays "If"

IF you happen to be in Hollywood and hear an actor discuss politics, intelligently, avidly and actively—it's Melvyn Douglas, who has switched suddenly from pink to red, white and blue as his favorite color scheme.

If you hear an actor converse in tones so low and gentle one must reach out to hear—it's Jimmy Cagney.

If you behold a tall, animated figure in a Mexican sombrero-style hat who never stops talking one single second of time—it's Roz Russell.

If you hear an actor say to George Brent—"For heaven's sakes, Brent, turn those fried eggs eyes in some other direction"—it's Pat O'Brien, who resents George's wide, round orbs.

If you glimpse an actor carefully emptying everyone's ash tray, straightening pictures and carrying empty glasses out of sight like a tidy housewife—it's George Raft.

If you hear an actor storm into a front office to square an extra who has accidentally cut his lip during a movie scene, thereby costing the company thousands of dollars in delay—it's Clark Gable.

If you see an actor sit silently through all arguments and even reach out a restraining hand to keep a friend silent, too—it's Gary Cooper.

If an actress primps five solid minutes over one wave in her hair before every scene, driving a cast wild—it's Loretta Young.

If you see an actress wave frantically out of the rear of her limousine lest some friend thinks she hasn't noticed—it's Joan Crawford.

If an actress stands up in a lighted theater to adjust lipstick and make-up—it's Dietrich.

Exit—One Tomboy

MISS JANE WITHERS has been promoted from small budget pictures to "A" majors by Twentieth Century-Fox studios, all of which means bigger and better taffy pulls up in Janey's new playroom.

"You ought to see it," Jane told us, out on the set of "The Girl From Avenue A." "I've got a new sound-proof dance floor, a new dressing room with lots of new perfume bottles (farewell to doll clothes) and a little kitchen where we have the grandest taffy pulls!"

By "we," Janey means her "Gay Teen" club that meets for weekly jitterbug sessions (but not too jitterbug, Jane explains). The club includes Jane's stand-in, several friends not in pictures, young actor Joe Brown, Jr. (not the comedian's son), George Ernest of the *Jones Family* and other teen-age oldsters. Jane herself is fourteen.

The way of the Withers family up the ladder of fame has been a quiet, non-demanding one. They took what they got gratefully and willingly.

The first role Jane played was in "Bright Eyes." She got it by walking straight into Director David Butler's office and selling herself. "I stood outside and waited," Mrs. Withers told us. "When Mr. Butler said he'd think it over,

Jane leaped right into her imitations and won that part all on her own."

Aware that conditions have been, shall we say, strained, between the Temple and Withers families since the release of that picture, we boldly asked Mrs. Withers about the so-called feud.

"Well, Mrs. Temple hasn't seen much of Jane and me since 'Bright Eyes,' but please believe me, there is only gratitude in my heart toward them for allowing Jane to have that chance in their picture. Only gratitude," she repeated.

For one year after that picture, Jane earned $150 a week. Against the advice of friends and agent, Mrs. Withers refused to ask for more until Jane had made six pictures in that year. "Then I felt she knew the business and was entitled to more money," she explained. "They gave it to her without a moment's hesitation."

Now, after six patient years, stardom looms ahead for Janey. Gone are the legion of pets, the donkey, goat, dogs and all the others. The dolls are half hidden away. Her first long dinner dresses, dancing, boys fill her mind these days when pictures and stardom give her time.

Lids is Lids

1 Jimmy Stewart takes a philosophical view of the new hats worn by Olivia de Havilland and Mrs. Frank Capra, featuring the fashionable "Forward Perch" and feminized by quills and a crisp bow

2 Annabella adopts subtle fruit motif with an inverted yellow peach basket, veiled in brown, and Claudette Colbert counters with a cluster of vivid cherries topping her navy straw sailor

3 At Ciro's, an impish glance from Sally Eilers, who has used roses of ribbon as the syrup for sweetening the soft double pancake beret which perches securely on her close-fitting skull cap

4 Jeanette MacDonald smiles at husband Gene Raymond from beneath a saucy sailor hat garnished with nodding plumes and trailing streamers. Note that film lapels are on the jewel standard

From the Hollywood baseball park, Charlie Chaplin tips his own sombrero to the girls

Two tip-tilted noses top a hip-twitching rhumba: George Murphy and Ann Sothern (also with HAT!)

Two ex-meanies face [illegible]e Withers and Eddie Robinson (with Mrs. R.)

So, good-by to tomboy Jane. And hello to a very perky and pretty new star.

Kissing—What Young Hollywood Says About It

SPEAKING of Jane Withers reminds us of the writer who asked fourteen-year-old Jane her opinion of kissing.

Jane's eyes flew wide open. "Kissing a boy? Why, I've got two years to go yet," Jane said, horrified.

Which is setting a definite age limit on the old game of osculation.

Then one day, the subject came up during an interview with Mickey Rooney.

"I think kissing a girl good night is okay. I think young people know the rules of the game pretty well," said Monsieur Rooney. All of which made Cal feel older than Chamberlain's umbrella, hoisted, and more rebuked than a small kid in school.

"I believe," said Bonita Granville, in answer to our query, "a boy may be hurt or angry at the moment if a girl refuses to kiss him on the first date, but I believe he'll respect her a lot more for it. However, I'm not a prude about kissing," she added.

"It's okay if a girl and fellow are friends. It's usually a friendly gesture among the kids of our crowd," Jackie Cooper explained.

"Oh, boy, lead me to it," was all Cal could get out of the Dead Enders, which stopped the inquiring on the spot.

Cal York's Mailbox

IT isn't often Cal discusses his fan mail (or maybe we should say pan-mail, in some instances) but after the chastisement from Victor Carlock of Hollywood for not having mentioned his favorite, Frances Dee, in a long time, and the hair-raising opinion of Miss Ruth Adams of Providence, Rhode Island, concerning Mr. Tyrone Power, we feel entitled to print a kindly letter from a lovely young actress, Miss Phyllis Brooks of Hollywood. She writes:

"Dear Mr. York:

I want to thank you for the paragraph about Cary and me in June Photoplay. To my knowledge it is the first kind and sympathetic word written about our upset.

It was naturally an extremely difficult experience, as it would be for anyone, but unlike *anyone,* we had the added hurt and trial of uninformed, partial and sarcastic comment.

I am truly grateful for your impartial understanding words. Thank you so very much.

Phyllis Brooks."

Cal wishes he'd had the nerve to speak up about Phyllis' letter that day at lunch with Cary. Only, somehow, we feel it's between only the two of them. But, doggone it—

Cary, Martha, Frank and Cal

"COME to lunch," the telephone message said, so Cal, anxious for a closer peek at Martha Scott, the new star of "Our Town," and a chat with Cary Grant and director-producer Frank Lloyd, set forth in our best bib and tucker. We looked dapper, we had to admit, until suddenly it occurred to us "The Howards of Virginia" troupe was working in an independent studio minus a dining room. Our spirits, to say nothing of our tummy, fell. When people say lunch, we want lunch.

"Haven't seen you in years," Cary prevaricated, the minute we stepped inside the stage door. Miss Scott, a brown-eyed lovely, came to greet us next, at which point Mr. Lloyd obligingly called "Lunch."

In a tiny garden behind the office building was spread the coziest picnic table we've seen since our Sunday School days. At the head of the table under an acacia tree sat Mr. Lloyd, like a real head of the family. We found ourselves between Cary and Martha.

Suddenly there came a bellow from Cary. "Now just because you made such a hit last night at the preview of 'Our Town,' Miss Martha Scott, don't think **you can have *all* the** meat at your end of the table. Maybe you never heard of 'Topper,' eh? Or 'The Awful Truth'—or 'My Favorite Wife.' They should entitle me to at least one slice of ham!"

Along about the hot curried shrimp course (and we were worried about food!), Cary had us all convulsed with his story of what happened after his last preview, "My Favorite Wife."

"After all my other previews, I've gone on somewhere to a party with friends and all evening I kept thinking, 'Wonder who's calling me up now. I'll bet my phone is ringing with messages from my friends.' I'd get so worked up about the compliments I was missing, darned if I could enjoy the evening.

"I went straight home after 'My Favorite Wife' and sat down by the phone. 'Now the calls will pour in,' I thought. And do you

It's into the brig for Rudy Vallee at the Pirate's Den, even though he is one of the new night club's backers. The incipient yowl isn't intended for fellow-prisoner Dottie Lamour—guests have to scream before being set free

Congratulations poured in upon Anita Louise and Maur
(Buddy) Adler on their wedding at the Ray Dodges' ho

Candid close-up of two big guys from Paramount who prove that an actor can play rough-and-ready characters—and win the ladies, too: Fred MacMurray, Gary Cooper

know," he howled, "not a darned soul phoned to say I was good or bad or the picture was swell or anything."

Mr. Lloyd then told us of a certain actor in Hollywood who, discouraged and broke, had set out one evening in his boat for the sunset and just kept going. He never returned.

"Can't think of a better way of going," Cary said, "than into a sunset. I live at the beach, you know, and every night, as regular as clockwork, I go gone inside with the beauty of every sunset."

Just a new and rather wonderful slant on one Mr. Cary Grant, friends. And, oh yes, Miss Scott is all we'd hoped for. She's great and, incidentally, so was the lunch.

The Rocky Road to Romance:

THE wheels of progress in the form of a snappy roadster have been interfering lately with Jimmy Stewart's steady courtship of Olivia de Havilland. Moreover, Cal's homely face (oh well, we can't have everything) is covered with blushes to think how we, in one instance, almost wrecked Jimmy's romance—to say nothing of Jimmy's car and Jimmy's girl.

It happened in the Biltmore Garage in Los Angeles after a theater performance. Waiting patiently for his car with lovely Olivia on his arm (we'd be patient, too) Jimmy failed to notice us until he was in the car and starting down the incline.

Suddenly spying us, he waved frantically. The car took a quick zoop to the left, spectators gasped, Olivia squealed. But Jimmy, instantly on the alert, took command of the wheel and Olivia, and they were off, leaving Cal to the mercy of mutterings and dark looks from the spectators for almost wrecking this devoted twosome.

But you can't blame the second fracas on Cal. It happened when Mr. Stewart-Goes-To-de Havilland's parked his car on the hill before Olivia's house. As Jimmy stood in the doorway gazing at his lovely date, there was a sudden grinding noise, a smash, a bang. And there was the car halfway down the hill doing unkindly and ungentlemanly things to a Ford parked in its path.

Yep, there seems to be some kind of a mechanized blitzkrieg around Jimmy's romance these days, but he isn't letting it get him down. This still remains the best boy-meets-girl story in all Hollywood.

On the Record

TIMED to coincide with 20th Century-Fox's "Lillian Russell" is an album collection of tear-jerking, heart-rending, laugh-lined songs of the 19th Century. Called the "Naughty 90's," the album has Beatrice Kay—a gal whose voice comes right from her bustle—and four records that Diamond Jim Brady and Lillian herself would have loved. There are such lovely things as "My Mother Was a Lady" and "Don't Go in the Lion's Cage Tonight"—all done with the authentic spirit of the picture (Columbia Album C-14).

There can't be any other singer quite so busy as Dixie Crosby's husband Bing. Rushing from Paramount to Universal, he has now provided his public with five new melodies from "If I Had My Way." The Bing himself offers all of them—including "The Pessimistic Character," "Meet the Sun Halfway" and the title song—in his own inimitable baritone (Decca 2448, 3162-3). But, more — trombonist batoneers Tommy Dorsey (Victor) and Glen Miller (Bluebird) both perform "I Haven't Time To Be a Millionaire" and "April Played the Fiddle." Take your pick—you can't lose.

Quite a charmer is young Judy Garland. Latest evidence is a new disc in her best M-G-M style. First she does "Wearing of the Green" and then follows up with "Friendship." Southerner Johnny Mercer pitches in and helps out on that last with very satisfactory results (Decca 3165).

Also traceable to Judy are two bright numbers from her new co-starrer with Mickey Rooney—"Andy **Hardy Meets Debutante."** It is the piano and conducting of Walter Gross and the singing of Bea Wain that make that picture's "I'm Nobody's Baby" and "Buds Won't Bud" very, very top-notch filmusical material (Victor 26603).

A very nice double feature turns up in the

(Continued on page 67)

★ THE REFUGEE—Republic

REAL as your own personal problems is this moving drama of a pair of refugees: Charles Coburn, an escaped Viennese surgeon, and Sigrid Gurie, his daughter. They arrive in a small dust-bowl town to face the many hardships caused by the great dust storms and the illness prevalent in the community. John Wayne, as the leader of the town, tries repeatedly by government methods to save the land against the ravages of the dust, but at last the settlers are forced to give up and head for Oregon and workable soil. The long trek is reminiscent of "Grapes of Wrath," but whereas that picture depressed you with its misery, this one gives you a message of hope and unending American courage.

★ UNTAMED—Paramount

WHAT might have been the "Citadel" of the Northwest becomes the most pleasant kind of warm-weather entertainment, thanks to plenty of romance and lavish Technicolor scenes of forest and snow. Ray Milland is most convincing as a society doctor who goes to the great open spaces to be made a man of by the French-Canadian guide Akim Tamiroff. The photogenic Patricia Morison, however, has little opportunity in the hackneyed role of the waif who married Akim out of gratitude but can't help succumbing to the handsome stranger from the big city. Comes the blizzard, lifting the entire story to heights of suspense—and guaranteed to produce shivers in the sultriest "dog days."

★ THE GHOST BREAKERS—Paramount

"THE Ghost Breakers" is a quick encore to the Bob Hope-Paulette Goddard successful duet in "The Cat and the Canary." This time Paulette inherits a haunted castle in Cuba instead of a haunted house in the South. Hope is a radio commentator who unwittingly gets mixed up with a gangster and, to his surprise, discovers himself bound for Cuba, Black Island and the castle. Once there, Paulette and Bob have as fearful a time as ever befell them in the other picture. The entire film is good escapist stuff.

BEST PERFORMANCES OF THE MONTH

John Wayne in "The Refugee"
Charles Coburn in "The Refugee"
Ray Milland in "Untamed"
Bob Hope in "The Ghost Breakers"
Paulette Goddard in "The Ghost Breakers"
Joan Crawford in "Susan and God"
Rita Quigley in "Susan and God"
Charles Boyer in "All This and Heaven Too"
Bette Davis in "All This and Heaven Too"
Edward G. Robinson in "Brother Orchid"
Ann Sothern in "Brother Orchid"
Eugenie Leontovich in "Four Sons"
Spencer Tracy in "Edison, the Man"
Alice Faye in "Lillian Russell"
Robert Taylor in "Waterloo Bridge"
Vivien Leigh in "Waterloo Bridge"
Virginia Field in "Waterloo Bridge"
Ann Sheridan in "Torrid Zone"
James Cagney in "Torrid Zone"

★ SUSAN AND GOD—M-G-M

AS a contrast to her farewell to glamour in "Strange Cargo" Joan Crawford here looks more stunning than you have ever seen her. The role of *Susan*, zany society matron having an attack of religion, was one Joan wanted and asked for; and she plays it brilliantly. Thus, the most important thing about this picture is that it points a great star back to the high road from which she has lately wavered. After this fact, it's to be recorded that the film is hit entertainment, beautifully staged and wearing the George Cukor directorial touch. *Susan* is an emotionally unstable and insincere woman whose husband, Fredric March, has become a rum pot (you can't blame him) and whose daughter, through her neglect, is a lonely little frump. Back from Europe comes *Susan* to Long Island; she's all full of a new religious cult she has discovered in England, a cult suspiciously reminiscent of the Oxford Movement in design. There is a house party with any number of smart women and attractive men, all of whom are two-timing their husbands or wives, as the case may be. *Susan* puts the kibosh on these pleasant extra-marital games by adjuring everybody to confess. Then Fredric turns up, persuades her to open the big house and try a summer as a wife and mother, for a change. Very slowly *Susan* discovers how sad her daughter is, sets vigorously about fixing the situation and in the process discovers what's wrong with herself. Here the film changes pace, from glittering comedy to deep drama. March is awfully good with very seldom moments of overacting. Rita Quigley, as the child, offers a superb performance. All the cast—Bruce Cabot, Ruth Hussey, Rita Hayworth, particularly—is in great form.

THE SHADOW AND THE SUBSTANCE

THE BEST PICTURES OF THE MONTH

The Refugee — **Lillian Russell**
The Ghost Breakers — **Brother Orchid**
All This and Heaven Too
I Can't Give You Anything But Love, Baby
Susan and God — **Waterloo Bridge**
Four Sons — **Untamed**
The Aldrich Family in Life with Henry

Man of Many Moments

(Continued from page 25)

over the railing. Below at the curb, where Madame C— had stopped her little motor, crouched a familiar great car.

"I'll see him on the terrace. Bring cocktails," he snapped. "Hurry!"

Bernstein managed the difficult feat of filling the open terrace with his personality, as lesser men would an anteroom. When he chose, he could be direct; and he came to his point at once.

"Guitry and I are through. I need a new star. In my opinion you are the best actor in Paris. I offer you a five-year contract." Just like that. Triumph, the far goal reached, in four short sentences.

When he had got his breath again Charles called the servant—quickly, before Bernstein should regain his sanity—and commanded, "Bring pen and ink." And as before he added, "Hurry!"

IT was the Paris of 1924, when ladies wore green hair and purple hair and artificial silver wigs . . . and Charles Boyer was ineffably of that Paris, particularly of the theater belonging to that Paris. There were other stars, but they stood for other things; Charles was the romantic, the gallant, the subtle, the emotional, the matinee Paris.

He had not yet th[illegible]ght of leaving France. He didn't thi[illegible] that for fiv[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

men who had invited him to join them; on the contrary. His eyes were alight and he whistled a new tune from a Chevalier revue as he left the darkened theater.

Supper, Mimi, Mumm sec and a small but cheerful fire awaited him at home. "After the show," he had said. "Fredric will see you in if you get there first."

Mimi was standing with her back to the fire when Charles arrived. She welcomed him in the particular manner he enjoyed. "Ah," said Charles finally, sinking into a chair, "it has been a hard week. Henri has been difficult. I love that man, but I wish I could break his neck every other Thursday. But now—I have a little time, eh? Just the two of us. No theater, no nagging director. . . ."

Fredric coughed behind him. "M'sieu Bernstein," said the servant, and proffered a phone. Charles' face muscles sagged. He grinned weakly at Mimi, took the instrument and finally spoke: "No. It's fantastic—I've an engagement, I'm tired . . . Well, it can't be so important it won't keep until tomorrow. . . ."

In the end he gave up, as people always did when they argued with Henri. "I'll be back as soon as I can," he told Mimi [illegible]ice painfully apologetic. [illegible]ready caught up her furs [illegible] where she had tossed

[illegible]nd the supper will be [illegible]," she said. "I do under-[illegible]r. You are first an actor.

[illegible]unch at the Crillon and [illegible]t into the country for a [illegible] incomparable!" And he [illegible]ling.

[illegible]rnstein pacing up and [illegible]office at home. "Thank [illegible]are here!" he said. "I [illegible]o tell you—the inspiration [illegible] left the theater. It will [illegible]he play, change all the [illegible]ing. I was a fool not to [illegible]efore!"

[illegible]siasm was infectious. [illegible] the excitement rising in [illegible]s irritation. "Yes, yes," [illegible], what have you? . . . ." [illegible]the second-act curtain," [illegible]ted. "Instead of saying [illegible] just stand there, looking [illegible]slowly, you turn and go [illegible] saying anything at all! [illegible]tand? Nothing!"

[illegible]ll he wanted," Charles [illegible]ext day over the phone. [illegible]g malicious. To Henri, [illegible] I say 'Good-by' in the [illegible]ore important than fifty [illegible] fifty beautiful women. [illegible]rehend in the least why [illegible]s. Yes, I've had break-[illegible]t once and be there in [illegible]es."

[illegible]knotting his tie Fredric [illegible]u Bernstein's secretary [illegible]u were awake, sir," [illegible]He has called a rehear-[illegible]ire company for this [illegible]sks that you be at the [illegible] than one fifteen. It's [illegible]in the second act."

[illegible] Charles stood looking [illegible] his fingers motionless [illegible]d four-in-hand. Sud-[illegible]riding out to his desk, [illegible]nong the papers in one [illegible]nd found his copy of [illegible]ad signed with Henri. [illegible]t for fifteen minutes, reading and rereading. At last, muttering savagely, he snatched the telephone and dialed Mimi's number.

They finally managed to dine together and go dancing three days later, after endless rehearsals of that second act and after Henri had at last decided that perhaps, in the final analysis, Charles had better say "Good-by" before his exit.

Twice, while Charles and Mimi were dancing, a busboy dodged out onto the floor, tapped his shoulder and asked him to come to the telephone.

"Explain," instructed Charles, shoving franc notes into the boy's hand, "that I left here over an hour ago. For an undisclosed destination."

Back at the table he said, "There is nothing I can do. Bernstein is sincere—he feels an actor is a property."

Mimi managed a little laugh.

"It is a four-year contract," he said simply.

She nodded. There could be no thought of marriage during that period, at least. Mimi knew this.

She did what she had to do, being a woman in love. She stayed—until, as

They all go to Ciro's—including May Robson, who took in the new night spot with Franklin Pangborn

it must to all love starved of warmth, death came. There were other women, after that—Madelaine, Lucille, Paulette, Jeanne. After a few months, Charles learned to gauge the quality of the laughter, to know when it changed from sincere amusement to impatience.

THE years were centuries until 1930, an interminable time during which Charles Boyer made and lost three fortunes. The constant pressure of starring in those psychological plays, with their morbid prying into the twisted byways of warped human minds, added to the upside-down, maladjusted existence Charles must lead had its effect on the young man. He found one release—in gambling. Here was an excitement clean of human vagaries, a fastidious passion; he embraced it ardently.

By the beginning of summer, when he was ready for his vacation, his bank informed him of an overdraft. It seemed impossible—Bernstein had been paying him large sums—still, there it was.

He needed that vacation. His nerves were attuned to hysteria and he'd sustained himself through the last months with the vision of sun and sand and surf. Well. . . .

He rang an agent. "If you've a tour on," he said, "I'm free. Make it good, though."

The agent chuckled. "Just the thing. The company touches Cannes, Monte Carlo, all the casino spas."

Maybe, thought Charles as he hung up, I can recoup. Then he shook his head. Better to skip the casinos, with his luck. Work hard, get some sleep, come back to Paris refreshed in some measure, anyway. . . .

At the first town he strolled into a casino just for a look. He emerged five hours later, his week's income having changed hands. Determinedly he sought out the company manager. "Don't pay me," he begged, "until the train leaves at each stop. No matter if I change my mind. Understand?"

"Bien," said the manager, and held out his hand. Sardonically he added: "It is too bad. This is the end of our friendship."

It was, too, for though Charles denounced him angrily, the manager remained adamant throughout the tour. But Charles borrowed right and left from the other members of the company and soon again a debonair figure would appear at the tables and until the dawn light battered its way through the smoke-filled rooms to rest unkindly on haggard faces, Charles Boyer would stand fascinated—and lose.

BUT his loss must be counted in other terms than francs: in the end he forgot the precepts of the early Paris period, forgot what his work meant. Each morning, leaving a group of croupiers cheerfully counting the money they had taken from him, he fell into bed for a few hours and then went unwillingly to the theater, and, night after night as he threw the remainder of his energy into maintaining the standards of his performance, he caught glimpses of his audiences, and hated them.

Slowly the conviction grew that these people were keeping him from the gaming tables, where life was, where excitement lived. Were it not for the audiences, he could . . . But no.

Fantastic. Sometimes he stared into mirrors and looked, with cold, even amused detachment, at what Charles Boyer had become. It was the same face, controlled, urbane; but with something in the eyes he did not like.

After a moment or two he always shrugged and turned away. It was not difficult to play the roles assigned him—he had long since discovered Bernstein was writing the same neurotic characters around his (Boyer's) own personality which had evolved, even throwing in whole scenes from his private experience, revealed in confidence. It didn't matter. If life became a Bernstein play, at least it was vital and tense and set to dramatic overtones, even if the harmonics were in minors.

When the end came, finally, it was like the last chord in Ravel's Bolero, and as inevitable.

A crashing discord, followed by a silence of despair—until a stranger-than-fiction meeting with an old friend of boyhood days set Charles Boyer upon the road that led at last to Hollywood and an enduring happiness, as described in September PHOTOPLAY!

ALL WOMEN WANT LOVE— ROMANCE! THAT'S WHY LOVELY SKIN'S **IMPORTANT!**

DOROTHY LAMOUR

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PARAMOUNT STAR

LUX TOILET SOAP

On DOROTHY LAMOUR'S dates—on YOURS— smooth skin WINS!

9 out of 10 Screen Stars use Lux Toilet Soap

Motion Picture Mothers, Inc.

(Continued from page 43)

to go right on being useful.

An invitation to tea brought twenty mothers. Before the pot was empty, we had become "Motion Picture Mothers, Inc.," as excited as kids planning a picnic and simply bursting with schemes to make money for our treasury.

That was on June 14, 1939. Today, we have more than a hundred members and we have accomplished much in the way of feeding, clothing and sheltering people.

We have secured jobs for many and have started two former stars toward the top of the ladder again.

By keeping our ears open, we hear of many families in distress. Our first act is to stock the cupboards (with luxuries, as well as staples). Then we pay light, gas, water and telephone bills—what picture person can exist without a telephone? We pay rent and buy clothing, and pay the doctor.

We do not label anything we do so that those we aid do not know where the help is coming from. Even in the case of a job, we arrange for the studio to "send" for the person because anyone "sent for" feels much happier than one who is "spoken for."

We keep our treasury filled in many ways. Every month we have a luncheon for members only, which must not cost more than fifty cents but for which we each pay one dollar. That gives us at least fifty dollars a month. Once a month we hold a dollar tea which is attended by all members, their families and friends.

Everything for this tea is donated, so all money collected is clear. Every year we shall hold an anniversary ball.

We, as an organization, are only a year old. We haven't begun to do the things we really want to do, not only from a financial and charitable standpoint, but from a moral standpoint, as well. For one thing, we want to be the moral support back of professional youngsters who, because of some childish mistake, have ruined their chances for a bright future. We want to be strong enough to pick them up where they fell, dust them off, wipe away their tears and send them right back into the field of competition.

Also we want to inspire mothers the world over to lead useful lives of their own after they have finished living the lives of their children. We want to teach them to use that telephone to bring happiness to others—instead of just sitting beside it hoping it will bring happiness to themselves.

The Lady Has Character

(Continued from page 31)

grays and pale rose tints which, Ida pointed out, are always flattering, even when you're positively dragged, my dear! "I like that one," she would say, ecstatically, about every other page that wasn't green and the session closed with her so torn between twenty-five or fifty possible selections that she asked the man if he'd leave the sample books there for "Mr. Hayward" to look at when he came home that night.

AFTER the fireplace man and the paper man had gone, she told me how the contemplated projects came about. "They're consolation for the rustic swimming pool and the new playroom we didn't build. We had the plans all drawn up and then the first of the year rolled around. We began to think about our income tax and all of a sudden felt so poor we gave up the idea. But last night we were sitting here before this fireplace—this characterless fireplace—and I said, 'Let's build a new one,' and Louis said, 'All right, and let's repaper this room, too.' And so," Ida concluded, "we thought we'd get right at it before we changed our minds."

It seems they *do* change their minds, the young Haywards. They also make them up ditto. Apropos is Ida's story of how they happened to buy their home in the first place.

"When we were first married," she said, "we rented a ducky little cottage in Beverly Hills—rented it so fast we didn't realize until after we had moved in that it had no dining room. So Louis said to me, 'The next time we get a house, it's got to have a nice dining room,' and I said, 'It certainly has.'

"Of course, we had no intention of buying a house, ever. But we happened to go by a real-estate office where an old friend of Louis' worked. So we thought we'd stop and pass the time of day with him. But we'd scarcely said hello, when he told us, 'I have just the house for you two.'

" 'Oh, no,' we said."

"Well, why don't you just drive up and look at this one?" he suggested.

"So he took us up here and we walked into the cute little hall, there and—well, we looked it over and Louis said to me, cautiously, 'Not bad, is it?' and I told him, also cautiously, 'Not at all bad.' So Louis' friend, being a good salesman and having discovered that here were two suckers with no sales resistance, said, 'Why not buy it?' We *did* buy it, lock, stock and barrel.

"So that was how it happened. All evening we were pretty excited about it and late that night we drove around to look at it again. As we were going up the steps, a terrible thought struck me. 'Did you notice the dining room?' I asked Louis.

" 'Why, no . . . did you?'

"Whereupon, we began trying to find the dining room. But of course we never did, because there wasn't any."

She laughed. "Wouldn't you know we'd do a thing like that? But now we are kind of glad, because we fixed up the playroom into a sort of quaint old English dining room."

IN the flesh, certainly, Ida is as pretty as a picture—wide-set eyes, blue as gentians, brown hair worn very plainly, with a stray curl forever falling down over her forehead; a nose which was made to be described as retroussé, an art calendar mouth . . . but after all, it isn't Ida's looks that really count. It's her personality.

To our mind, she and Louis Hayward live the kind of life you'd sort of expect all Hollywood stars to live. The breaks for each weren't always so good as they have been since Louis made "The Duke of West Point" and Ida "The Light That Failed." Time was when they were broke and Ida was sick and they thought they'd never be able to make any of their dreams come true. But they stuck together and now they have something strong and real to go on.

When she is not working, Ida says she spends her time composing music (for which she has a real talent) or "doing things to the house." I asked her if she meant things like tearing out the fireplace and she said yes.

Ida also plays with the dog, named Edward Cecil Jonathan Hayward, hours on end, she said. He is a small, rather nondescript wirehair, and the name, she said, is to sort of bolster up his dignity and self-respect.

As for the Haywards' stepping out . . . well, a mutual friend of ours stopped to pick them up for a premiere one night and he's still in something of a daze over his reception. Louis was pacing the living room impeccably attired as to the upper half of him, even to his top hat, but sans his trousers.

"She's done it again," he announced darkly, upon our friend's arrival.

By "she" he meant Ida, of course. Seems she's quite fanatical about sending things to the cleaners and only the day before had dispatched Louis' evening trousers thither. "The *coat* was clean, but he'd spilled gravy on the trousers," Ida explained in defense. There was no time for the cleaning establishment to return them before the premiere, so she had promised she would drop by and pick them up.

"But can I help it if I *forgot?*" she inquired. "Besides, Reggie's (Reginald Gardiner, a very good friend) will fit him all right. Reggie's are probably better looking pants than his, anyway!"

About this time their houseboy rushed in with the Gardiner loan and things brightened up for Louis.

Ida, meanwhile, was having troubles of her own. Just as the trousers arrived, she spilled paint on her dress.

"You would leave it in the bedroom where I'd get into it!" she accused Louis.

He defended himself. "I was going to fix up that place in the woodwork you whittled to see if it was pine."

Yes, I guess they finally got off to the premiere.

Perhaps all that is a bit natural, since Ida is the daughter of a British theatrical family whose members were forever tearing around making names for themselves, thus contriving an exciting but not very stable pattern of life for children of the clan. Her father is Stanley Lupino, a still famous British stage and screen star, and her mother was Connie Emerald, also an actress and a good one. At the age of fourteen, Ida, adult beyond her years, was demanding that she be allowed to go on the stage. Her father agreed on the condition that she support herself. Which she did, and creditably, too, until she was brought to this country in 1933 to play *Alice* in "Alice in Wonderland."

But, as she says, she would have made about as good an *Alice* as would Vic McLaglen—as Hollywood's astute producers promptly realized when they saw her screen test. However, that didn't mean her abilities as an actress weren't recognized. They were—and she began to work regularly until, at last, for a while, the Lupino future looked rosy. Then things began to break badly for Ida. She suddenly—and inexplicably—had trouble getting good screen roles. On top of that, she became seriously ill as a result of neglected tonsils and appendix. Those were long, sad months that followed.

"If I hadn't known Louis . . ." she says. And you gather that he was all that kept her from giving up entirely.

However, you can't keep a Lupino down forever, it developed, and finally she got well, got a job and got married. I asked her the date of the wedding and she said, "Heavens, I don't remember! I guess I could find out if I wrote the clerk of Santa Barbara county," she added, grinning, "but I couldn't tell you otherwise because I lost the license right afterward."

WE stayed at Ida's a long time, that day, while she told us things about herself—with promptings, we might add. She loves to talk, all right, but she doesn't go on about herself unless you prod her. More often it is about Louis.

She told me how she got her swell role in "The Light That Failed." "I just walked in and told Bill Wellman (the director) that I was the girl for it. 'There isn't any doubt about it,' I said. 'I can be just that kind of a little haybag.' " Her lip curled and all of a sudden she was *Bessie* again, which role, of course, led to Warners' casting her in their new "They Drive by Night."

However, career isn't everything to Miss Ida Lupino, believe it or not. She may be slightly "addled" (in a most engaging sort of way), but there is one matter upon which she knows exactly where she stands. That matter has to do with her husband.

"Career—poof," she told me. "I wouldn't give two cents for mine if it took me away from Louis. I mean it. Fame and money aren't everything—or fans running after you—those aren't the things a woman wants most. She wants a man of her own to boss her around and love and cherish and protect her—" she broke off, grinning. "I sound like a marrying parson, don't I? But, just the same I feel sorry for 'career women' who have nothing else.

"As for me," she was saying, "I have a husband, and I am going to keep him."

Which makes the picture we have been trying to paint of Ida Lupino, gay and lovely and a little crazy, too, turn into one that is gay, yes; and lovely, yes, definitely. But crazy? Well, maybe, only like a fox. . . .

NEXT MONTH: HOW THE PLAINEST LITTLE GUMM SISTER BECAME SPARKLING JUDY GARLAND—BY DIXIE WILLSON

Anne Shirley —

in RKO-Radio's

"ANNE OF
WINDY POPLARS"

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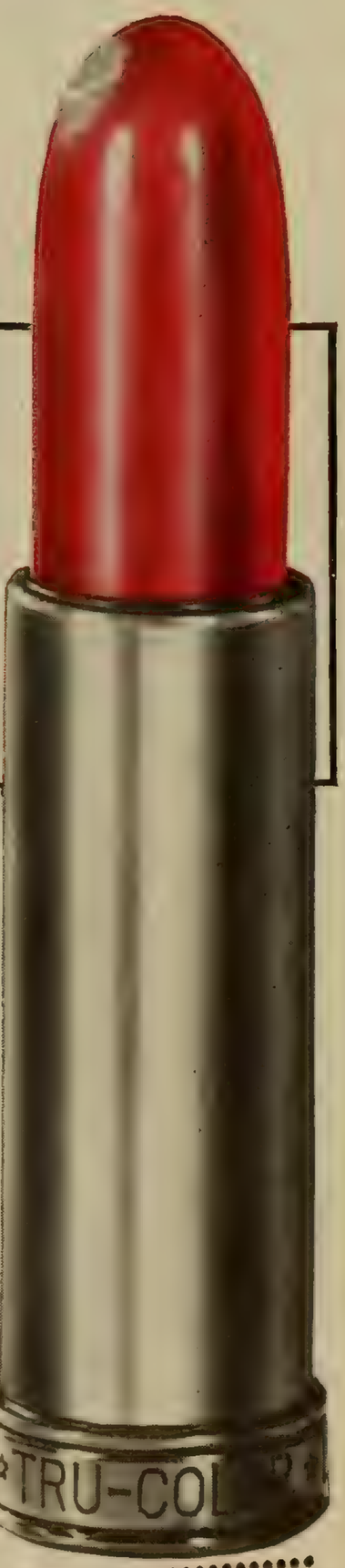

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Very Light ☐	Blue ☐	BLONDE Light ☐ Dark ☐
Fair ☐	Gray ☐	BROWNETTE Light ☐ Dark ☐
Creamy ☐	Green ☐	
Medium ☐	Hazel ☐	BRUNETTE Light ☐ Dark ☐
Ruddy ☐	Brown ☐	
Sallow ☐	Black ☐	REDHEAD Light ☐ Dark ☐
Freckled ☐	LASHES [Color]	
Olive ☐	Light ☐	*If Hair is Gray check type above and here* ☐
SKIN Dry ☐	Dark ☐	
Oily ☐ Normal ☐	AGE	

HOW DO YOU RATE AS A "Lovely Menace"?

What every woman yearns to be! A lovely female menace!... an exciting threat to the most determined bachelor... and bad news to every other girl at the party. Do you qualify? Don't bother to search your wishful soul for the answer—here's a little chart that Tells All!

CHECK UP ON YOUR APPEAL!

(Mark "yes" or "no" to these 8 questions—then learn your score from the answers on the opposite page.)		YES	NO
1	Do busy young men hold open the doors in public buildings for you?		
2	When you buy a new hat, does the salesgirl assure you that it looks "youthful"?		
3	Do you ever have to be introduced to the same man twice?		
4	Do your "blind dates" say you're a knockout at the beginning of the date, but forget your name before the evening's out?		
5	Are you versatile? Can you play a hard game of tennis with Tom in the afternoon and be Dick's glamorous dancing partner in the evening?		
6	Does forgetting your powder compact on an important date throw you into a panic?		
7	Do you ever go to bed with stale make-up on?		
8	Do men ever tell you that you remind them of their favorite flower?		

SEE OPPOSITE PAGE FOR *Good Fair or Terrible* NEWS

Why Bob Montgomery Went to War

(Continued from page 19)

Wide World

First picture from the front: Bob reports for action near Beauvais

landed gentry. Thirty servants were necessary to run the works—six gardeners and four grooms included. With tongue again in cheek, he did all the proper things. He ate raspberries and cream on the Members' Terrace of the House of Commons, which is like going to the Colony in New York for shad roe. He joined a cricket team and when on his first venture game was called for tea, he was still at bat . . . with sixteen runs! At Peebles he did his first grouse shooting. Meanwhile, with long-haired intellectuals he watched the war clouds gather.

At a charity bazaar at the Claridge, Bob and his wife, Betty, were asked to sell war veterans' handkerchiefs and neckties. Queen Elizabeth, coming in on a tour of inspection, noticed them and, once in the anteroom where Her Majesty was to have tea with the sponsor, she sent word to have the Montgomerys join her. For an hour and a half they talked, about the pictures Her Majesty had taken on her Canadian tour and while in America.

Then she spent a guinea on four handkerchiefs and two neckties at the Montgomerys' booth.

AND while the young Mayfair crowd was taking him up as they had Doug Fairbanks, Jr., before him—and the Duke and Duchess of Kent were raving about the charming young man—and the charming young man was being "measured for guns" for the August grouse hunting and assuring friends that he was seriously thinking of giving up his home in Hollywood and settling down and producing pictures in England, *it happened!*

Immediately the children, Elizabeth, aged seven, and Bob, junior, aged four, were shipped off to America. There was great disappointment among the Montgomerys because the children couldn't be accommodated on the *Athenia!*

And then, when that boat was torpedoed, there were those nine wretched days of torture while Bob and Betty wondered if the same fate would befall the boat that followed the *Athenia.*

War had impinged itself on Bob's life in other ways. In their little Marlowe home, thirteen British children were billeted after the evacuation of London. And then Bob volunteered as orderly in a hospital in nearby Northolt, a forerunner of that later ambulance duty!

An ambulance and its maintenance cost $2000. The driver pays his own way, although the American Field Service feeds him. In the last war, thirty-one ambulance sections served with sixty-six French divisions and carried from the front-line trenches to the first dressing stations more than half a million wounded!

That is to be part of the destiny of the playboy actor who once said, "I'm cursed by a cocktail shaker. That is the wrong kind of pictures for a man to make who wants to do something in life!"

Somehow there are both dignity and irony in the simple explanation of why Bob Montgomery joined the ambulance corps. "Somebody must do it!"

When I wrote Mr. Sherwood for permission to use those words from his great play for this story, he telephoned me and said, "I'd like to say something about Bob Montgomery."

THE next day he sent me these words:

"Bob Montgomery joined the American Ambulance Corps in France at the time when news came that eight American ambulance drivers were 'missing—believed dead.'

"Orders were going through (since reported countermanded) to paint out the Red Cross emblem on the tops of all ambulances because they made such good targets for machine guns and dive bombers.

"Why did he do it?

"He had a good job, an exceptionally happy home—exceptional for Hollywood or anywhere else.

"His explanation was, 'I reached the limit of my endurance standing idly by without doing something.'

"Bob Montgomery wasn't standing idly by. He was a star in the greatest medium of entertainment in the world. Entertainment is of vital importance to the morale of all free peoples.

"Bob is known to his friends as a pronounced pacifist, a hater of all patriotic bunk which has impelled men to fight and die. Like most Americans, Bob believed passionately that this country should keep out of war.

"And here he is plunging himself into the thick of the most fearful battle in the history of the world.

"Why?

"The answer, in my opinion, is simply this: Bob Montgomery is a typical American. He has the healthy skepticism which caused Americans to coin those two devastating expressions, 'Oh, yeah?' and 'So what!' But he has also the indomitable idealism, the devotion to the basic principles of freedom and justice, which enabled this country to be discovered and settled, which drove the embattled farmers into action at Concord and Lexington, which inspired both sides at Gettysburg, which sent the covered wagons rolling over the plains and mountains."

Whether or not Bob's decision was inspired by typically American theories, there's no doubt that he showed typically American courage in carrying out his self-imposed job in France until that nation sought peace.

Whatever private conviction or personal code influenced him in following the dictates of his conscience, those who saw him in action during that period speak of his indomitability under fire.

Movie-goers in general might have found it hard to identify their idol after days of gruelling work without sleep.

Hollywood, however, could not have failed to recognize—even behind that haggard look—their stormy petrel, the star who has never lacked the courage of his convictions or the will to act upon them.

What he will do now, upon his return to the United States, can not even be conjectured. One thing is certain: It will again be typical of the most independent, most outspoken personality in Hollywood.

Cal York's Gossip of Hollywood

(Continued from page 60)

form of a new Al Donahue record. Al has taken "Stardust"'s "Secrets in the Moonlight" and combined it with "Johnny Apollo"'s "This Is the Beginning of the End" (Vocalion 5479). Its a profitable partnership.

Metro's "Forty Little Mothers" nurtured one of those baby songs which will stay around for a long time. You probably remember "Little Curly Hair In a High Chair." And if you don't, either Jimmy Dorsey (Decca 3150) or Fats Waller (Bluebird 10698) will help bring it back. Jimmy's platter features his swinging saxophone. Fats does the job with his unique voice and piano. In both cases, Little Curly Hair gets a good permanent.

Love, Freshly Baked:

SINCE the day Linda Darnell set foot in Hollywood, Jackie Cooper, one year older than the Twentieth Century-Fox lovely, has never been the same lad. Something seems the matter with Jackie's heart, what with its rapid double takes and sudden somersaults, although he's never met the beautiful cause of it all.

Recently Jackie was called to Twentieth (the home studio of the object of his affections) for the picture, "The Return of Frank James." Whereupon, he took to slinking around corners and creeping past open doors, with a look of utter despair on his manly countenance. The point was he hadn't been allowed to cut his hair, with the result that he looks like nothing so much as a chrysanthemum in full bloom.

"It would ruin me for her to see me like this," he moans. . . .

But there's no reason to keep that lad-about-town, Bob Stack, from seeing Judy Garland every possible moment and for Cal's money, here's the cutest romance in town. Bob, whose tastes usually run to debutantes from New York, can be congratulated on claiming the time and affections of Judy, one of Hollywood's debutantes of talent. . . .

It's love, plain old-fashioned good-for-what-ails-you love between that rapidly rising young star, William Holden, and Warner Brothers' starlet, Brenda Marshall. From his Tucson location where he's making "Arizona," Bill makes a daily phone call to the girl of his heart. Hollywood says it won't be long now.

This-Is-Too-Bad Department

FRIENDS of Bing Crosby's are concerned over the genial actor's hoity-toityness of late. They wish Bing would come back to earth. His indifference to some of his friends and acquaintances is causing more and more comment in Hollywood.

For instance, Bing, along with Rudy Vallee, Tony Martin, Ken Murray, Bob Hope, Jimmie Fidler and one or two other lads, pooled their funds to back a new Hollywood cafe called "The Pirate's Den." Anxious to get proper publicity for the opening the boys asked Bing to pose for pictures with them. He was too busy. "All right, then, we'll come to you," they said. After Bing's weekly broadcast Rudy and Tony and others gathered at the radio station waiting.

"Sorry, no time," Bing announced to his equally famous and busy friends at the conclusion of the program and walked off, leaving them flat. Nor did he appear at the press party for the occasion. But Bill Fields did and even submitted to pictures of a hanging gag to help out Rudy and the boys. There was only one catch to the hanging, however. They couldn't get the rope over Bill's nose.

Embarrassing Moments of the Month

ARTIE SHAW, husband of Lana Turner, was entering a local night club when he accidentally bumped a customer.

"Sorry," said Shaw and then stopped. The bumpee was Lana's former boy friend, Greg Bautzer. For an instant they gazed at each other and suddenly Greg reached out his hand. Artie extended his, as Greg offered congratulations. The room breathed more easily. . . .

Seated at La Conga was Norma Shearer with escort Georgie Raft. Norma's chair crowded the one behind her; turning, Norma gazed squarely into the eyes of Virginia Pine, George's ex-girl friend. Then slowly Norma's eyes crept upward. Each girl was wearing the same identical hat! The room is still holding its breath. . . .

Dorothy Lamour and an escort were seated at a table at Grace Hayes Lodge. Ushered to the next table was Bob Preston, Dottie's recent heartbeat.

The entertainment became a blackout while every eye centered on the trio.

Bob sat down with Dottie and her friend.

The room grew hysterical.

What Price Sentiment

REMEMBER all those gay doings Cal reported from the famed Trocadero cafe in Hollywood?

Well, like a passé movie star, it's no more. For some unknown reason, as so often happens among notables and places in Hollywood, it has become only a memory. At the auction sale, not one single bidder put up a bid for the beautiful spot along Sunset Strip that houses so many many memories. The couch that Garbo once sat upon went for a mere $12. "And there's the corner divan," someone said in almost hushed tones, "that was always reserved for Doug, Jr., and Joan Crawford." It went for a mere pittance.

Just another Hollywood memory, the Troc still stands in its place like an actor "keeping up a front." A sad, sort of heart-tugging spectacle, a monument to a public's passing fancy.

On the Western Front:

ALICE FAYE had come to love Tony Martin devotedly before that final crash, Hollywood says, and hasn't got over it. Some even hint the divorce was Tony's idea, not Alice's. But now the two are seen everywhere together and Hollywood wagers that divorce decree will never become final. . . .

Bob Taplinger, Warner Brothers' handsome publicity head who treked to Honolulu with Bette Davis, surprised Hollywood with his wired messages from the resort reading, "All This and Davis, Too." What's more, he continued to amaze the village with his courtship of the star after their return.

"There's nothing like a lonely heart caught on the rebound," Hollywood says, so Bette, lonely since her divorce by Harmon Nelson, may succumb to Bob's wooing one day. So be prepared —we always say.

HERE'S YOUR "Lovely Menace" RATING

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS ON OPPOSITE PAGE		Your Score
1	Yes? Then you must have that radiant complexion men notice right away! If you must push your own doors, try daily Pond's treatments to soften blackheads, make pore openings less noticeable . . . give a fresh, glowing look!	20 for Yes 0 for No
2	Beware! That sales talk is used to flatter the not-so-young looking. Has dry, lined skin stolen your youthful sparkle? Use Pond's Cold Cream regularly to soften skin, help postpone superficial lines.	10 for No 0 for Yes
3	We hope not! You should make such an indelible impression at the first meeting that the poor fellow can't get you out of his head. And here's a pointer—nothing about a girl makes such a thrilling, *lasting* impression as a lovely, fresh Pond's complexion.	10 for No 0 for Yes
4	If "yes," notice that end-of-date letdown is often the fate of the poor girl who looks "greasy" as the evening wears on. Warning: Before make-up, remove all cleansing cream and excess oiliness of skin with Pond's Tissues. They're softer, stronger, *more absorbent!*	10 for No 0 for Yes
5	You're no smarter than you *look!* While wielding the racket, protect your face with Pond's Vanishing Cream. Before the dance this cream will "de-rough" your skin in a trice!	10 for Yes 0 for No
6	It shouldn't—and won't if you've used Pond's Vanishing Cream. Gives skin a soft finish that holds make-up for ages. Hates a shiny nose worse than you do!	10 for No 0 for Yes
7	You're a silly girl if you do. That's the *worst* beauty crime you can commit! Every night: Pat in gobs of Pond's Cold Cream. Mop up with Pond's Tissues. Finish with Vanishing Cream for overnight softening.	20 for No 0 for Yes
8	Only a flawlessly lovely complexion inspires such poetry in the masculine heart. If you'd *like* to be some man's ever-burning inspiration, bear down hard on your Pond's homework—night and morning—Monday through Sunday!	10 for Yes 0 for No
		Your Total

WHAT'S YOUR SCORE?

If you made 80 or more—congratulations! You're a full-fledged menace to men. If you rated 60 to 80, you have possibilities—get to work and build your rating up. And if your total is *under* 60—you can't afford to wait another minute! Begin right now to give your skin the care that will spell SUCCESS.

Build up your Score!

CLIP THIS COUPON

POND'S, Dept. 15-CVH, Clinton, Conn.
Please send me—quickly—so I can begin at once to build up my "lovely-menace" rating—a Pond's Beauty Kit containing a generous 9-treatment tube of Pond's Cold Cream, special tubes of Pond's Vanishing Cream and Pond's Liquefying Cream (quick-cleansing cream), and 7 shades of Pond's Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ for postage and packing.

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Overnight from Los Angeles and three hours south of San Francisco's new World's Fair, Del Monte is a favorite playground of the Hollywood stars.

Clark Gable at Del Monte

They come to Del Monte for the same reason you may wish to come—to rest and play in the enchanting beauty of California's Monterey Peninsula.

Nowhere else is the water so blue, the sand so white, the air so clean and bracing.

Golf beside the sea

Nowhere else can you golf on such famous courses as Pebble Beach, ride through forests of pine and cypress, swim in the magnificent Roman Plunge, explore the famous 17-Mile Drive.

In the famous Bali Room

When you come to California to see Los Angeles and the San Francisco World's Fair, don't miss Del Monte. It's a free side trip on rail tickets.

For information or for reservations, address Carl S. Stanley, Manager, Hotel Del Monte, Del Monte, California.

HOTEL
DEL MONTE
on the Monterey Peninsula
California

Design for Serenity

(Continued from page 27)

for all his slick look, the secret things that give to him those qualities of which stars and dreams are made.

The story of Little Pidge begins several years after Walter had left the village of St. John, New Brunswick, where he was born and where his father, Caleb Pidgeon, was the owner of several wholesale merchandise stores that were spotted throughout Canada. It even begins after Walter had deserted college during his freshman year and, very much under age and very much the patriotic liar, fibbed his way into the Canadian Field Artillery during the final months of the World War.

It begins, in fact, several years after he had come to the United States hunting for work as an actor, after his first flash of talent and attractiveness had got him a job with Elsie Janis for a tour or two. Like many another would-be actor, he had had to desert the theater in favor of a regular job and regular meals and it was during that dreary period that he met a girl who wasn't a professional or marvelously beautiful, but who seemed quite the most beautiful girl in the world to him, with whom he fell deeply and eternally in love.

It was first love. They wed almost at once and they swore that their love would last till death did them part. Which turned out to be true, too, for death did part them, only a little more than two years later. Death parted them on the night that Walter's daughter, Edna, was born. He nicknamed Edna "Little Pidge" and from that day on it was Big Pidge and Little Pidge against the world.

Now except for Little Pidge, Big Pidge would have been an adventurer. He loves travel and an unconventional existence. But because of her he always did the safe thing. Left alone, he would never have entered pictures, for he then preferred, as he still prefers, the stage. But he did make several movies along about 1928 (he played opposite Corinne Griffith in a couple of them), but he was literally before his time. His forte, even then, was comedy, but because he was young and tall and very dark, no director would so cast him. He always played heavies and because he loomed up over the shorter leading men of those days he got nowhere, so he returned to Broadway again and took out his love of adventure by reading the biographies of men of daring and his love of travel by reading travel books, and watched Little Pidge ceasing to be a baby and becoming a small person and wondered if he would really be both mother and father to her.

It was 1931 before he fell in love again and, with him, to fall in love was to marry. As in the beginning, he chose quietness and charm and domesticity in a woman. Big Pidge and Little Pidge were accustomed to the erratic hours and income of the theater, to the gay nonsense of actors, to being, most of the time, out of this world. Ruth was faced with the problem of trying to domesticate them. She knew that was actually what Walter wanted and what Little Pidge needed and, in his heart of hearts, Walter knew it, too.

He knew perfectly well that she was an ideal wife in every sense and a perfect mother for Little Pidge. Ruth took a simple but lovely home for them in Beverly Hills. There the Pidgeons still are, not two but three against the world, having small bridge parties, simple evenings with no more exciting entertainment than whole hours of symphonic records on the phonograph or Walter's giving a recital on the piano which he plays superlatively, or raising his fine voice (which he has not been permitted to use on the screen for years now, though heaven knows why) in song.

Because of Ruth and Little Pidge, getting steadily taller and more like him, and the excellent salary he is saving for both of them, Walter has been serene about the miscasting he has consistently got at Metro. Neither heavies nor *Nick Carter* are native to him. Serenely, on the few occasions that his opinion was asked, he pointed out to movie executives that he was, chiefly, a romantic light comedian, but until "It's A Date" he wasn't able to prove it and he is too charming to say "I told you so." He is now calmly working on another *Nick Carter*. He really likes *Nick*, because children like that detective.

But you see how this all totals up into his not going to night clubs, or bothering to make a host of bright, demanding new friends.

He **has** his work, and two living great loves in his life. Now that he is at long last in right roles, he must be inevitably led to real stardom.

Advice to a Young Lady Headed West

(Continued from page 32)

ambitious you have exactly the same chance as thousands of others. If you ask to see even the humblest studio employee during business hours (a writer, let's say) you'll not get past his secretary without an appointment or a letter of introduction; and if, after much manoeuvering, you manage to meet a casting director at a cocktail party and tell him you were Miss America last year at your home-town Carnival, he'll just be very polite and change the subject. Even if you make violent love to him (which would be a tactical mistake, for it would show you to have very old-fashioned ideas) the odds are that he'll merely remain polite, though perhaps he'll also take you across the room to meet his wife.

THAT'S why, in all honesty, I can't warn you against Hollywood for any excitingly moral reason. If you *do* come, against my advice, you'll probably find that the most depressing thing of all will happen to you—and that is nothing at all.

Unless you've made a reputation in some other field, the studios won't give you a screen test—why should they, when a screen test costs between two and three hundred dollars? You can't become an extra girl because the union has closed the ranks to newcomers (there are thousands of extras, anyway, who don't earn an average of ten dollars a week); and the office staffs at all studios have long waiting lists for any new jobs. Nor would it help you even if you could get one of them. Merely to be employed by a studio doesn't advance your chances of a screen career by a single inch; in fact the camel's celebrated needle-trick is easier than the switch-over from studio typewriter to an acting career.

And the really terrible part about the "nothing" that happens to those who come unasked to Hollywood is that it happens so pleasurably at first. You won't be insulted anywhere; pretty girls rarely are. If you break through the ropes and throw your arms round Gary Cooper's neck after a preview, he'll just smile and disentangle himself. If you write a letter to a celebrity you'll receive either no reply at all or an exceedingly courteous one. Wherever you go you'll meet this same courtesy. If you accost a studio executive and ask him outright for a job, he'll probably smile and say he'll see what he can do about it. Hundreds of people, in fact, go about Hollywood smiling and assuring other people that they'll see what they can do about it. They never do anything, but they never make any enemies, either.

Everywhere you'll encounter those smiles and assurances, matching even the California sun in radiance; they are the guard wall of the studios, composed of a dozen separate defense zones, so that even if you were to get through eleven of them as far as an actual screen test (in itself a very unlikely achievement) you'll find there's still a topmost layer of Smilers-in-Chief who'll finally convince you, with extreme politeness and in every accent from Oxford and Heidelberg to Harvard and the Bronx, that they'll see what they can do about it.

Well, what can *you* do about it? And that's where my advice becomes positive and practical. If you have the cash (as I began by saying), come to Hollywood for nothing but a holiday. If you *can't* afford it, stay in Saginaw or Schenectady or wherever it is and try to make a name for yourself there. Play in local theatricals, join a summer stock company if you can arrange the time for it, take dramatic and elocution lessons if you know anybody who really knows how to teach them, get on the air from your local radio station, work hard and don't give up a regular job until you're quite certain you're more than an exceedingly gifted amateur.

And, while you're doing all this, don't worry about Hollywood. If you achieve success on the stage or radio—even moderate success—Hollywood will very likely meet you halfway. If you achieve *big* success, all the Smilers will be after you with their smiles temporarily leashed while they calculate mentally how little you think you are worth. At that stage in your career, you'll need fresh advice, so write to me again if and when you get as far. But no—there'll be no need to write. If I'm in Hollywood I'll probably hear about you, anyway, and we'll lunch together at the Brown Derby and finish that talk we had in the train.

With best wishes,
Yours sincerely,
James Hilton.

SHOPPING FOR YOU AND THE STARS

(Continued from page 1)

12. "SUGAR 'N SPICE . . ."

. . . that's only **part** of what smart little girls are made of **this** season! **Smart** little girls are adding allure with the rollicking red of Elizabeth Arden's new "Candy Cane" lipstick. Wait till you see the attention you get when you produce the candy-striped case out of your bag. $1.50 does it.

13. HOT OR SWEET

Take a stand, ladies. Will you be fragile and pretty and sweet this summer, or vividly beguiling? Then get Hudnut's new DuBarry makeup—"Peppermint Pink" rouge, lipstick and face-powder in a peppermint-stick box if you wanna be sweet; "Red Flare" in a fire-cracker box if you wanna be hot! $1.95 for either kit.

14. ADMIRATION'S "MYSTERY TWIST"

We're speaking—not of a movie-thriller, but of the distinguishing characteristic of a movie studio's (Universal's) official stocking, "Admiration," by Cooper, Wells. This same mysterious twist is used in the weaving of oriental rugs to make for longer wear, greater strength and more elasticity. What more could you want in stockings for $1.15?

15. FOR THE FASTIDIOUS

Nonspi fans will be glad to hear that their favorite anti-perspirant and deodorant cream which—to us—has always seemed superlative, has even improved on itself! That's progress, isn't it? You'll like the pretty pink subtly mentholated cream and the little wooden paddle that comes with it. 1 oz., 50c.

16. MEET THE "COSMEGENICS" KIT

How'd you like to play movie-star and have on hand **four** make-up foundations; **two** shades of rouge; **three** lipsticks; **four** eye-shadows and **two** mascaras—to say nothing of lipbrush, mascara brush and eyebrow pencil! All in Hampden's "Cosmegenic" kit. $2. Write for the 5c sample.

17. RIB ROW RAINBOW

Going "Rib Row," their own super stocking one better, Propper-McCallum got an idea and lacquered the ribs into rows of gaily blended stripes. They look very gala worn with open shoes. Call for "Cabana"—(the stripes, you know)—in Sundown, the color that goes with everything. $1.65.

18. PURSE PICKPOCKET

Here's **one** Pickpocket, Peggy Sage's, that is welcome to purses! A gay little striped or polka-dot piqué zipper-kit—the brainchild of Brigance—to tote along with you on your travels. Inside sits the wherewithal for perfect nails: lubricant oil, emery boards, cotton **and** your favorite shade of Peggy Sage polish. Yours for $1 complete.

for **HAIRFREE** *summer loveliness...*

use IMRA,

odorless, painless cosmetic depilatory!

This summer, be your loveliest, most feminine self in revealing play clothes. Use IMRA* to solve the hair-on-legs-and-arms problem! This amazing, new, cosmetic depilatory removes unwanted hair swiftly, surely, *sweetly*. It's *odorless*...and *painless*, too!

IMRA is a new type of formula *eliminating disagreeable chemical odor.* It's a pure, snow-white cream, scented with a light perfume.

It goes on easily, stays on briefly, *washes* off quickly. It feels cool, *nice* on the skin. There's *no offensive odor* to bother you or haunt the room. Skin is left *free of unwanted hair*...feminine! There's no stubble to bristle through sheer hose.

Ask for IMRA at fine drug and department stores. Three generous sizes, 65c, $1.00 and $1.25. *Or send in the coupon for generous trial tube.*

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Good beauty shops now feature a splendid professional IMRA *treatment!*

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CHECKS *BOTH* perspiration and odor . . . effectively.

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DRIES ALMOST INSTANTLY. Not sticky...a greaseless, stainless cream.

SEND 10¢ for trial size of Nonspi Cream. The Nonspi Co., 134 West 18th Street, New York City.

There is also a **LIQUID NONSPI**—*at drug and department stores.*

Round-Up of Pace Setters

(Continued from page 30)

Age Before Beauty:

Hollywood loves this story of C. Aubrey Smith. He was discussing a fellow cricketer against whom he had once played.

"And how long ago was that?" he was asked.

Smith thought a while. "Oh, about thirty-eight years," he said.

To most Hollywood actors thirty-eight years ago is a lifetime. To C. Aubrey, with his seventy-six years behind him, it's merely the halfway station on his road of life. With his performances in "Five Came Back," "Rebecca," "A Bill of Divorcement," "Waterloo Bridge" and now with Gloria Jean in her new picture "A Little Bit of Heaven," it looks as though "Hollywood's beloved friend" is only getting his second wind.

High up on a Hollywood mountain top he built his home, with its sloping gardens and bowling green. On a desk in his den is the picture of his daughter, now married to a British Navy officer, and to that picture his eyes wander lovingly. Straight as a ramrod, all six foot two of him, he's somehow caught and held in his heart the spirit of youth that will never die.

"You should see him at cricket games," his wife tut-tuts, "jumping and yelling on the side lines, my word, like an Indian."

You should see him play, too.

Back in 1890 he threw his dignified British father into a turmoil by declaring he no longer wanted his place on the London Stock Exchange, that he wanted, instead, to go on the stage.

"Think of your sisters," the father pleaded. But C. Aubrey's sisters were also thinking of the stage and bravely cheered their brother on. He began touring with Ethel Terry in England, finally landed good parts on the London stage and in 1915 he made his first movie. He's been making them on and off ever since, finally giving up the stage to settle in Hollywood.

His blue eyes are keen but kindly, his pipes ripe and mature. Oh, yes, the C. is for Charles. He demoted it to a mere C. because he thought Aubrey a much fancier name to accompany plain old Smith.

Except for his loud sport jackets, that name is the only fancy thing about him.

Hoax Girl

They call her "the hoax" girl in Hollywood. But Doris Davenport claims the only way to beat Hollywood is to fool it, and she should know. She fooled both it and Sam Goldwyn and, as a result, got Gary Cooper as a leading man.

It all happened because Doris wasn't getting anywhere with her picture career. She began when she was only sixteen, as a Goldwyn beauty in Eddie Cantor's picture, "Kid Millions." "And I only got in by the skin of my teeth," she says. Cantor noticed her unusual speaking voice and gave her a small bit in the picture, but after that nothing much happened until along came a stock contract with M-G-M and, even then, nothing happened except that for two years Doris played extra parts.

"My inferiority complex grew and grew and grew," Doris says. So, she thought things over, finally made her decision; she'd chuck it all, forget it, go to New York and begin over.

She did. She changed her name to Doris Jordan and when stage jobs were scarce, she became a commercial photographer's model. And then came the great *Scarlett* quest, and someone from Selznick's saw Doris' picture, and with a half-day's notice she was on her way back home to test for the role. Only they thought, of course, she was a brand-new discovery and she didn't dare let on. Hollywood has a peculiar way of not liking people who have become a part of it too long and Doris knew it. To her horror, the whole crew assembled at Selznick's to make her test were workmen who had known her from M-G-M. But, carefully manipulating the head cameraman into a corner, she explained her hoax. Pretending to glance over her make-up, the cameraman whispered back not to worry, he'd slip word to the boys. Occasionally during the test an electrician would slip her a wink, or a friendly eye would twinkle at her, but never once did one of them let on.

Of course Vivien Leigh got *Scarlett*, but Goldwyn liked Doris' test, sent for her, signed her to play opposite Gary Cooper in "The Westerner," and *then* found out that here was the kid from "Kid Millions" and no New York discovery at all.

All he said was, "Well, I thought she was good then, and I still think so."

Doris, relieved of her secret, took back her own name of Davenport. She's already realized her greatest ambition—to play opposite Cooper.

If ever there was a down-to-earth, regular, forthright person, it's Davenport. No hooey, no glamour business, no falderal. She's been married to a commercial photographer, John Randolph, for two years, and intends staying married to him. She knows his love is worth all the fame in the world. They live in a small cottage near the studio and each is engrossed in his own work. She kept company with John four years before she married him.

Her eyes are blue, her hair ash blonde, she says "Jeepers" in that delightful voice of hers, rides well, fell down the wardrobe steps the first day she reported for work and went limping off to fame.

She was born in Moline, Illinois, but her parents later brought her to Hollywood, the town Doris took for a ride.

Killer-Diller Denning

ON Sundays, the usher in a Los Angeles Lutheran church is a handsome six-foot blond named Richard Denning. On weekdays, the same handsome lad is a merciless killer from away back and his name is still Richard Denning. Only he's a killer on the screen, of course, doing his daily murders by way of Paramount studios. In his recent pictures, "Emergency Squad," "Queen of the Mob" and "Golden Gloves," however, Richard graduated from killing people to killing hearts.

Although he was born in Poughkeepsie, New York, Richard was brought to Los Angeles when he was a mere babe in arms and has lived here ever since, attending grade school, high school and four years of business school from which he emerged as a first-class accountant.

At the unripe age of seven, he became friendly with a broom in his father's garment manufacturing plant and worked up gradually to the vice-presidency.

Only he didn't like it—he kept thinking instead of the plays they had given back in school.

Then came his chance. A radio show gave Richard a role and he walked straight into a test for Warners and straight out again. His blond hair had failed to photograph. So Richard learned to comb his hair with backward strokes at the temples like all actors, took another test and was grabbed by Paramount. He's been there three years.

Twenty-six and a six-foot-one bachelor, he lives with his parents and a seventeen-year-old brother who doesn't hesitate to say after one of his brother's pictures, "Bud, you stink." But after "Golden Gloves" the kid brother had to agree Bud was a bit okay.

Twice he thought of getting married, but each time decided to get a new car instead.

He's America's answer to Brian Aherne in looks and bearing. If Richard keeps up his pace he may one day rival Aherne in histrionics.

The Dennings couldn't be more pleased about it than they are right now. For that matter, neither could we.

Trio at "Torrid Zone": Mr. and Mrs. Pat O'Brien with Charlie Einfeld, director of advertising and publicity for Pat's home studio—Warners

Boos and Bouquets

(Continued from page 4)

Well, the result was that when I heard that "Gone With the Wind" was to be screened I vowed that no Hollywood producer would spoil that book for me. Then reports came through that they hadn't spoiled it, that faithfully they had followed the author's own vision. It has paid them to do this, I judge. "Of Mice and Men" was another fine book, unmutilated, and "Grapes of Wrath" another. Since this true-to-the-author conception is proving a box-office success, surely to heaven producers will realize they've stumbled on a gold mine. Now we'll have a chance to see the real *Jane Eyre* and the real *Rochester*—and I could name a dozen other books which are loved by millions and which it would prove a profitable venture to produce.

Here's hoping they do—

SHIRLEY SELWYN,
Ottawa, Canada.

THE ALL-AMERICAN: "DR. CHRISTIAN"

AS a movie-goer I would like to put in my "two cents." I am writing this letter because I think that when anyone sees something he likes, he should let the world know about it. Well, I saw "The Courageous Dr. Christian" the other night and thought it was superb. I think it is strange that the "Christian" pictures should not get more public acclaim through the press. They are typical of American life.

Hersholt is marvelous; Tom Neal is great; Bobby Larsen is good; Vera Lewis is fine; Bobette Bentley is perfect. Whoever found these two children is a man of great circumspection. My son and daughter (who are small and who have always bemoaned the fact that Temple and Withers are "too big for us") sat through the picture twice and want to see it again.

Hoping that you give our favorite films, "The Christian" pictures, more comment,

M. BEHM,
Los Angeles, Calif.

COMES THE REVOLUTION

I BELIEVE that in the blending of music with the photoplay lie the potentialities for a great new art—for the greatest, indeed, of all the arts. I cannot go to a stage play, an opera, a ballet, without marveling, "How limited these are!" To a movie fan accustomed to the magic of the camera that can go anywhere and do anything, accustomed to scene structure that is as ever-changing, as rhythmical and flowing as music itself, these older arts seem stiff and wooden.

Nothing else, except dancing, is so closely related to music as is the photoplay; nothing else blends so perfectly with it. For years, with steadily increasing skillfulness, movie-makers have been using music to glorify and enrich the story-telling of the camera. Why not try it the other way around sometimes? To begin with something easy, how about Beethoven's Pastoral Symphony with a "movie" accompaniment? Picture it—the quiet walk through the woods, a little stream, flowers blooming, trees budding, birds singing, young lambs frisking . . . And then, the storm. Why, Hollywood just couldn't miss!

It wouldn't gross as much as "Gone With the Wind"? It wouldn't cost as much to make, either! And if really successful, there'd be a steady world-wide, year-after-year market for such a work.

A thing of beauty is a joy forever, you know, not just for a few months while it is new and hot. How about it, Hollywood?

KATHLEEN THAYER,
Glen Ridge, N. J.

NO, NO, THREE TIMES NO!

I HAVE just read that James Stewart is going to play the part of *Gaylord* in "No Time for Comedy." Why?

Gaylord is a nice sort of fellow. He drinks a little too much and though he writes drawing-room comedies for his wife, *Linda*, who is an actress, the "other woman" makes him believe he should write great social dramas.

Laurence Olivier, who created the role last April with Katharine Cornell, would do a fine job. Or Francis Lederer, who did such a fine job when Miss Cornell took the play on tour. But Jimmy Stewart—no, no, no.

Let Jimmy make some more "Mr. Smiths" and forget sophisticated drawing-room triangles.

FRANK KINKAID,
Seattle, Washington.

Complexion Cocktails for Youth

(Continued from page 53)

but about once a month in order to stimulate my skin I'll apply beaten egg white to my face and let it remain there for about ten minutes before washing it off with water."

Judy has the right idea about being too young to use a heavy, tight mask on her skin. The complexion of young girls is elastic enough to do away with any necessity for a mask.

LINDA DARNELL, too, believes that soap and water is a necessary part of her beauty routine. However, she varies it by using cleansing cream occasionally. After thoroughly cleansing her skin with the cream, she swishes cold water over her face instead of using an astringent.

Linda's make-up consists chiefly of lipstick, a touch of mascara on her lashes and a light brushing of powder. As you can see, Linda also believes that complete naturalness in make-up is the ideal for the young girl.

You've seen Deanna Durbin, too, practically grow up before your very eyes. Deanna's kept that soft, child-like skin of hers through her regular soap-and-water cleansing morning and night, washing her face thoroughly and rinsing it repeatedly to be sure that all the soap is removed.

"If my skin seems dry, though, after I've washed it at night, I'll smooth on a light cream and leave it on all night to soften my skin. Whenever I do that, the next morning I go over my face with warm water to remove any traces of the cream and then splash cold water on it to close the pores.

"One of my make-up standbys is a little brush to get all the powder out of my brows. I also have a little comb to smooth them into shape. I don't think any girl can be well groomed if she has a trace of powder in her brows."

Helen Parrish uses a little complexion brush to scrub her face when she washes it with soap. This way she's sure that her skin is stimulated as well as perfectly clean. Helen washes her face thoroughly night and morning. If it's convenient for her to do so during the day, she'll scrub off all her make-up and start in all over again instead of just powdering over her old make-up.

"I use a light cream, too, when my skin is dry, to take away that tight, drawn feeling and to lubricate my skin. I don't like a heavy, greasy preparation because I think very few young girls really need a heavy lubricating cream. A light cream is better for me, at any rate.

"Lots of times, also, if I've been out in the sun quite a while, I'll rest my eyes by placing an eye pack over them and lying down and relaxing."

Little Ann Rutherford, who's so young and pretty, uses soap to clean her skin and keep it fresh and clear. She also has a little complexion brush with which to scrub her face and uses it both night and morning. For clean-ups during the day, Ann has little saturated cleansing pads of cotton.

After using cream on her skin when she feels she needs it, she applies a light astringent if she's going to put on a fresh make-up. If she's just going to bed or staying at home, Ann omits the astringent. She uses it just to remove all traces of cream before adding make-up to her skin.

Laraine Day uses cleansing cream to remove her screen make-up. Otherwise, she, too, uses soap and water. If Laraine's skin feels dry she smooths in a night cream for a few days or until her skin feels smooth and elastic once more.

Her astringent is cold water and Laraine says she has never used a mask. If her eyes are tired, or have been exposed to bright lights, she rests them by the use of eye drops.

HERE are six smart girls, typical of the younger set in Hollywood. All of them young, all pretty and all determined to preserve their clear, lovely skins. Their complexion cocktails are soap and water and a soft cream to keep their skins lubricated and ward off oiliness.

We can give you youthful readers no better advice than to follow the beauty routines of these young stars.

There are so many good soaps—and creams, too—on the market that are ideal for young skins. Remember that if your skin is blotched or blemished only utter cleanliness can clear it up. Keep it clean by thorough washing both morning and night and as often during the day as possible.

Photoplay Magazine is pleased to make available to its readers the services of its experts. If you wish any information regarding beauty products for young girls, write to the Beauty Editor, PHOTOPLAY, *122 E. 42nd St., New York City*

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We Cover the Studios

(Continued from page 44)

into Joan Bennett, one of the wittiest women in Hollywood and a fine companion, and she takes us over to Travis Banton's where she is due for a fitting.

Knowing that "I Married a Nazi" will be released in late August, Travis planned Joan's wardrobe for that difficult season when summer clothes are passé but winter ones too advanced and as an enchanting compromise he designed Joan a print dress in a light silk which has a black ground and big fat daisies with yellow centers and—amazingly—white and blue petals, all on the same daisy, but very smart, we must admit. Travis is making Joan's skirts all sixteen and one-half inches from the floor, which he thinks is plenty short for the average leg, and is going in for softly shirred skirts, trim waistlines fitted at the natural waist and those touches of handwork which he particularly favors. For instance, with Joan's black, white and blue print dress, he has picked up the exact shade of the blue petals in a matching light wool of which he has made a slim, tailored coat to wear over the dress. (This is the fall touch.) On the lapels of the coat, he's had the print of the dress appliquéd. It's very effective.

Personally we get so consumed with envy at the sight of Joan in all this glory that we mosey home and not until next day when we're on the Metro lot—on the "Escape" set looking at Mr. Robert Taylor with his new mustache—do we feel at all cheered up.

NOW you will doubtless remember that that Taylor facade was a bit of all right at all times, but what this mustache does—wow, it's wonderful. There is, too, a new and most attractive seriousness about Bob these days, though the serious mood he is in may have had something to do with the very serious scene he is playing.

Perhaps you read Ethel Vance's poignant and exciting novel from which this film is being made. Director Mervyn LeRoy tells us the script follows it faithfully. It's the timeliest of subjects in today's awful world, a story of a glamorous woman's being caught up in the dread power of the Nazis and of her son's attempt to free her. The mother is being played by Nazimova, making her return to the talking screen; Bob Taylor is the son; and Norma Shearer is the mysterious *Countess* Bob meets and who helps him save his mother.

The scene we come in on is a scene between Bob and that amazing German actor, the seventy-five-year-old Albert Bassermann. Part of the real-life drama on the set is that Bassermann (who is not Jewish, incidentally) is playing the role of one of those same Nazi officials who condemned him to exile.

The two men sit facing one another in a small, fussy German room. Bassermann sits on a couch, a shawl draped around his knees. Bob's wearing a topcoat. He is very tense as he starts pleading with the old man.

Says Bassermann, his voice expressing nothing: "Your mother has been . . . arrested?"

Bob: "I'm—I'm not sure. I can't find out anything. I don't know where to start." (He digs into his pocket for a letter, fumbles.)

"Cut," says Director Mervyn Le Roy.

"Aw, nuts," says Bob. "That's twice I've done that. You'd think I could get a letter out of my pocket without getting tangled up."

Next time he gets the letter out of his pocket satisfactorily and hands it to Bassermann who barely glances at it.

Bassermann goes on: "Your mother . . . is she an American citizen?"

Bob: "Well no, sir. I am, and my sister is—we were born in America—but my mother—well she always talked about taking out citizenship papers but she kept putting it off just the way she did everything else."

Bassermann: "In other words she is still a citizen of this country and subject to our laws."

The scene fades out there, on those sinister words.

It is all a little too real, so we slip away to Bill Powell's "I Love You Again" set to see if we can garner a few laughs from William, the Smoothie.

We do on sight of him, for there is the elegant Mr. Powell, clad in a Boy Scout uniform, tenderfooting it through the woods.

Bill, according to the script, is a victim of amnesia. While under its spell, he's a goody-goody in a small town. It's only when he comes out of it that he is himself once more, a tricky confidence man with the police and Myrna Loy, his adoring wife, on his trail.

SEA DANGER

Death peered through his helmet as this deep sea diver's air line became fouled in a rusty wreck. He knew that human help was beyond reach, but he says FATHOMS DOWN GOD HEARD MY PRAYER. Read Fred Wallace's own story in the current issue of the nonsectarian magazine

YOUR FAITH

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Our next stop at M-G-M is the "Strike Up the Band" set. As we enter, we hear a howl of laughter and Busby Berkeley, the director, yelling, "Now calm down, kids, calm down!" There is Mickey Rooney, up on the stage of what appears to be a dusty old theater, and down front are sitting Judy Garland and little June Preisser, who are doubled up with laughter. It's no wonder. Mickey has on the old melodramatic make-up for a drunkard, red nose, haggard eyes. He staggers and stumbles about. We admit we can't convey to you how funny his every gesture is. You'll have to go see Mickey.

The big Warner worry of this month is Pat O'Brien's face, or rather, Knute Rockne's face, or more exactly, Knute Rockne's face on Pat O'Brien.

It seems they pour a type of rubber all over Pat's natural countenance, then push it this way and that until he looks like Knute. They show us a Rockne picture and he does indeed look like Knute, but, somehow, those powerful eyes retain their own personality, so that he looks like O'Brien, too. But it really must be a hardship acting in back of all that.

After waiting for nearly an hour we slip over to the stage where Ann Sheridan, George Raft and Humphrey Bogart are proving that "They Drive by Night." That title means truck drivers.

The three of them are sitting in the cab of a truck and Bogey has the lines. He is trying to shout to the driver ahead of them, but his voice can't carry over the noise. He hurls a wrench toward the other driver, but he misses. Then he says to Raft, "Pull over and I'll see if I can jump on that other truck."

That sounds like a simple scene, but it isn't, what with having to time the speed of the car in front, and with passing cars going in the other direction. Bogey, ordinarily the calmest actor extant, blows the line again and again.

We head toward Universal, which is near by. Here we are informed that next month will be the big month, what with Deanna Durbin and Gloria Jean both working and probably Roz Russell, too, so we give it the quick brush, merely stopping by for a hello on the "Slightly Tempted" set where Johnny Downs, Peggy Moran and Hugh Herbert are working, before we head over the hills to see "Dance, Girls, Dance," the only picture RKO has this month.

This is the appealing story of a troupe of cheap little dancing girls who get stranded in a small town, of one of them (Maureen O'Hara) who meets her first gentleman (Louis Hayward) and of how love would have found a way except that he is married.

We see the girls (there are a dozen of them, but Maureen, Lucille Ball and Mary Carlisle are the only important ones) going through their dance in a tawdry night club. Dorothy Arzner, the director, informs us that they are supposed to be bad dancers. The kiddies certainly live up to orders. They're awful—but they are mighty pretty at that.

IN fact, they are prettier than anything we see at Paramount. There we have tough luck. There's nobody on the "Texas" set but a lot of heavies, made up as bad men. There's nobody on the "Rangers of Fortune" set except Pat Morison's and Fred MacMurray's stand-ins. There's nobody on the "Rhythm on the River" set except Oscar Levant, who is full of Information Please, but not of beauty, so we go around the corner to Columbia and look at Rita Hayworth fighting for her life in a picture now called "Gribouille." She is a lovely sight and soothes us, but we suddenly realize it's still the elements you can't count on that make Hollywood and our job so wonderful. For after having waited around for Rita in one of those courtroom scenes (yes, another trial, this story being all about a poor but honest and falsely accused girl and a simple peasant, Brian Aherne, who saves her) we go over to the "Blondie Has Servant Trouble" set to see Penny Singleton. Penny's there all right and so are Arthur Lake and little Larry Simms. But they are just sitting, and the reason is Daisy.

The canine is still down at Metro and "Blondie" can't go on till she gets back. But *Blondie* and *Dagwood* and *Baby Dumpling* are worried for fear such prestige may have gone to Daisy's head.

"Perhaps it proves a woman's place is always in the home," says Penny.

That gives us an idea. We know it is this woman's place, so we hurry away toward it. See you next month, folks.

How Deanna Durbin Lives

(Continued from page 22)

The hall, which connects the living room and the dining room, opens on the pergola with its white iron table and its white iron chairs covered in bright blue canvas.

Little currents of family life lap around Deanna. There are the phonograph records of her latest recordings to be wrapped and addressed for mailing to her grandmother in Canada. The guest room needs decorating and there's much talk before it's decided to do it in yellow with soft accents of grey. She and her father go shopping for a thoroughbred dog—and come home with Tippy, of uncertain ancestry, who cost one dollar and a quarter. He ate the peanuts they offered and convinced them he was their dog, that there was no nonsense about him. When Sunday comes they all pile into the car and drive over to Pasadena for supper with Edith Durbin Heckman and her nice husband Clarence.

Deanna lives a quietly ordered life in a quietly ordered house in a quietly ordered community. It's just what she needs, for her heavy schedule keeps her pushing hard six days a week. The personal performance which her fierce young pride requires her to give, at all times and under all circumstances, taxes her still further.

Charles Previn, musical director at Universal, will tell you: "Deanna has a meticulous quality that amazes me. I never came across it in an artist before—or in anyone so young. If she has an appointment with you for ten o'clock she'll be there at ten o'clock. You'd better be there, too, for when the time comes for her to go on to her next appointment she'll go."

ON either side of the French window at the end of the Durbin living room there are glass-enclosed bookshelves. The books on those shelves are, in a sense, the milestones of Deanna's life. There's an "Oz" book so worn it's title is barely distinguishable.

"That," Deanna says, "was the only 'Oz' book I owned. But I read all of them. I borrowed the others from my brother-in-law, who was only a neighbor in those days."

Mrs. Durbin, looking at those books, smiles a little ruefully, the way mothers will, remembering when their children were young.

"I can't believe Edna will be eighteen next December," she says. (Deanna's real name is Edna Mae.) "It seems only yesterday she wasn't much more than a baby, always plaguing Edith to play hide-and-seek."

There are other books, thumbed and worn, on those shelves. There's "Tish Marches On," "Little Women," "Camp-Fire Girls' Week-end Party," "Winnie the Pooh."

Deanna loved "Winnie the Pooh." She does still. "Pooh" characters supply nicknames for some of her friends. A Columbia Broadcasting sound man who used to work on her radio program begins his letters to her, "Dear Pooh."

Edith bought that "Pooh" book for Deanna when she was about twelve. She was singing at neighborhood gatherings then. The bright threads of her destiny were drawing together, for it was through the singing Deanna did in her neighborhood that Jack Sherrill, an agent, heard of her. He took her to Metro. While her year's contract there led to nothing in itself, it did bring her to the attention of Rufus Le Maire—who remembered her well when he went to Universal. He arranged for Deanna to sing at a Universal party. As a result she signed with them for $300 a week.

Rubbing shoulders with that "Oz" book there's "Gone With the Wind." It's the first grownup novel Deanna ever read. Other grownup books followed, naturally. And there they are: "Good-bye, Mr. Chips," "Crock o' Gold," "And So Victoria," "The Citadel" and a dozen more.

DEANNA reads in the evenings. "Mother and I are the family owls," she says. "Daddy goes to bed early and Edith always did, too, when she was home. But Mother and I read, or go to a show, or listen to the radio. And sometimes I talk for quite a while on the phone. In the morning, of course, bed is terrific."

Other books on those crowded shelves tell of music. Among them there's "Of Lena Geyer," "Men and Music," by Deems Taylor, and "Toscanini."

Deanna's so eager to become less of a stranger in the world of music where her voice has staked out a high place for her. In fact, the only extra thing she's ever felt she could crowd into her busy days was a series of lessons, with a private tutor, on music appreciation.

Autobiographies are on those bookshelves, too—Edna Ferber's "Peculiar Treasure" and Noel Coward's "Present Indicative."

"I used to think," Deanna says, "that I was a writer. When I was little, I was always writing poems and stories about animals and flowers, especially about the Queen Bee. And about a year ago, when I was ill and had to stay in bed for a few days, I felt the time to write again had come—at last! I wrote a short story about a girl and a man and music. It was horrible! I tore up the manuscript. And gave up my literary aspirations!"

Deanna's bedroom, which adjoins her mother's, is such a room as a daughter in any well-to-do home might have. The windows overlook the terraces and their pools and gardens. The walls are pale blue. Her wide bed, with no footboard, is covered with a pink velvet spread that's quilted with a wreath of flowers. This spread is Deanna's special pride.

On the carpet beside her bed there's a pink rug, small and fluffy. Jimmy Wallington's children, Barbara and Junior, gave this to her last Christmas. On a little bedside table (which invariably holds the current *"Readers Digest"*) there's a picture of little Barbara wearing the Easter dress Deanna sent her. Barbara is Deanna's godchild.

Off Deanna's bedroom there's a small room she uses for her study. Here, at her desk, she keeps her spending money accounts, writes letters and does her homework. This spring she completed the high-school course under the direction of Mrs. Kellaphene Morrison, appointed by the Los Angeles School Board to tutor her three hours every school day in the year. When Deanna's working, classes are held on the side lines of her set. At other times, she studies in the little schoolhouse on the Universal lot.

On Deanna's desk, beside an engagement pad so imposing it must have been a gift, there was a spray of gardenias. She had worn them the night before, dancing with Vaughn Paul at Ciro's. But on the floor, in a semicircle, stood the Seven Dwarfs—recently arranged.

In some respects Deanna is young for her age. Many of the experiences of adolescence have passed her by. Like a novitiate making her rounds in a cloistered world, she has gone from her home to her schoolteacher, then to her director, on to Andre de Segurola for her voice lesson, and home to her parents again.

On the other hand, Deanna gives even the offshoots of her career careful consideration.

Her agent, Mitchell Hamilburg, says: "More than once she's refused—courteously but firmly—to pose in a dress she didn't like. When we first worked together I thought she carried her honest attitude to an extreme and believed this was going to cost us a lot of money. But it hasn't. I might almost say it's worked the other way."

Deanna's more interested in sports nowadays, too. It's as if, growing older, she didn't have to be so serious and intense as she was before.

Badminton and horseback riding she adores. Her bowling, she admits, is very bad. But she has fun. She likes to swim and college football is her passion.

She cheers U.C.L.A. and U.S.C. Her sister and her brother-in-law went to U.C.L.A. U.S.C. is Vaughn's university. When the two play together she cheers—U.C.L.A.! "That's only fair," she explains. "Two against one. . . ."

BERNARD BROWN, in charge of sound on Deanna's pictures, who calls her "Little Dickens," talks of her and Vaughn Paul with affection. "Their romance began," he says, "when we were making 'Three Smart Girls Grow Up.' Vaughn, who's a swell chap, was assistant director. The other girls started making a big play for him and Deanna thought it looked like a lot of fun so she got in on it, too. And she won!

"Call it first love, call it anything you please, I'm in favor of it. 'Little Dickens' loves to dance. And Vaughn knows how to get a girl around the floor. She loves to laugh. And, like her, he goes for zany humor or sophisticated humor—but no sophomore puns.

"Besides, it would be downright strange if she'd keep right on being satisfied to go places with her family and a cop. She's growing up. . . ."

She is indeed. She knows it herself.

"All last year," she says, "I was disturbed, disillusioned, unhappy. I still am, occasionally. But now when I feel that mood coming on I take myself in hand. I ask myself, sternly, if I'm afraid to grow up and be mature and face reality. And I tell myself every age has its compensations."

That's true. Among the compensations of the late teens there's first love. So, as Bernard Brown says, it's right that Vaughn Paul should have come into Deanna's life . . . and that she should exchange her childish fancies for a woman's dream of a husband and a home and a family . . . and that she and Vaughn should sometimes drive out to a green acre in Bel-Air that he has long owned and sit on the grass and consider how a house should face, if you really were going to build one there, to command the prettiest view and whether it should be of brick or stone or shingles. . . .

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The Shadow Stage

(Continued from page 61)

EDISON, THE MAN—M-G-M

WARNER BROTHERS really started the cycle of biographical pictures; they were successful because Warners were smart enough to eulogize foreigners like Pasteur and Dr. Ehrlich. We'd heard those names, but we didn't know the stories behind them. Now, take Thomas Edison. Lives there an American child with grade so low he couldn't tell you Edison finally invented a workable electric light? Yet this entire film is built around that particular triumph; there can be, by the nature of the subject, no suspense; surely there is little romance, since Edison met a girl, asked her to marry him and she did, exhibiting praiseworthy but unexciting patience thereafter while he invented. Spencer Tracy plays Thomas Alva, the Man. While it is debatable whether Mr. Tracy's homely farm-hand appeal gives a Gable-esque reaction to female audiences, certainly his acting ability is unquestioned. So far as Edison could be dramatic, Tracy is. Only Edison was a prosaic inventor, not a romantic. A man can revolutionize the world, mechanically speaking, but still be dull as a human being. The film reflects this. It is a fabulous piece of informative, educational celluloid; it should be part of every college orientation course; but, unless you're in a mood for education, it is not amusing. Lynne Overman provides some comedy; Rita Johnson plays the wife; sundry character actors are cast as technical assistants to Edison.

FLIGHT ANGELS—Warners

YOU'VE heard so much about the new Stratoliners that this film, which pictures them, should interest you. While it's not exceptional entertainment—story faults are numerous—it nonetheless has several good moments, fine photography and some pleasing performances. Dennis Morgan and Wayne Morris design a new-type ship. Morgan has eye trouble on the eve of the test fight, takes the plane up anyway, gets into trouble. Morgan and flight superintendent Ralph Bellamy vie for the attentions of Virginia Bruce. Jane Wyman has an amusing bit.

CHARLIE CHAN'S MURDER CRUISE—20th Century-Fox

THE ubiquitous *Charlie Chan*, with his stilted little Confucius Say quotations and his shrewd eye for the guy-what-done-it, as they say in Hollywood, has never been the same since the end of the Warner Oland portrayal. No use trying to kid ourselves. Sidney Toler is doing one fine job, but he isn't *Chan*. This installment isn't even up to the usual story standard. Too much film for too little action, if you want the analysis. Another of those Scotland Yard inspectors comes to Chan's office, this time, and gets strangled right on the premises. It all evolves from there and if you're gullible you'll suspect everybody in the cast, including Marjorie Weaver (from what heights have you fallen, my pretty maid?), Lionel Atwill, Don Beddoe, Cora Witherspoon and an incredible number of other people.

YOU CAN'T FOOL YOUR WIFE—RKO

HOME-TOWN, back-parlor drama, this, as simple as custard and about as unsophisticated. It's a page from the life of a young married couple, Lucille Ball and James Ellison, who have had too much interference from Mother-in-law. James comes home stinking one night as a result of entertaining an important customer of his firm and that starts the trouble. The rest of the picture is very wound up and quite amusing.

★ THE ALDRICH FAMILY IN LIFE WITH HENRY—Paramount

WE'VE a hunch that no average American family has ever packed so much trouble and action into one lifetime as any of the current Family Pictures does into one episode. The *Aldrich Family* is the latest to join the ranks. Jackie Cooper (who has grown up all around his mouth), as prankster *Henry Aldrich* of stage and radio fame, starts the ball rolling when frustrated in his proposed plan to have a vacation in Alaska. Moroni Olsen, as *Sylvanus Sattherwaite*, is looking for a boy of Jackie's gumption and devilment to take along to Alaska with him. But everyone, including Jackie's father, Fred Niblo, thinks it's a gyp scheme. Nevertheless, Jackie starts earning the hundred dollars *Sattherwaite* stipulates as necessary. In his inimitable way he almost tears Centerville's laundry to shreds, sets the town on fire and *does* lose for his father an expected mushroom-canning concession. The whole picture is a laugh fest, with not a few of them created by Eddie Bracken in the role of *Dizzy*, Henry's best friend.

★ I CAN'T GIVE YOU ANYTHING BUT LOVE, BABY—Universal

WHAT with that title (which the marquees will probably translate as "Nothing But Love Baby") and the general switch in character types, you won't know quite where you are when you've seen this. But one thing's sure: You'll have had a good laugh. It's a perfectly silly story and so are the people, but the quality of humor, though strained at times, does not waver. Broderick Crawford plays the lugubrious underworld character who writes songs, hoping thus to find a long-lost sweetheart. He meets Johnny Downs, a tunesmith, forms a team and uses the mob to force his songs into the Hit Parade. Broderick's ma, tough old Jessie Ralph, whose aspirations for her son were that he should become Public Enemy No. 1, sets out to change the situation; and so does Peggy Moran, Downs' girl friend. It all gets confused at this point, but you won't care. There are a good many singable tunes and the pace is generally hilarious. It's nice relief from the somber tone of most releases and the newspapers.

★ LILLIAN RUSSELL—20th Century-Fox

IT'S a very difficult thing to explain that a picture is a good picture, with gorgeous production and fine work on the part of all involved, but that, withal, it is a little dull. Expensive Hollywood epics—especially the biographical films—lately have had a habit of being longer than their minutes and heavier than their saddest moments. Alice Faye is, of course, the glamorous Lillian Russell who so captivated men that they gave her gold bicycles; and Edward Arnold is there, as Diamond Jim Brady, to make the presentation. The story starts just before New York decided to lavish its all on Lillian and in the interests of brevity introduces only two of her husbands. Don Ameche plays the first; Henry Fonda, the shy second. In a very difficult role Alice does a really splendid job, even achieving a special kind of dignity. Helen Westley, Warren William and an abundant cast are spread against a lavish background. Still, it all happened forty to fifty years ago and what was nostalgia in the twenties is ancient history, now.

★ WATERLOO BRIDGE—M-G-M

HERE'S a tearful story about the last war, interesting because it is Vivien Leigh's first film since the incomparable "Gone With the Wind" and because it presents Robert Taylor in a swell role—with a mustache, too. The piece begins in the present day, with Taylor (at fifty) musing along Waterloo Bridge as he starts off to fight the current mess; and then the entire story is a flash back in his memory. In this recollective tale he's a young officer who meets Vivien when she's a ballet dancer. They fall in love and are all ready to be married when he is called suddenly to the front. She mistakenly thinks he's dead and, having lost her job, becomes a prostitute. He returns. For a while she thinks she can Go Through With It, but there's so darn much honor in his family it all seems too much. Cast as Vivien's best friend, the not-so-hoity-toity *Kitty*, is beauteous Virginia Field, who is also an authentic actress. Everybody is fine and "Waterloo Bridge" earns PHOTOPLAY'S official rating as a four-handkerchief picture. It paints such a dismal picture of what happens when a nation resorts to war, by the way, that it can well be classed as an anti-war propaganda, probably unintentional. Lucile Watson and Marie Ouspenskaya are in it, too.

SANDY IS A LADY—Universal

THE important thing about this does not happen to be the star, Baby Sandy, the milkman's daughter, but the Little

HOW WELL DO YOU KNOW YOUR HOLLYWOOD?

Check your answers to the statements on page 9 with these correct ones:

1. Claudette Colbert (Cleopatra), Greta Garbo (Christina)
2. 100
3. George Sanders (The Saint), Warren William (The Lone Wolf)
4. Clark Gable
5. Deanna Durbin, Bobby Breen
6. Gary Cooper
7. Richard Dix, Bing Crosby
8. Sylvia Sidney
9. Donald Crisp, Cecil B. De Mille
10. Dickie Jones
11. Betty Grable, Ingrid Bergman
12. Don Ameche
13. Two Girls on Broadway (Broadway Melody) Till We Meet Again (One Way Passage)
14. Maureen O'Sullivan
15. Hedy Lamarr, Barbara Stanwyck
16. Nelson Eddy
17. Jane Wyman, Lucille Ball
18. Joan Crawford, Myrna Loy
19. Gail Patrick, Irene Rich
20. Mickey Rooney and Lewis Stone

Tornadoes, Kenneth Brown and Billy Lenhart, who were so all-fired good in "The Underpup." To get down to cases, and what there is of the story, Sandy's pappy has invited the boss home to dinner and Mama goes off to find the old gentleman's favorite clams. This gives Baby Sandy a chance to wander away and get into mischief. She does, thereby changing everybody's life. It's slapstick and it has Billy Gilbert, Mischa Auer, Eugene Pallette, etc.

TORRID ZONE—Warners

"TORRID ZONE" is just fun, with torchy Annie Sheridan carrying some sort of a torch for Jimmy Cagney—who's got an eye for the dame—and plenty of lusty dialogue. It all goes on in a Central American banana plantation, heat and everything. In other words, there was a torrid woman, who met a torrid man, they had a torrid love affair; and except for two perfectly t-horrid villains (Pat O'Brien, plantation manager, and a revolutionary) the setup's a cinch. Besides, the villains are amusing and rather gay. This could have been an awful picture, except the cast kidded it throughout. Which is what makes it what it is—certainly not good but then, not bad either.

LA CONGA NIGHTS—Universal

THIS may sound like something languid and sexy down Havana way, but it's only Hugh Herbert. He's one of a group of penniless people — including Dennis O'Keefe, Constance Moore, Eddie Quillan and others—who work very hard to save their boardinghouse landlady from eviction. That's about all there is to it, except that Hugh dresses up in six different costumes.

LUCKY CISCO KID—20th Century-Fox

MR. ZANUCK'S organization is pouring these *Cisco Kid* movies out the way Ford does his automobiles. The series has been successful since Cesar Romero replaced Warner Baxter; but that popularity may be slightly braked by the current installment. It's not up to snuff. There's a widow with a mortgaged ranch and some dastards who are trying to cheat her—but then along comes the *Kid* and you just bet those crooks get what they deserve.

PHANTOM RAIDERS—M-G-M

DOWN in Panama there are—at least, in this picture—a group of pirates who blow up ships by wireless, then collect insurance on cargoes that weren't there. This is a clever and successful business until the Nemesis of all outlaws, the insouciant *Nick Carter*, appears on the scene. Walter Pidgeon, as always, is perfect as the detective and Donald Meek terribly funny as *Bartholomew*.

SKI PATROL—Universal

HERE'S another in the anti-aggressor group, depicting the horrors of Russia's war on Finland. A few expert members of the ski patrol put up a heroic struggle to protect an important fort from the enemy; America's active irritation with Russia for its bullying of our pet debt-payer is fully realized in the film's point of view. Philip Dorn, Luli Deste, Edward Norris and several others work hard at their assignments.

YOU'RE NOT SO TOUGH—Universal

THROUGH the years those Dead End Kids have been reforming in picture after picture, this one being no exception. The idea is that an Italian woman who owns a fruit farm lost her baby son fifteen years ago and still hopes to find him. Billy Halop, the Kid's leader, pretends he's the son so he can get his hands on the old woman's money. Then the boys discover she's taking a beating from the Fruit Growers Association and immediately change over to the sweetness-and-light side.

★ BROTHER ORCHID—Warners

WHEN this used to be a magazine story it was a serious and somehow memorable study of a once important gangster. But Warners have given it a kidding approach. Edward G. Robinson is the mobster who quits and goes to Europe for culture. When he comes back Humphrey Bogart has taken his place and sends Robinson out on a ride; but the old boy escapes and finds sanctuary in a monastery, where he becomes *Brother Orchid*. Devoted to Robinson is Ann Sothern, who starts out as a hat-check girl in a night club and ends up by owning the jernt. In turn, Ralph Bellamy, playing that hick Western character of his again, is devoted to her. Allen Jenkins and Donald Crisp offer their very usual brand of comedy. On the whole, you should get a lot of laughs out of the picture.

★ FOUR SONS—20th Century-Fox

ALL the more shocking because it does not rant or rail, "Four Sons" is a simply constructed story of the years before and the months after Czechoslovakia's incorporation into the German Reich. You are introduced to the characters, an uninvolved family living in a small Czech village, in 1936 when all is peace and quiet. Then one of the boys develops pro-Nazi sympathies; naturally the result is discord in the family. When, belatedly, the Czechs mobilize before Munich, one of the sons deserts and another joins. Eventually, brother shoots brother, gets killed himself by a Storm Trooper; a third is slaughtered in Poland; and the mother, with her remaining son, starts for America. The picture is slow in the beginning but is full of poignant scenes. Eugenie Leontovich makes her American film debut as the mother and is superb, Don Ameche plays one of the sons, Alan Curtis the pro-Nazi brother, and Mary Beth Hughes the girl he marries. George Ernest and Robert Lowery are cast as the others. This is one of the first really well-done propaganda films.

SOUTH TO KARANGA—Universal

CHARLES BICKFORD once more beetlebrows his way through Africa to subdue the natives in the end. The first official trip of the new train between Stanfield and the Karanga Copper Mine was to have been made in the holiday mood, until the white bosses of the Karanga Mine wire that they would prefer a load of machine guns instead of picnicking passengers. The story is packed with action, but the plot is weak and at times even confusing.

EARTHBOUND—20th Century-Fox

THIS is a confusing fantasy of a man's realization, after his death, of his complete selfishness during his life. Warner Baxter is the "Earthbound" ghost who must clear his friend, Henry Wilcoxon, of his suspected murder. You see, though happily married and in love with his wife, Andrea Leeds, Warner has been having an affair with Wilcoxon's wife, Lynn Bari. She jilts Warner when he tries to break it off. Baxter's problem then is to make her admit the murder so he can find rest. You don't really care who's to blame for what.

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Casts of Current Pictures

"THE ALDRICH FAMILY IN LIFE WITH HENRY"—PARAMOUNT.—Original story and screen play by Clifford Goldsmith and Don Hartman. Directed by Ted Reed. Cast: *Henry Aldrich*, Jackie Cooper; *Kathleen Anderson*, Leila Ernst; *Dizzy*, Eddie Bracken; *Mary*, Kay Stewart; *Mrs. Aldrich*, Hedda Hopper; *Mr. Aldrich*, Fred Niblo; *Kleopatria Johnson*, Etta McDaniel; *Sylvanus Satterwaite*, Moroni Olsen.

"ALL THIS AND HEAVEN TOO"—WARNERS.—Screen play by Casey Robinson. From the novel by Rachel Field. Directed by Anatole Litvak. Cast: *Henriette Deluzy-Desportes*, Bette Davis; *Duc de Praslin*, Charles Boyer; *Duchesse*, Barbara O'Neil; *Henry Field*, Jeffrey Lynn; *Louise*, Virginia Weidler; *Raynald*, Richard Nichols; *Isabelle*, June Lockhart; *Berthe*, Ann Todd; *Abbe Gallard*, Fritz Leiber; *Pierre*, Harry Davenport; *Mlle. Maillard*, Sibyl Harris; *Marechal Sebastini*, Montague Love; *Charpentier*, George Coulouris.

"BROTHER ORCHID"—WARNERS.—Screen play by Earl Baldwin. Based on the Collier's Magazine story by Richard Connell. Directed by Lloyd Bacon. Cast: *Little John Sarto*, Edward G. Robinson; *Flo Addams*, Ann Sothern; *Jack Buck*, Humphrey Bogart; *Brother Superior*, Donald Crisp; *Clarence Fletcher*, Ralph Bellamy; *Willie the Knife*, Allen Jenkins; *Brother Wren*, Charles D. Brown; *Brother Goodwin*, Cecil Kellaway; *Philadelphia Powell*, Morgan Conway; *Mugsy O'Day*, Richard Lane; *Red Martin*, Paul Guilfoyle; *Texas Pearson*, John Ridgely; *Brother MacEwen*, Joseph Crehan; *Buffalo Burns*, Dick Wessell; *Pattonsville Superintendent*, Granville Bates; *French Frank*, Paul Phillips; *Al Muller*, Don Rowan; *Fifi*, Nanette Vallon; *Handsome Harry*, Joe Caites; *Turkey Malone*, Tim Ryan; *Dopey Perkins*, Pat Gleason.

"CHARLIE CHAN'S MURDER CRUISE"—20TH CENTURY-FOX.—Screen play by Robertson White and Lester Ziffren. Based on the story "Charlie Chan Carries On" by Earl Derr Biggers. Directed by Eugene Forde. Cast: *Charlie Chan*, Sidney Toler; *Paula Drake*, Marjorie Weaver; *Dr. Suderman*, Lionel Atwill; *Jimmy Chan*, Sen Yung; *Dick Kenyon*, Robert Lowery; *James Ross*, Don Beddoe; *Professor Gordon*, Leo Carroll; *Susie Watson*, Cora Witherspoon; *Mrs. Pendleton*, Kay Linaker; *Coroner*, Harlan Briggs; *Mr. Walters*, Charles Middleton; *Mrs. Walters*, Claire Du Brey; *Walter Pendleton*, Leonard Mudie; *Wilkie*, James Burke.

"EARTHBOUND"—20TH CENTURY-FOX.—Screen play by John Howard Lawson and Samuel G. Engel. Based on a story by Basil King. Directed by Irving Pichel. Cast: *Nick Desborough*, Warner Baxter; *Ellen Desborough*, Andrea Leeds; *Linda Reynolds*, Lynn Bari; *Mr. Whimser*, Charley Grapewin; *Jeffrey Reynolds*, Henry Wilcoxon; *Becky Tilden*, Elizabeth Patterson; *Prosecutor*, Russell Hicks; *Almette*, Christian Rub; *Totten*, Ian Wolfe; *Detective*, Lester Scharff.

"EDISON, THE MAN—M-G-M.—Screen play by Talbot Jennings and Bradbury Foote. Original story by Dore Schary and Hugo Butler. Directed by Clarence Brown. Cast: *Thomas A. Edison*, Spencer Tracy; *Mary Stilwell*, Rita Johnson; *Bunt Cavall*, Lynne Overman; *General Powell*, Charles Coburn; *Mr. Taggart*, Gene Lockhart; *Ben Els*, Henry Travers; *Michael Simon*, Felix Bressart; *Ashton*, Peter Godfrey; *Lundstrom*, Guy D'Ennery; *Edwin Hall*, Byron Foulger; *"Acid" Graham*, Milton Parsons; *Bigelow*, Arthur Aylesworth; *Jimmy Price*, Gene Reynolds; *Mr. Johnson*, Addison Richards; *Snade*, Grant Mitchell; *Sheriff*, Paul Hurst; *Toastmaster*, George Lessey; *John Schofield*, Jay Ward.

"FLIGHT ANGELS"—WARNERS.—Screen play by Maurice Leo. From an original story by Jerry Wald and Richard Macaulay. Directed by Lewis Seiler. Cast: *Mary Norvell*, Virginia Bruce; *Chick Farber*, Dennis Morgan; *Artie Dixon*, Wayne Morris; *Bill Graves*, Ralph Bellamy; *Nan Hudson*, Jane Wyman; *Dr. Barclay*, John Litel; *Rita*, Margot Stevenson; *Mabel*, Dorothea Kent; *Lt. Parsons*, John Ridgely; *Thelma*, Lucile Fairbanks; *Bonnie*, Maris Wrison; *Jane Morrow*, Jan Clayton; *Marilyn*, Marylyn Merrick; *Phyllis*, Phyllis Hamilton; *Texas*, Carol Hughes; *Daisy Lou*, Mary Anderson; *Lefty*, DeWolf Hopper; *Mrs. Hutchinson*, Leona Roberts; *Mr. Kimball*, Ferris Taylor; *Mr. Rutledge*, Dick Elliott; *Mr. Perry*, John Arledge; *Mrs. Perry*, Janet Shaw; *Miss Mason*, Natalie Moorhead; *Buxton*, Grace Stafford; *Sue*, Nell O'Day; *Dora*, Elizabeth Sifton; *Grace*, Jean O'Donnell.

"FOUR SONS"—20TH CENTURY-FOX.—Original screen play by John Howard Lawson. Suggested by a story by I. A. R. Wylie. Directed by Archie Mayo. Cast: *Chris*, Don Ameche; *Frau Bernle*, Eugenie Leontovich; *Anna*, Mary Beth Hughes; *Karl*, Alan Curtis; *Fritz*, George Ernest; *Joseph*, Robert Lowery; *Max Sturm*, Lionel Royce; *Newmann*, Sig Rumann; *Pastor*, Ludwig Stossel; *Kapek*, Christian Rub; *Gustav*, Torben Meyer; *Richter*, Egon Brecher; *Frau Richter*, Eleanor Wesselhoeft; *Burgomaster*, Michael Visaroff; *Frau Sturm*, Greta Meyer; *Schmitt*, Ernst Hausman; *Hempel*, Robert O. Davis; *Muller*, Hans Schumm; *Hinckerman*, Fredrik Vogeding; *Gortner*, William Von Brincken.

"GHOST BREAKERS, THE"—PARAMOUNT.—Screen play by Walter DeLeon. Based on a play by Paul Dickey and Charles W. Goddard. Directed by George Marshall. Cast: *Larry Lawrence*, Bob Hope; *Mary*, Paulette Goddard; *Geoff Montgomery*, Richard Carlson; *Parada*, Paul Lukas; *Consul Havez*, Pedro de Cordoba; *Ramon Mederos*, Anthony Quinn; *Raspy Kelly*, Tom Dugan; *Alex*, Willie Best.

"I CAN'T GIVE YOU ANYTHING BUT LOVE, BABY"—UNIVERSAL.—Screen play by Arthur T. Horman and Paul Gerard Smith. Directed by Albert S. Rogell. Cast: *Bob Gunther*, Johnny Downs; *Linda Carroll*, Peggy Moran; *"Sonny" McGann*, Broderick Crawford; *Boston*, John Sutton; *Magda Delys*, Gertrude Michael; *Mama McGann*, Jessie Ralph; *Nails*, Horace MacMahon.

"LA CONGA NIGHTS"—UNIVERSAL.—Original screen play by Jay Dratler, Harry Clork and Paul Gerard Smith. Directed by Lew Landers. Cast: *Henry I. Dibble, Jr.*, Hugh Herbert; *Faith Dibble, Hope Dibble, Charity Dibble, Prudence Dibble and Mrs. Henry I. Dibble, Sr.*, Hugh Herbert; *Steve Collins*, Dennis O'Keefe; *Helen Curtiss*, Constance Moore; *Mama O'Brien*, Ferike Boros; *Dennis O'Brien*, Frank Orth; *Titus Endover*, Eddie Quillan; *Lucy Endover*, Sally Payne; *Carlotta*, Armida.

"LILLIAN RUSSELL"—20TH CENTURY-FOX.—Screen play by William Anthony McGuire. Directed by Irving Cummings. Cast: *Lillian Russell*, Alice Faye; *Edward Solomon*, Don Ameche; *Alexander Moore*, Henry Fonda; *Diamond Jim Brady*, Edward Arnold; *The Famous J. L.*, Warren William; *Tony Pastor*, Leo Carrillo; *Grandma Leonard*, Helen Westley; *Cynthia Leonard*, Dorothy Peterson; *Charles K. Leonard*, Ernest Truex; *William Gilbert*, Nigel Bruce; *Edna McCauley*, Lynn Bari; *Arthur Sullivan*, Claude Allister; *Weber & Fields*, Themselves; *Eddie Foy, Sr.*, Eddie Foy, Jr.; *Marie*, Una O'Connor; *Leopold Damrosch*, Joseph Cawthorn; *Dorothy*, Diane Fisher; *Lillian Russell's Sisters*, Elyse Knox, Joan Valerie and Alice Armand; *President Cleveland*, William Davidson.

"LUCKY CISCO KID"—20TH CENTURY-FOX.—Screen play by Robert Ellis and Helen Logan. From the original by Julian Johnson. Based on the characters created by O. Henry. Directed by H. Bruce Humerstone. Cast: *Cisco Kid*, Cesar Romero; *Lola*, Mary Beth Hughes; *Sergeant Dunn*, Dana Andrews; *Mrs. Lawrence*, Evelyn Venable; *Gordito*, Chris-Pin Martin; *Judge McQuade*, Willard Robertson; *Stevens*, Joseph Sawyer; *Tommy Lawrence*, John Sheffield; *Sheriff*, William Royle.

"PHANTOM RAIDERS"—M-G-M.—Screen play by William R. Lipman. From an original story by Jonathan Latimer. Directed by Jacques Tourneur. Cast: *Nick Carter*, Walter Pidgeon; *Bartholomew*, Donald Meek; *Al Taurez*, Joseph Schildkraut; *Cora Barnes*, Florence Rice; *"Gunboat" Jacklin*, Nat Pendleton; *John Ramsell, Jr.*, John Carroll; *Dolores*, Steffi Duna; *Franklin Morris*, Cecil Kellaway; *John Ramsell, Sr.*, Mathew Boulton.

"REFUGEE, THE"—REPUBLIC.—Original screen play by F. Hugh Herbert, Joseph Moncure March and Samuel Ornitz. Directed by Bernard Vorhaus. Cast: *John*, John Wayne; *Leni*, Sigrid Gurie; *Dr. Braun*, Charles Coburn; *Nunk*, Spencer Charters; *Mrs. Welles*, Helen MacKellar; *Billy Welles*, Sonny Bupp; *Harris*, Wade Boteler; *Higgins*, Trevor Bardette.

"SANDY IS A LADY"—UNIVERSAL.—Original screen play and story by Charles Grayson. Directed by Charles Lamont. Cast: *Sandy*, Baby Sandy Henville; *Felix Lobo Smith*, Mischa Auer; *Mary*, Nan Grey; *Joe*, Tom Brown; *Mr. Barnett*, Eugene Pallette; *Billy Pepino*, Billy Gilbert; *Rafferty*, Edgar Kennedy; *Pat and Mike*, Kenneth Brown and Billy Lenhart; *Davis*, Richard Lane; *Mario*, Fritz Feld.

"SKI PATROL"—UNIVERSAL.—Original screen play by Paul Huston. Directed by Lew Landers. Cast: *Julia Engel*, Luli Deste; *Viktor Ryder*, Philip Dorn; *Per Vallgren*, Samuel S. Hinds; *Birger Simberg*, Stanley Fields; *Paavo Luuki*, Edward Norris; *Tyko Gallen*, Hardie Albright; *Lissa Ryder*, Kathryn Adams; *Gustaf Nerkuu*, John Qualen; *Dick Reynolds*, John Arledge; *Knut Vallgren*, John Ellis; *Jan Sikorsky*, Henry Brandon.

"SOUTH TO KARANGA"—UNIVERSAL.—Original screen play by Edmund L. Hartmann and Stanley Rubin. Directed by Harold Schuster. Cast: *Jeff Worthing*, Charles Bickford; *Steve Hawley*, James Craig; *Julia Garrett*, Luli Deste; *David Wallace*, John Sutton; *Slaps*, Paul Hurst; *Manek Sen*, Abner Biberman; *Higgins*, Ben Carter.

"SUSAN AND GOD"—M-G-M.—Screen play by Anita Loos. Based on the celebrated play by Rachel Crothers. Directed by George Cukor. Cast: *Susan*, Joan Crawford; *Barrie*, Fredric March; *Charlotte*, Ruth Hussey; *Clyde*, John Carroll; *Leonora*, Rita Hayworth; *"Hutchie,"* Nigel Bruce; *Michael*, Bruce Cabot; *Blossom*, Rita Quigley; *Irene*, Rose Hobart; *Lady Wigstaff*, Constance Collier; *Enid*, Gloria DeHaven; *Bob*, Richard O. Crane; *Paige*, Norma Mitchell; *Mary*, Marjorie Main.

"TORRID ZONE"—WARNERS.—Original screen play by Richard Macaulay and Jerry Wald. Directed by William Keighley. Cast: *Nick Butler*, James Cagney; *Lee Donley*, Ann Sheridan; *Steve Case*, Pat O'Brien; *Wally Davis*, Andy Devine; *Gloria Anderson*, Helen Vinson; *Bob Anderson*, Jerome Cowan; *Rosario*, George Tobias; *Sancho*, George Reeves; *Carlos*, Victor Kilian; *Rodriguez*, Frank Puglia; *Gardner*, John Ridgely; *Sam*, Grady Sutton; *Garcia*, Paul Porcasi; *Lopez*, Frank Yaconnelli; *Hernandez*, Dick Boteler; *Shaffer*, Frank Mayo; *McNamara*, Jack Mower; *Daniels*, Paul Hurst; *Sergeant of Police*, George Regas; *Rita*, Elvira Sanchez.

"UNTAMED"—PARAMOUNT.—Screen play by Frederick Hazlitt Brennan and Frank Butler. Based on the story "Mantrap" by Sinclair Lewis. Directed by George Archainbaud. Cast: *Dr. William Crawford*, Ray Milland; *Alverna Easter*, Patricia Morison; *Joe Easter*, Akim Tamiroff; *Les Woodbury*, William Frawley; *Mrs. Maggie Moriarty*, Jane Darwell; *Dr. Billar*, J. Farrell MacDonald; *Sarah McGavity*, Eily Malyon; *Angus McGavity*, J. M. Kerrigan; *Mrs. Smith*, Esther Dale; *Miss Olcott*, Fay Helm.

"WATERLOO BRIDGE"—M-G-M.—Screen play by S. N. Behrman, Hans Rameau and George Froeschel. Based on the play "Waterloo Bridge" by Robert E. Sherwood. Directed by Mervyn LeRoy. Cast: *Myra*, Vivien Leigh; *Roy Cronin*, Robert Taylor; *Lady Margaret Cronin*, Lucile Watson; *Kitty*, Virginia Field; *Madame Olga Kirowa*, Maria Ouspenskaya; *The Duke*, C. Aubrey Smith; *Maureen*, Janet Shaw; *Elsa*, Janet Waldo; *Lydia*, Steffi Duna; *Sylvia*, Virginia Carroll; *Marie*, Leda Nicova; *Beatrice*, Florence Baker; *Mary*, Margery Manning; *Violet*, Frances MacInerney; *Grace*, Eleanor Stewart.

"YOU CAN'T FOOL YOUR WIFE"—RKO-RADIO.—Screen play by Jerry Cady. From the story by Richard Carroll and Ray McCarey. Directed by Ray McCarey. Cast: *Clara Hinklin*, Lucille Ball; *Mercedes Vasquez*, Lucille Ball; *Andrew Hinklin*, James Ellison; *Battincourt*, Robert Coote; *Sally*, Virginia Vale; *Peggy*, Elaine Shepard; *Mom Fields*, Emma Dunn; *J. R. Gillespie*, William Halligan; *Chaplain*, Oscar O'Shea.

"YOU'RE NOT SO TOUGH"—UNIVERSAL.—Screen play by Arthur T. Horman. From the original story by Maxwell Aley. Directed by Joe May. Cast: *Tommy Lincoln*, Billy Halop; *Pig*, Huntz Hall; *Rap*, Bobby Jordan; *Ape*, Bernard Punsley; *String*, Gabriel Dell; *Millie*, Nan Grey; *Salvatore*, Henry Armetta; *Mama Posito*, Rosina Galli; *Griswold*, Cliff Clark.

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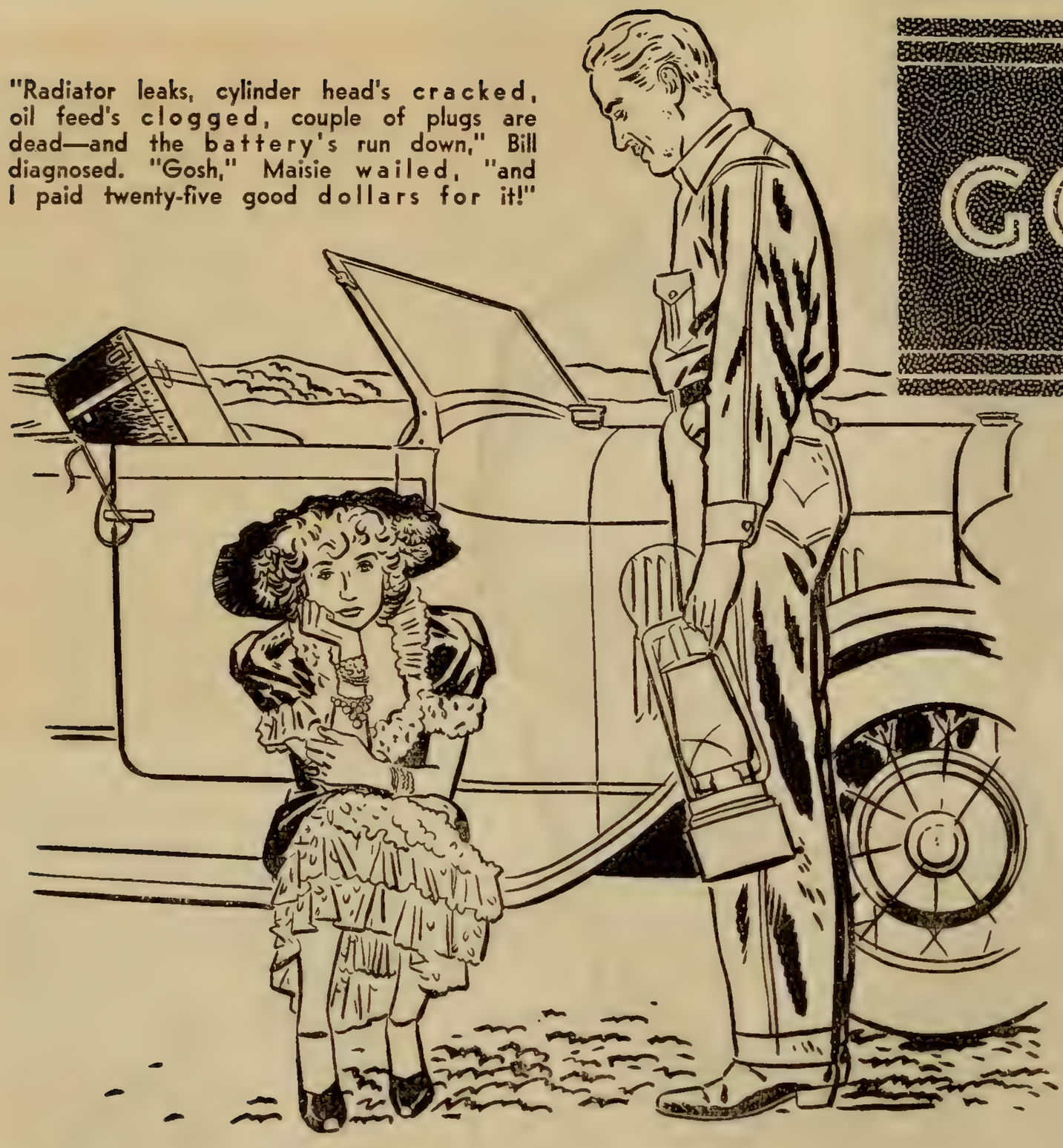
Bill was a swell guy, Maisie decided—that is, when he smiled. But being Maisie, she had a motto—everything a girl wanted wasn't what she should get

GOLD RUSH MAISIE

BY WILSON COLLISON

A sprightly episode in the tumultuous life of Maisie, that soft-hearted, hard-headed blonde, in which she sets out to find gold and ends up by discovering something far more precious



GOLD RUSH

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It was the yellow gold of the earth that Maisie Ravier longed for, but she learned that the purest gold is found in the hearts of men and women

MAISIE clung to the steering wheel with a vague sense of desperation. She was so tired now that everything she did was intermingled with the mechanics of dulled thought and futile speculation.

The battered and decrepit old roadster wheezed and barked. Maisie heard the rattle of greaseless wheels and raw metal, watched fearfully while steam hissed out of the radiator. Occasionally the rough road sent her suitcase in the seat beside her bouncing upward like a rubber ball.

This was all rather amazing. That Maisie Ravier should be in the middle of an Arizona desert—Maisie Ravier of Brooklyn! Maisie Ravier of Flatbush! Maisie Ravier of wherever there were lights and color and music and—people. Lots of people.

There wasn't a human being within twenty miles, Maisie guessed. The last sign she had seen had said Truxton, 100 miles. That was cheerful news, with the purple dusk of the evening settling down over the distant tablelands. And now the dusk wasn't purple any longer. It was pitch-black, pricked here and there with the pinpoints of distant stars. No help from them!

But she had to get to Truxton. After Slade had fired her from the Silver Moon Cafe in Phoenix it had become an immediate necessity to find another job—and maybe the one in Truxton was it. If she got that far. She was half a day late already.

She pushed her wide-brimmed red hat farther back on her blonde curls, wiggled in the seat so that her skirt was hitched even higher above her knees, and pursed her red lips grimly.

Just about then the car gasped, produced a passable imitation of a death rattle somewhere in its innards, gave a loud and disgusted backfire, and stopped. It was hardly a surprise to Maisie, but she moaned nevertheless.

A desperate tramp on the starter failed to produce results. Maisie moaned again, fumbled with the door, which was secured by a piece of string, and finally got out into the road. Charms rattled on her gold bracelet as she raised the rusty hood and peered inexpertly at the motor. A tentative hand went out, and withdrew a second later as she emitted a startled yip. Cars burned! She tried again, and this time she touched a wire which set the horn going and killed the car's one headlight.

Maisie muttered some words no lady should say and went around to the front of the car. A tumbleweed came bouncing down the dusty road and hit the back of her legs, scaring the breath out of her. A coyote howled, somewhere not any too far off. Maisie thought it was a lion and put her hands over her ears, although she knew that would do no good if the worst came to the worst.

She pivoted on one high heel and took in the country. Desolation. Rocks and bushes, whispering dryly in the breeze. Darkness.

She stopped. Something was down the road a way—a cluster of houses, all dark. Not a light in any of them. But where there are houses, Maisie reasoned, there must be people. People are what houses are for. She began to run along the road, slipping and stumbling in the thick dust.

It seemed an eternity until she came to the first house—a shack, really. With both fists she pounded on the rough wood of the door. She was scared and she didn't care who knew it; that lion was howling louder than ever now. Under her assaults the door quivered, shook and finally fell in. Maisie tumbled after it, and stopped short.

Inside there was nothing. The roof was half gone, the floor was rotted and sunken, drifted over with sand. An irritated family of pack rats squeaked at her and ran away with a great scratching of tiny feet. Maisie screamed and ran away, too.

This time she stopped long enough to look around her. Down both sides of a wide street the dead houses were lined up. Dead, every one of them.

Maisie had heard of ghost towns. Now for the first time she knew why they were called that.

Blank windows stared at her. A door creaked as it swung in the breeze.

Maisie's breath rasped in her throat. She half-turned, to go back to the car—and stopped. Up ahead, past the end of the row of ghost houses, there was another one—with a light.

A minute before she would have said she couldn't run another foot. Now she didn't even think about being tired and breathless.

The light came from a ranch house which was surrounded by a plank fence and stood back some distance from the ghost-town road. A barn loomed in the darkness. Maisie ran through the gate and up the wooden steps. She had to knock only once before the door was jerked open.

A young man was looking at her. Maisie saw even in that first instant—she always saw such things, and always in the first instant—that he was good-looking, with a skin deeply tanned by the sun, crinkly hair and eyes that she rather thought must be a bright blue. Just now they were alert and suspicious, and even hostile.

Undiscouraged, she said all in a rush: "Gee, mister, am I glad to see you! My car died on me, back over there. It *would* have to lay down twenty miles from nowhere, with nothing on both sides. Then, when I was trying to get the darn thing started, a lion began howling. Honest, my hair raised right up on my head! I haven't been as scared as that since—well, never, I guess. There's nobody in those other houses, only rats. When I saw your light—boy, what a relief!"

The man didn't smile. He said, "What do you want?"

And then Maisie noticed something else. He had a shotgun tucked under his arm and it was pointing at her.

"Say," she said, "point that gun a little more to the south, will you? I was hoping I'd find someone to give me a hand with the car."

His eyes traveled past her into the darkness. "You alone?"

"Well, sure—"

To Maisie's relief, he lowered the gun and brought his attention back to her.

"Could you help me?" she asked.

"Well—I'm no mechanic."

"What I know about a car you could put in your eye and not feel it," Maisie said bitterly. "How about it, mister? I'll—I'll be glad to pay you." She didn't add, "—after I get that job in Truxton and have some money."

He reached up inside the door and produced an unlit kerosene lantern. "Where is it?"

"Right down the road," she said eagerly.

"All right." He snapped the chimney up, struck a match and expertly lit the lantern. "Come on."

A few minutes later, standing over the open hood of the car, he announced, "Radiator leaks, cylinder head's cracked, oil feed's clogged, couple of plugs are dead. And the battery's run down," he added as an afterthought.

"Gosh!" Maisie said in consternation. "And I paid twenty-five good dollars for it!"

Turning away from the car, he said indifferently, "Well, you got gypped."

The light from the lantern bathed Maisie in a golden glow, outlining the subtle curves of her body, under the rather tight dress, against the darkness.

"Gee, what am I goin' to do?" she wailed. "I absolutely got to get to Truxton. I have a job waitin' for me—at the Hula Paradise Cafe."

"Oh. The Hula Paradise Cafe," he said, as if he knew it well and didn't think much of it. His eyes were still on her, speculatively.

"Yes. Between you and me," Maisie confided, "I guess it's not a real first-class joint. But these days it's any port in a storm." She flashed him her most ingratiating smile. "Be a sport and drive me there, won't you?"

"I can't."

MAISIE

"But I'll lose that job! I'm half a day late as it is, because of—of things that came up. Get your car, mister! I'm short on cash right now, but once I get there I'll work out a deal and pay you for your trouble. What do you say?"

He said, "I haven't got a car."

"Oh. Well—gee—what'll I *do?*" There was real desperation in her voice now.

"In the morning, when I can see," he offered, "I'll take a crack at fixing your car. Meantime, you can bunk in the house. There's plenty of room."

Immediately Maisie was radiant. "Boy! Was I hoping you'd say that!" she gurgled. "It's certainly nice of you. You understand—I wouldn't barge in on a person in the middle of the night if I could help it—that's not my stuff at all. But I know when I'm licked. You're certainly a friend in need. Say, I better introduce myself. My name's Maisie Ravier."

He hadn't moved from the position he took when he turned away from the car. He was still staring straight at her—as if, Maisie thought, he hadn't seen a girl for years. "Hello, Maisie," he said now.

"What's yours?" Maisie prodded.

"Bill Anders," he said, but not as if it mattered. "Come on. I'll take your bag."

"Well—say!" He was a real gentleman, Maisie decided, in spite of his gruff ways. She'd known men who wouldn't even think of carrying a girl's bag.

Together, not talking much, they tramped up the road again to his ranch house, and Bill opened the door and let her precede him in.

THE door opened directly into a room that was furnished with the bare essentials of living. It was littered and untidy. A man who looked like a dissipated and elderly bloodhound was sitting in a chair tilted back against the smudged wall, his feet propped up on a cold cast-iron stove, reading a Sears Roebuck catalogue. While Bill crossed the room, carrying her bag, Maisie beamed at the man in the chair. She felt friendly to everyone in the world now, even sour-faced bloodhounds.

"Howdy, Pop!" she said. "You got company!"

He looked at her as if she were some particularly loathsome reptile and didn't answer. A little dashed, she followed Bill through a door opposite which led into a bedroom.

CAST

Maisie Ravier	Ann Sothern
Bill Anders	Lee Bowman
Jubie Davis	Virginia Weidler
Fred Gubbins	Slim Summerville
Bert Davis	John F. Hamilton
Sarah Davis	Mary Nash
Harold Davis	Scotty Beckett

A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture
Screen play by
Betty Reinhardt and Mary C. McCall, Jr.
Based on an original story by
Wilson Collison
Directed by Edwin L. Marin

Bill set down the suitcase. "Well—such as it is, it's your room," he said.

Maisie glanced around at the straight chair, the makeshift washstand, the iron bedstead with its bare mattress. "Gee, don't apologize for it. It sure looks fine to me."

"I'll make up the bed."

"You don't need to wait on me."

"That's all right."

He went out. Maisie took off her hat and ran her fingers through her blonde hair, fluffing it up with an instinctive and habitual gesture. Then she heard a mumble of low voices from the other room.

"You been eatin' loco weed?" That raspy growl would be the bloodhound's.

"Shut up," Bill Anders said.

Maisie crept closer to the open door.

"What's the matter with you, anyhow?"

"Nothing's the matter with me! Shut up!"

A chair scraped. "Well," the bloodhound observed, "if you want to know what I'm gonna do, I'm goin' out and bunk in the barn."

"That's a swell idea. Get started."

"And if you take my advice, Bill Anders, you'll follow me!"

Maisie heard a cupboard door slam shut. "The barn for you," Bill Anders said.

WHEN he came back into the bedroom he was carrying fresh sheets and a pillowcase, which he tossed on the bed. "Say!" he said as he straightened up. "You're blonde." It wasn't a question; it was a surprised assertion. "You had your hat on before—I didn't see—"

"No blondes around here?" Maisie asked.

"*Nobody* around here."

Maisie flapped a hand in the direction of the living room. "The two of you live alone—you and Jolly Bill?"

"Fred? Yes—he's my hired man. Fred Gubbins."

"Don't tell me you went out and hired him!" Maisie exclaimed. "I thought he must have been left here in a will."

Bill chuckled and reached out to spread a sheet. She seized the other edge of it and together they began to make the bed.

"You know," Maisie said, "it's funny. When you're a kid, you wish for things like ermine coats and diamonds, and all like that. But when you've been over the jumps like I have, you can sure appreciate clean sheets or a nice plate of ham and eggs. I guess," she added slyly, "it's the same with men as with girls, isn't it?"

She looked up—and then she dropped her edge of the sheet. He hadn't been working at all. He was standing there watching her as she bent over the bed. Her lips thinned ever so slightly and she leaned over to tuck in his side of the covers.

"That's fine," she said briskly. "Thanks a lot. Well, I guess I'll go to bed now—I'm pretty tired."

"You'll need another blanket."

"Oh, no. This'll do fine."

"Got plenty of 'em. Don't want you to be cold." He turned and made for the door. "I'll be right back."

Maisie stood beside the bed, looking after him speculatively. She heard the tramp of his boots going across the living room and into the kitchen. Then she heard the faint clink of a bottle and glasses. At that she sighed and nodded her head.

When Bill came back he was carrying a blanket and a tray which held a bottle and two glasses, and he was wearing an unconvincingly innocent smile. "Thought we might have a little nightcap," he said.

"Thanks." Maisie's tone was crisp. "But I found out long ago, if I skipped alcohol I skipped a lot of headaches aspirin won't cure."

"Well, you don't mind if I do?"

"It's your house, mister. But have it outside, will you? I'm all in."

Bill set down the tray on the washstand and poured himself a healthy sort of drink. "Aw, don't be that way, Maisie. This is a celebration! I haven't had any company in quite a while. As a matter of fact, I haven't even wanted any. Mostly I get on okay without the rest of the human race, but—well, tonight's different." He came toward her, carrying the drink, and sat down on the edge of the bed. "Come on—sit down. Tomorrow you'll be on your way to the Hula Heaven and I'll be back playing two-handed rummy with Fred."

Maisie shrugged her shoulders and sat down beside him. After a second she smiled. "I see what you mean. Got a cigarette?"

"You bet," he said with alacrity, and produced one. Their eyes met over the flame as he lit it for her. Her lids dropped a little, provocatively.

"What do you do, Maisie?" he asked softly. "Are you a singer?"

"I've been askin' myself the same question," she admitted, "but that's how I'm gettin' by right now."

"I'll bet you're a good one."

"Make bets like that without studying the form and you'll wind up broke."

Moving a little closer, he said, "I've been studying the form, all right."

Maisie laughed—a little, throaty laugh. "Well, for a guy who met me at the door with a gun, you sure got hospitable fast!"

"That gun wasn't meant for you."

"Now, don't tell me I surprised you on the way to a wedding!"

"Nope," he said with a grin. "It was for what I expected to find on my doorstep—some old desert rat with fleas in his beard. If I'd known you were outside, I'd have met you down the road with a bunch of flowers!"

"You're cute, Bill . . . Say, do something for me? I thought all I wanted was to go bye-bye right away, but if we're going to talk a while, like you said, I'd love a cup of coffee. How're chances?"

"Sure." He got up, setting his glass on the floor, and rumpled her hair lightly with his hand. "There's some coffee on the stove."

"I never saw such a place," Maisie marveled. "Everything a girl could want, ready, waiting and piping hot.

They both laughed and he started out. In one hop Maisie was after him. She slammed the door so fast she nearly caught his heel in it.

He banged on the door. "Hey!" he called.

Maisie giggled. "I'm sorry, Bill. I changed my mind about the coffee. Save me a cup for breakfast."

"Why, for two cents I'd—" He lapsed into inarticulate fury.

In the darkness, Maisie shook her head. "No, you wouldn't, Bill. You're mad right now, and I guess you have a right to be. No one likes to have something put over on them. But honest, I had to do it! When Heaven forgets to protect the working girl, she has to do the best she can on her own. No hard feelings!"

There was a crash as something hit the locked door, then silence. Maisie smiled ruefully as she began to undress.

PERHAPS Maisie's conscience should have bothered her, but it didn't. She slept perfectly, and woke to the sound of hammering. Her car had been pushed up the road to the side of the house, and the hammering came from under it. While she watched through the window, Bill Anders crawled out. He was frowning, there was grease on his hands and in a big smudge on his forehead, and he was certainly saying things to himself.

Maisie giggled, and washed and dressed quickly. She flung out of the bedroom and into the kitchen. It was anything but a cozy retreat: the cupboard had lost most of its paint, there were no curtains at the dirty windows, and the ancient stone sink and drainboard were cracked and stained. But Maisie soon had it cheerful with the sizzle of frying eggs and bacon and the bubble of boiling coffee.

Fred Gubbins came in after a while, carrying a pail of milk, but when he saw her he set it down and beat a hasty retreat. A few minutes later the sagging screen door slammed behind Bill.

He looked at her coldly, then at the table set for three with its thick, utilitarian crockery, then back at her again. "What the devil do you think you're doing *now?*" he inquired.

"It's all ready, Bill—breakfast for all three of us," Maisie said sunnily. "I told you I wasn't mad last night."

"Well, of all the—we had breakfast three hours ago!"

"Oh, gosh, Bill—I'm sorry—"

"Why didn't you come out and ask?" he said, his face pale with fury. "Questions are a whole lot cheaper than groceries!"

A timid spirit of defiance stirred in Maisie. "You were fixing the car for me, so I thought I'd get breakfast for *you*—"

"I fixed the car to get you out of here, that's all!" he interrupted.

"Maybe you'd feel better if I paid for it," Maisie snapped. "I only got six dollars, but—"

"*Sixty* dollars wouldn't pay for the trouble of getting that wreck to go!" he said savagely.

Maisie forgot entirely the little glow of affection that had been kindled in her when she saw him

fixing the car. "It may not be much of a car," she flashed, "but it's got a better disposition than you'll ever have!"

"My disposition will improve a lot as soon as you get into that heap and out of my sight!"

"And that'll be just as quick as I can swallow some of these eighteen-karat eggs—unless you think your chickens will object?"

He threw her a murderous look and stamped out of the kitchen.

Maisie sat down at the table. "Big baby!" she muttered. She'd never heard of the saying about hell having no fury like that of a woman scorned; if she had, she'd have changed "woman" to "man" and said, "How true!"

She gulped down two eggs, a generous helping of bacon and a cup of coffee—anger never impaired Maisie's appetite—left the dishes as they were, tossed her belongings into her suitcase and was out to the car while her temperature was still at boiling point. Fred and Bill were standing beside it.

"Well, well!" she said between clenched teeth. "A gang of friends down at the station to see me off!"

"Turn on the ignition," Bill said curtly, "and put it in high. Keep your foot on the clutch and don't take it off until the car picks up speed."

Forgetting her fury momentarily in puzzlement, Maisie asked, "But how can it pick up speed if I don't start the engine?"

Bill took a grip on himself. "The battery's dead—like I told you last night. We've got to *push*."

"Oh." Meekly, she did as she was told. Bill and Fred applied their shoulders to the back of the car.

"Take off the brake, Birdbrain!"

Maisie closed her eyes, muttered a silent prayer for patience, and said, "Okay, Frostbite."

The car began to move forward, gathered momentum. "Let it go!" Bill called, and Maisie took her foot off the clutch. The car made a series of diminishing hops, and died.

"I did just what you said!" Maisie cried defensively.

"Step on the clutch again," Bill ordered.

"Do you think it'll go?"

"Sister, I wouldn't dare spill what I think—about you *or* your car! Only get this straight. When I finish pushing you *this* time, I've finished with you *both*—for good!"

Leaning forward, gripping the wheel with both hands, Maisie said, "Don't worry! I'd *walk* to Truxton before I'd ever expose myself to you again!" Behind him she caught sight of Gubbins, listening avidly to the quarrel. "And," she added, raising her voice, "that goes double for your pal, JoJo the Dog-faced Boy!"

They pushed harder this time; the car was going faster when Bill called to let the clutch in. The motor started, whirred, carried the car about fifty feet, and stopped dead.

"Start walking!" Bill said. He and Gubbins turned their backs and sauntered away.

Maisie fumbled the door open and hopped out into the road. Rage and a strong desire to burst into tears fought for uppermost place in her emotions. Rage won out. Head high, suitcase dragging from one hand, she started up the road for Truxton.

WHEN she plodded into Truxton, about nine o'clock in the evening of the third day after she'd left Bill Anders' farm, Maisie saw a long street, lined on both sides with one and two-story buildings. It looked pretty much like Camino, except that it was newer and livelier.

She stopped in front of the Hula Paradise Cafe. It was fake Hawaiian crossed with the neon-light period of architecture. Brassy music floated out to the sidewalk when the bamboo doors swung open to release a drunk. Maisie walked in with more assurance than she felt.

"Evenin', honey," she said to the hat-check girl, who wore a cellophane grass skirt and a crepe-paper lei. "Where'll I find the manager? I'm the specialty singer he hired last week."

"That's *it*—the manager—makin' the speech," the girl said.

Maisie turned and saw a fat man on the platform in front of the five-piece band. "And now, ladies and gentlemen, we have your favorite artiste here tonight—charming Miss Dora Devine!"

A voluptuous blonde with an appliquéd smile made a brisk entrance from a curtained door next to the bandstand, bowing to acknowledge a weary spatter of applause. The cellophane industry was grateful to the person who had designed her costume, too. The band struck up a number faintly Polynesian, and she launched into a hip-swaying routine.

The proprietor had caught sight of Maisie, and now he advanced, smiling gold-toothily. "Good evening. You like to have special booth, Miss?"

"Thanks," Maisie said brightly, "I'm not a customer. I'm the singer you hired through the agency in Phoenix. And am I pleased to meet *you*, Mr.—"

He drew back, frowning a little and ignoring her proffered hand. "Hey! I send telegram about you three days ago!"

"Oh, I know I'm a little late, but I had a terrible time makin' it here at all! You see—"

"You *too* late! I gotta other entertainer." He pointed proudly at Miss Dora Devine, who caught the gesture and put two extra volts into her dance.

"*Her?*"

"Sure. I like her fine, too. Too bad, lady."

His bland insolence touched off Maisie's smoldering temper.

"Too bad!" she exploded. "It's worse than that, mister! I spent twenty-five bucks on a car to get here, and then that broke down and I hadda start hoofin' it. I haven't even had a decent dinner since I started out. You don't know what I been through to get here—and then you say it's too bad!"

"Sorry. You go someplace else." His was evidently a one-track mind.

"Look—couldn't you use another act? I got a swell routine. I'd even be willing to take a cut in salary!"

"Nope. Business ain't good."

"Can't you put me on the payroll just long enough to pay my fare back to Phoenix? I'm almost flat broke! Please, mister, have a heart!"

"Aw," he said disgustedly, "you can have a meal. Tell 'em in the kitchen to give you the forty-cent dinner. Then you *go!*"

Maisie raked him with a look.

"Thanks very much," she said, "but I'm *fussy* about where I eat." She picked up her suitcase and sailed out of the Hula Paradise Cafe.

OUT in the street she was sorry, but it was too late then. She wandered along—her arms were so numb by this time the suitcase didn't seem heavy any more—looking for a place to eat. Finally she found it: "Harry's Place," a lunch-counter beanery with one customer inside, and a sign on the window which said, "Catering to Truck Drivers."

When Maisie entered and seated herself on a high stool, Harry—if that was the unhappy-looking man behind the counter—hardly looked at her. He was too busy talking to the customer who was hunched over a plate of ham and eggs.

"Yeah," he said, "you fellas can quit your jobs and your trucks and anything else you got holding you back—and hike out with the rest to make a lot o' money quick! But look at me—nailed down behind this counter for the rest o' my life!"

A woman's voice came irately from behind the kitchen partition. "You'll be nailed down in a space about six by three, Harry Gilpin, if you don't stop your blattin' about that infernal gold rush!" Her tousled head appeared in the square aperture in the wall; she saw Maisie. "Fer the land o' Goshen, wait on that customer!"

Harry raised his eyebrows expressively at the other men and sadly held out a menu card to Maisie, who ignored it.

"Got any chili beans?" she asked.

"Sure—gallons of 'em." He turned his head and bawled at the woman, "Chili!" Filling a glass of water for her, he observed bitterly, "I s'pose you're on your way there, too?"

"Me?" Maisie asked. "On my way where?"

"Why, to the gold fields—like everybody else but me!"

Maisie took a big drink of water, then asked absently, "What gold fields?"

"Mean to say you ain't heard about Morrison's big strike?"

"Never heard of him," Maisie said. "What'd he strike—out?"

"He struck gold!" Harry said in a tone which indicated that the unknown Morrison had done him a personal injury by striking it. "Right here in our own back yard, you might say—only a hundred miles from here. And you mean to say you ain't heard?"

The woman thrust a bowl of beans through the aperture. "Ready with the chili! And I'm warnin' you, Harry, I don't want to have to listen to no more about that gold rush!"

"Then why don't you pull down the gate? There ain't no rush on customers!"

Furiously, she yanked down the wooden door to close the opening. "Should of thought of that sooner," Harry murmured. He turned again to Maisie, grateful for a new and ignorant audience. "Place between here and Phoenix, on the old road. They had a gold boom down there about twenty-five years ago, see, with a town and all. That died out, but then this fella Morrison was prospectin' around there the other day and struck it rich, and when the word got out—well, the papers say people's pourin' into that ole ghost town like ants—"

Maisie looked up, startled, her spoon arrested in mid-air.

"Say! You mean Camino?"

"That's the place," Harry nodded.

"Why, I went through there three days ago—but there wasn't anybody there then. Just a couple of screwy guys on a ranch."

"Well, such as it is, it's your room," Bill said. "Don't apologize for it," Maisie replied, "it looks fine to me."

"Just two days ago the papers printed the news about the strike," Harry hold her. "You musta just missed the rush. Didn't you see all the cars headin' in that direction?"

"Yeah," Maisie said thoughtfully. "Yeah . . . so *that's* where they were all goin'!"

"Sure," said the customer. "Seems like everybody in seven states quit their jobs or whatever they was doin', packed up and made for the old boom town. That is," he chuckled, "all except Harry. Things goin' to be pretty dead around here from now on."

Maisie was beginning to believe that. No wonder the Hula Paradise proprietor had said business was bad!

HARRY said excitedly, "Morrison's ore assayed at sixty thousand bucks a ton. Sixty thousand smackers! By golly, sometimes a man gets disgusted!"

Maisie was thinking so hard that she forgot to eat. "Listen!" she burst out, "with all those people, they'd have to have night spots, wouldn't they?"

"Night spots? Why, say, they'll have plenty of 'em—cafes, bars, dance halls!" Harry said largely. "Ain't you ever seen any movies? In them gold towns everybody got plenty of money—and they don't care how they spend it so long as they have a good time!"

"I thought I'd never want to see that place again," Maisie said with a shake of her head. "But I'm changin' my ideas fast! I'd sure like to land one of those jobs, singin' in a cafe."

"You a singer?" Harry asked with interest.

"Yeah—in a manner of speakin'."

The customer sitting next to her gave her an admiring glance. "If I had me a cafe up there, I'd hire you without hearin' a note, lady! I bet you're a first-rate singer."

Maisie winked at him. "Say, you'd make a first-rate *boss!*"

He guffawed and planked down a fifty-cent piece on the counter in front of Harry. "Quicker I get there and stake my claim, quicker I'll have the price to come in and hear you warble a number! So long, Harry."

"So long." Harry's voice was wistful.

GOLD RUSH MAISIE

As the customer went out of the screen door a little girl slipped in, blinking her eyes in the bright light. She looked as if she might be about ten years old and small for her age. Her skinny body was clothed in an old sweater and a short gingham dress. In one hand she clutched a baby's bottle, full of milk. She walked up to the counter as if she thought she had no right to be there and might be chased out at any minute.

"Say, mister—" she ventured to Harry. He looked out over her head, paying no attention; a truck had just drawn up in front of the lunchroom. "Say, mister, could you please heat up this milk, mister?"

A large young man with a thatch of kinky red hair came in and sat down on one of the stools by the simple expedient of throwing one leg over it from behind and lowering himself. "Hiya, keed!" he said to Harry. "Waddya hear from the mob?" Maisie took one look at him and decided she didn't like him.

"'Lo, Gus," Harry said.

"Gimme the usual—bear down on the onions."

Harry turned his head and yelled, "Gus's here—plenty o' tears."

Gus pulled a magazine from his back pocket. It was called "Classy Book—Art Photos." Leaning one elbow on the counter, he settled himself to the study of the arts.

"Please, mister, could you just heat this milk?"

Harry shook his head. "Not now. I'm too busy," he said.

With meek persistence, the little girl said, "But mister, all you gotta do is put the bottle in hot water."

"I said I haven't got time." Harry was grandly annoyed. "On your way, kid."

Maisie lowered her spoon. "Go on," she said casually. "Warm up the bottle for her, Harry. It won't break your arm."

Harry glared at her, hesitated, then reached out and grabbed the bottle from the little girl. He passed it back through the opening into the kitchen with a muttered word of instruction.

The little girl looked up at Maisie, liked what she saw, and edged closer. "Gee! Thanks a lot, lady."

"That's okay, kid."

PAST the little girl, Maisie saw that Gus, the truck driver, had abandoned his literary-photographic pursuits. He was looking at her as if she were one of the pictures in the magazine, and as he met her eye he grinned winningly. Maisie let her glance slide off him like water off a greased worm.

"The milk's for my baby sister," the little girl confided. "She's over to the fillin' station with the folks. We're on our way to the gold rush. Pop says if we drive all night we can make it by mornin'."

"That so?" Maisie murmured. This chili was good. She wished she could afford the price of another bowl.

"Uh-huh. We're gonna stake us out a claim an' git rich." She looked down at Maisie's suitcase. "You goin' to the gold rush too?"

"Yep."

"How you goin' there—in your car?"

"Yeah," Maisie said, and smiled wryly to herself.

"My name's Jubilee Davis, but they call me Jubie," the little girl said, anxious to have everything on record. "What's yours?"

"Maisie Ravier, honey."

Jubie eyed Maisie from top to toe. "That sure is a awful pretty hat, Maisie."

Gus leaned over toward them, his eyes active. "I sorta go for that style myself," he said insinuatingly.

Harry brought Jubie the bottle, wrapped in a paper napkin.

"Gee, thanks a lot, mister! Guess I better hurry," she said to Maisie. "Gladys sure yells her head off when she gets hungry!"

Gus smirked at Maisie when the little girl had left. "Who you tryin' to fool, Maisie? You ain't got no wheels. But I have—a nice big beer truck with plenty of room on the driver's seat."

"Yeah," Maisie said, appraising him. "You'd need space."

Gus didn't get it, or if he did, was used to it and didn't care. "I go right through that gold town, too. Might take on a passenger if she was full o' pep and liked a lot o' laughs, know what I mean?"

"Say," Maisie said eagerly, "I know some swell jokes and they tell me I'm as full of pep as a sand flea."

Gus grinned broadly, envisioning delights to come. Maisie's smile faded, her eyes narrowed, and she added: "But the only trouble with me is, I'm—what's that they call it?—*allergic!*"

"Huh?"

"Yep. I'm allergic to beer trucks!"

Gus didn't understand the words, but he'd heard that tone of voice often enough to know exactly what it meant.

"Wait a minute," he said. "Was that by chance a crack?"

"Not by chance," said Maisie demurely. "What's the bad news, Harry?"

"Twenty cents."

She fished two dimes from her purse and put them down on the counter. As she got off the stool and turned to leave she said, "And if you take my advice, Harry, you'll get the exterminators in quick. This is the first time I ever saw a termite big enough to drive a truck." She beamed at them both. "Good night, all."

She walked out and heard behind her the hearty bellow of the first good laugh Harry had had since gold was discovered in Camino.

MAISIE looked up and down the street. To her right was the business section of Truxton—the Hula Paradise, a few other lighted saloons and cafes and some darkened stores. To her left was a filling station, and beyond that the desert. A car came whizzing down the street, headed in the direction of Camino. Maisie twiddled her hitchhiking thumb experimentally, then stepped off the curb to be in the car's line of vision. Simultaneously a rattletrap jaloppy, loaded to the guards, lumbered out of the filling station, turned the corner, and came between her and the car she was trying to signal. Maisie leaned around, trying to make herself visible, but the outside car skimmed past without stopping. She looked disgustedly after the broken-down car that had intervened—and as she looked a piping voice came from it.

"Hey! That's Maisie! That's the lady I was tellin' you about—back up, Pop!"

The car came to a wheezy halt, then began to back up, every bolt, screw and bit of rusty metal creaking in protest. Jubie was leaning out the side.

"What's the matter, Maisie?" she called. "Somethin' go wrong with your car?"

Maisie shrugged her shoulders and grinned ruefully. "Yeah—guess I forgot to tell you it broke down back at the gold town. I'm just startin' out after it."

Jubie hopped up and down excitedly. She turned to the patient-looking woman sitting beside her in the back seat, bounced from there to hang over the front seat and talk to the meek-looking man at the wheel. "Say, if you need a ride, you can come with us! Can't she, Mom? Can't she, Pop?"

The man said courteously, "We're headed for the gold rush, too. Be glad to give you a lift, ma'am."

"We're Jubie's folks, Miss Maisie," the woman said. "She told us how nice you was to her in the lunchroom. We'd be mighty pleased if you'd care to join in with us."

Maisie looked at the car and its occupants. Besides Jubie and her parents there were a big-eyed boy of about six in front with his father, a baby in the woman's lap and a yellow mongrel dog. The running boards were piled with boxes and suitcases and rolls of bedding up to the level of the hood, and every inch of space in the tonneau seemed to be taken up. Maisie looked, too, at the father and mother. They were tired, most of all. They sat in their places in a kind of patient weariness, asking nothing of the present, knowing nothing of the future; and yet there was a meek strength in their faces.

"Well . . . thanks," Maisie said, "but you're already pretty crowded."

"Naw, we ain't!" Jubie declared. "Lookit all the room back here, Maisie! Squidge down, Queenie!" With one hand she pushed boxes aside, with the other she tried to wedge the dog into a smaller space. Queenie showed her good will by licking Jubie's face and wagging her tail.

Her mother said gently, "A young lady like you never knows what kind of strangers might be offerin' rides this time o' night."

Remembering Gus and his "Classy Book," Maisie agreed. "There's a lot in what you say, and it's certainly sweet of you—but honest, I don't see how—"

"Always room for one more," the man said, and Jubie jumped out. She grabbed Maisie's hand. "Lookit all that room in the middle! Gladys can sleep there on that pile of blankets, can't she, Mom? *Please* say you'll come, Maisie!"

It had been a long time since anyone had begged Maisie for her company—from unselfish motives, that is. "Well, thanks," she stammered. "I'd like to a lot—if you're positive another passenger won't put you out—"

"Not a mite," the woman told her. "We're glad to have you."

Jubie grabbed the suitcase from Maisie and with both hands lugged it into the front seat of the car, stowing it beneath the uplifted feet of the boy. And then Maisie was in the back, wedged in between the woman and Jubie, with Queenie, the dog, romping over her lap and making frantic efforts to lick her face.

"All set, Bert," the woman said at last, when the dog had been quieted down; and the car moved shakily forward.

"That's Harold up there," Jubie announced, "and the baby's Gladys and the dog's Queenie."

"And I'm Sarah Davis," the woman said with a quiet dignity. "That's Bert, my husband, drivin' the car."

"Pleased to meet you all," Maisie said, feeling that some formality was expected of her.

Harold, who thus far had watched proceedings silently, came suddenly to life. "Mom, you said we was gonna eat!" he said reproachfully.

Sarah looked down at the baby, just finishing its bottle. "Now, just hold your horses, son."

"But I'm *hungry*, Mom!"

"Stop pesterin' Mom, Harold!" Jubie rebuked him sternly and clucked her tongue against her teeth in imitation of a harassed mother. "Don't you never think of nothin' but your *stummick?*"

"Well, I wanna eat my dinner."

"You'll get it now," Sarah said placidly. "Gladys is all through." She put down the bottle and turned to Maisie. "Would you mind holdin' her a minute, Miss Maisie?"

It was a strange sensation, holding this warm bundle of infancy in her arms—so strange that it was some minutes before Maisie realized that she liked it very much. "Hello, there, Snooks," she said awkwardly. The baby regarded her steadfastly, then suddenly smiled and waved a fist in the air.

MEANWHILE, Sarah had produced a box from somewhere in the turmoil on the floor of the car. From it she took a small hunk of cheese and a knife with which to slice it. In a minute she had put a slab of cheese between the halves of a large, flat, home-made soda biscuit. She held it out to Maisie.

"Would you care for a bite of dinner?" she asked quietly.

Maisie stared at the offering. "*Dinner?*" she caught herself quickly. "Oh—no, thanks. I just had a big dinner back there in the beanery. I couldn't eat another bite."

In the dim light reflected from the headlights she saw the fleeting expression of relief in Sarah's face. "Then here, Harold," she said, and passed the sandwich up to the boy. He grabbed it and began to wolf it down. Maisie watched Sarah prepare two more and hand them to Bert and Jubie, then wrap up the remaining cheese and content herself with one of the dry biscuits. She noticed Maisie's look. "I ain't very hungry tonight," she said. "Guess I'm kinda wrought up about gettin' so near to the gold town."

Maisie swallowed. A lump seemed to be forming in her throat.

Sarah put away the food box, handed around a canteen of water which hung on the side of the car, and turned back to Maisie. "Here—I'll take Gladys

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afore she falls asleep on you. Jubie, just fix that pile of clothes so I can bed her down—"

"Oh—oh, no, Mrs. Davis. I like to hold her. Besides, I ought to make it up to her somehow for takin' her seat!"

"Well—" shyly— "if you've a mind to—"

Jubie, with her characteristic important little bounce, asked, "You goin' to stake you out a claim up there and get rich too, Maisie?"

"No, Jubie, I'm just goin' to get a job in a cafe."

"*Cookin'?*" Jubie's crestfallen expression showed her disappointment that anyone as godlike as Maisie should descend to so menial an occupation. Maisie hastened to reassure her.

"No, honey—singin' or dancin' or both, maybe."

Jubie's faith was instantly restored and augmented. "Honest?"

"Honest . . . Where you folks from?"

"Well, our home state's Arkansas," Bert said, and Jubie supplemented: "That's where our farm is. Harold and me had the cutest lil' ole donkey there, didn't we, Harold?"

Maisie said, "You sure musta made good time to get all the way from Arkansas since the gold strike—"

"Oh," Bert said, "we ain't been there in more'n a year—not since we lost the farm. 'Course, we was only tenantin', anyways. It ain't really belonged to us for five years."

Softly, Sarah said, "There was all the drought and dust. Then the bank wouldn't loan us no more money and we had to git off."

"Gee, that's too bad. . . ."

HAROLD turned square around in his seat so he could face Maisie, and declaimed proudly, "We been in five states, follerin' the crops around! Me and Jubie're gettin' so's we kin pick almost as much in a day together as Mom kin."

"'Course we ain't migr'tory workers, like they call us, no more, *now*," Jubie explained. "We're *prospectors!*"

"Doesn't all this kind of cut in on your school work?" Maisie asked, and was immediately ashamed of her thoughtlessness.

"They don't go to school," Sarah said. "We ain't in any one place more'n two-three weeks, sometimes only a coupla days. It kinda irks me, them not growin' up eddicated, but don't seem they's nothin' we kin do about it."

Jubie waved her hands expansively. "If we git us a lot of gold, we figger on gittin' us a real house again and *then* me and Harold's goin' to school!"

"Aw, I ain't goin' to no ole school!" Harold said, shocked. "I'm jest a-goin to eat chalklit candy and ice cream till I bust wide open!"

Jubie fixed him with a baleful eye. "There you go—thinkin' about your ole stummick again!"

"I'm thinkin' about gettin' me a donkey again, too, if you're so smart!"

"Hesh up, Harold," Sarah said in her mild voice. "First we got to find the gold, afore we spend it."

"And mebbe that ain't goin' to be as easy as we think," Bert said.

"Gold's up there, ain't it? All you gotta do is go out and look fer it." Sarah was not to be discouraged.

Bert, driving his broken-down car, a dinner consisting of a bit of bread and cheese in his stomach, chuckled. "Well, I got good eyes and a strong back and a pickaxe and, what's more, a mighty strong hankerin' to git us our share. All we need now's the right luck."

Maisie said, "I got a feelin' your luck's goin' to be good!"

As if she had just spoken words of unexpected great wisdom, Jubie turned to her excitedly. "That's the very thing Pop said, Maisie! We ain't had no car trouble in two hundred miles, neither. I'm awful sorry about *your* car—that's about the worst luck you kin have, ain't it?"

"Maybe so, honey," Maisie said tenderly. "Maybe it is."

They fell silent then, while Bert kept the car at a slow steady pace along the rutted desert road. His hands gripped the wheel hard, his eyes stared straight ahead into the feeble glow of the headlights. Now and then another car overtook them, but not very often.

Harold had curled up in the front seat so he was beneath the level of Maisie's vision. Sarah's head dropped forward, bobbing with the motion of the car; and Jubie nestled up against Maisie's shoulder, one hand still clutching the frayed sweater around her throat. The baby was asleep, too, and Queenie had found sanctuary somewhere on the floor. They all slept except Bert and Maisie. The desert wheeled past, silent and forlorn. Far off, black tablelands moved slowly against the starlit sky. It was quite cold.

The lump in Maisie's throat grew bigger, harder, and her eyes burned with the tears she tried fiercely to blink back. But after a while she too fell into an uneasy doze.

. . . She sat upright, flexing her tired muscles to rest them. It was dawn, and they were entering the ghost town. But it was a ghost town no longer. Cars and tents were everywhere, smoke was rising into the air from makeshift stoves or plain campfires. The wooden buildings, though still dilapidated, had taken on that subtle look of being occupied by living people. And the place, even this early in the morning, was violently astir.

Bert stopped the car in front of the largest building, where a new, crudely lettered sign said, "Spot Cash General Store. Groceries—Miners Supplies—Whiskey." Everybody piled out, yawning and stretching.

"When," asked Harold, going straight to the point, "are we gonna eat, Mom?"

"Can't cook no breakfast afore we set up the stove," his mother told him, and his father added, "Don't jest want to pick a camp site till we make a couple inquiries about where they's gold."

"Say!" Maisie exclaimed, her eyes lighting on the sign on the store, "There's a grocery store! I'd like to get some things I need."

WITH Jubie in tow, she walked up the rickety steps. Inside there was a counter consisting of boards laid over sawhorses. The open shelves had been hastily reinforced and haphazardly stacked with canned goods. More merchandise stood in broken-open cases on the floor. The storekeeper, a middle-aged, hard-featured man, was standing in his shirt sleeves behind the counter, chewing on a match. He gave them a suspicious look.

"First of all," Maisie said happily, "gimme five or six cans of milk. The best you got."

He didn't remove the match. "It's all the same," he said. "Quarter a can."

"Two bits *apiece?*"

"This ain't no neighborhood chain store, lady. I got to truck everything in. It's no easy job, neither."

"Yeah," Maisie said scornfully. "You look overworked!"

"Nobody's askin' you to buy," he said indifferently.

"Keep your shirt on. I got five bucks to blow on groceries and I want a nice, big sackful for my money. The milk, pork and beans, corned beef, half a dozen oranges. . . ."

"No patty de foy grass?"

"Are your eggs fresh, *too?*" Maisie inquired with a steady look. "I'll take some if they are."

She managed to get two sacks of groceries for her five dollars, a small one for her and a big one for Jubie, and they returned to the car in high spirits.

"My land," Sarah said when she saw them, "you sure must be hungry, Miss Maisie!"

"I guess we all are, so I want you to have breakfast on *me* today, see?"

Sarah quickly explored the sacks. "Why, they's enough here fer four days!" she exclaimed. "Milk —pork and beans—"

"*Pork and beans!*" Harold was incredulous.

"A whole can for you alone, Harold," Maisie told him.

They all climbed back into the car, Jubie gurgling, "She give five dollars and twenty-five cents fer it, too!"

"Judgin' from the prices they're askin'—and gettin'—around here, I ought to make that five bucks back easy with half a dozen songs," Maisie said confidently.

Bert started the car up. "Remember," Sarah reminded him, "we wanta stop close to some water."

"Let's eat—let's eat!" said Harold.

The main street was crowded on both sides with tents and cars wherever there was any room between two houses, but a block or two down from the store Bert noticed an empty space and stopped the car, nodding in satisfaction back at Sarah.

"Pile out, everybody!" Maisie said gaily.

As they opened the doors a peremptory voice called:

"Just a minute, folks!"

A man whose disposition might have been own twin to that of the storekeeper was lounging in the doorway of a tent set up next to the empty space. "Aimin' to pitch a tent here?" he drawled.

"Yep," Bert said.

The man spat down into the dust at his feet. "Cost you five dollars a week," he said.

Maisie flared up. "Say, what's the big idea? This ground doesn't belong to you!"

"I got it claimed and staked out, lady. That's as good as ownin' it."

Maisie tossed her head. "Drive on, Mr. Davis. There's other places."

The man grinned evilly. "No place anyways near water. Here it's five dollars. Or you can go up the road pretty near two miles."

Bert said slowly, "That's too fur to carry water. How much cash we got left, Sarah?"

There was a moment's heavy silence. Sarah said, "A dollar ninety," And then there was more silence.

"Okay, mister," Maisie said at last. "I guess this place'll have to do."

The man walked over to the car and held out his hand. "Five dollars, then—in advance."

Maisie smiled disarmingly. "Never mind about that. I'll give you an extra buck for waitin' a few days."

"Oh, no, sister," he said quickly. "You stay here, you gotta pay *now*."

"But I'm gettin' a job in town. You'll get your dough all right!"

The man's mouth twisted strangely, as if he were trying to beat down a laugh. "A job? Doin' *what?*"

Maisie misunderstood the smothered laugh. "Singin', mister—singing!" she said in crisp and unfriendly tones.

"Where? In the middle of the street?"

"I'm not in competition with the Salvation Army. I do my work in cafes and cabarets. Catch on?"

"Ain't no such here."

"Well, then—in a bar—or dance hall—or whatever they got in the way of night spots."

The man spat again. "Say, who're you tryin' to kid?" He talked as if he were inexpressibly tired and bored. "Anybody feels the need of a little relaxin' around here gits a pint from Harris at the store—if they got the price, which they ain't usually —and takes it back to their tent."

THE flesh of Maisie's legs and arms tingled a little. She recognized the sensation for what it was: fear, panic. "But they told me there'd be a lot of places like that!" she said incredulously. "In a gold rush people got to have entertainment—some place to have a good time and spend their money. . . ."

The man slumped lower in his stance against the front pole of the tent. "Sister . . . nobody in this town's *got* any money! You don't see no limousines or ritzy hotels, do you? If folks wasn't so hard up, they wouldn't be here lookin' fer gold! Well, I found some, but until the assayers show up, I got to have *cash*. So either pay up or move on."

Maisie set her lips in a hard, determined line. "Try someplace else, near here," she told Bert. "They can't *all* be like him."

But they were.

Maisie and the Davises went all down the street, then back again. Anywhere within even halfway convenient reach of the town's central water supply was expensive—five, six, seven dollars. Most of the men they talked to said they had struck gold and staked a claim—but everywhere the story was the same: There was no cash, and wouldn't be until the government assayer had arrived and evaluated their ore.

Halfway through their fruitless quest Maisie knew what she was going to have to do. She didn't want to do it; she tried to forget about the existence of Bill Anders and his ranch. But at last they came to the end of the settlement and saw a gate with a sign that read: PRIVATE PROPERTY KEEP OUT;

and Maisie sighed. Then she assumed an authoritative manner she didn't feel.

"Hold it, Bert," she said. "We're goin' in there!"

"But that's private!" Bert's whole philosophy was summed up in that one shocked sentence.

"I know the guy that owns it—he's got a well. We're stoppin' here to cook breakfast, anyway."

"But hadn't we ought to ask him?"

Jubie ordered, sure of her idol, "Do what Maisie says, Pop!"

Maisie jumped out and held the gate open, waved the car through it with a defiant sweep of her hand. In the field below and to the right of the ranch house was a sad-looking cottonwood tree; Maisie pointed to it and Bert nodded and headed the car that way.

They took time only to set up the sheet-iron stove, build a fire in it and unpack a few dishes. They ate well, and at the end of the meal everyone was feeling more cheerful — everyone, that is, except Maisie. The leisure of sitting down and eating had given her time to think, and her thoughts were not pleasant.

So there were no night clubs—no cafes, no saloons, even. Well. And again well. No place for Maisie Ravier, who had exactly fifty-five cents in her purse, a car that wouldn't go and a suitcase full of none-too-new clothes. It was a hundred miles to Truxton, if anyone were fool enough to want to go there, and two hundred to Phoenix. There weren't any very attractive prospects in Phoenix, either, but it was better than Truxton.

"WHAT you thinkin' about, Maisie?" Jubie inquired. "'Bout that job you ain't gonna git? What you gonna do now?"

"Well," Maisie said slowly, "I guess the best thing is to try and get back to Phoenix. I got a car that'd take me there if I could get it fixed up so it'd go."

"Where is it now?" Jubie asked.

Maisie looked at the place in the road where she'd left the car. "I don't know. Anders must've pushed it back into his barn, I guess."

"I'm a pretty good hand at fixin' up cars myself," Bert offered.

Maisie looked at the little man with renewed hope. "Why, of *course* you are! I never thought of that. Would you mind comin' and take a look at it? It's in pretty bad shape."

"That don't skeer me none. Want to mosey up there now?"

Jubie jumped up, too. "Kin I come along, Maisie?"

"Sure, honey."

Bert picked up a bucket. "Might's well git some

"So you figured that gave you the right to hack my car to pieces and make paper clips out of it," Maisie stormed. "Well, you're wrong, Mouse-mind! You'll put it together like it was or you'll pay for it!"

drinkin' water. We used up all they was in the canteen."

It was a hundred yards or so to Anders' barn. As they approached it they heard the clatter of iron from a three-sided shed a few feet to one side. Bill Anders was there, shoeing a horse, so absorbed in his work he didn't hear them until they stood beside him.

"'Lo, Bill," Maisie said.

He looked up — first surprised, then annoyed. "What're *you* doing back here?" he asked ungraciously.

Maisie had come up smiling, but now the smile faded. She was in no mood to put up with Bill's grouchiness and she was thankful that just now there was no need to. "Take it easy," she said. "I just want to get my car, that's all."

"Why come to *me?* I haven't got it."

"I didn't think you had it in your pocket," Maisie said with some asperity. "I just want to know where it is. In the barn?"

"I said I haven't got it!"

"Well, where is it then?"

"How should I know? I haven't got time to stand around here—"

Maisie put her hands on her hips and said, "Now, wait a minute, Sonny Boy. I left it right out in front of your place. The last I saw of it four days ago it wouldn't budge. Somebody musta moved it and the only person around here who could of and who's got a place to keep it outta sight is *you!*"

"Are you crazy? What would I want with that pile of junk?"

Jubie's and Bert's heads swivelled from side to side, like spectators at a tennis match, following the argument.

"You said you didn't have a car," Maisie reminded him. "Maybe it looked like a good chance to pick one up. I hate to spoil your plans, but I got a few myself!"

Bill threw down the rasp with which he had been filing the horse's hoof. "All right!" he said, in a rage. "Take a look around the ranch if you won't believe me! Look in the barn!"

HE started out with long strides and Maisie and the others ran after him. The barn doors were drawn almost together. He seized one in each hand and with a powerful heave of his shoulders threw them apart—and stood there, staring open-mouthed and thunderstruck at the weird contraption inside.

Fred Gubbins was there, hitching a mule to something that was not a car, or a wagon, but partook of the characteristics of both. It seemed to be a buckboard mounted on the wheels of a car, with the car's top and seat arranged to accommodate the driver. The car parts were recognizable, and Maisie yelped.

"Hey! Well, of all the nerve!"

"What the devil have you been up to?" Bill demanded harshly of Gubbins, whose bloodhound face became more lugubrious than usual.

"Well, I—we needed a cart—" he mumbled.

"So you remodeled *my* car!" Maisie snapped. She whirled on Bill. "I knew you had it, but I thought it'd at least be in one piece!"

"I didn't know anything about it, I tell you!" He turned back to Gubbins. "Where's the engine?"

Sheepishly, Gubbins replied, "Out back o' the barn. It warn't no good, so—"

"What do you mean, no good?" Maisie stormed. "Mr. Davis here was gonna fix it up so I could get back to Phoenix, and *now* look at it!"

Bill Anders was looking in disgust at Gubbins. Maisie began to believe his story that he hadn't known anything about what was being done to the car, but she wouldn't let her anger subside.

"Well, you went away and left it—" Gubbins said.

"So you figured that gave you the right to hack it up and make paper clips out of it! You're wrong, Mouse-mind! I paid twenty-five bucks for that car and either you put it back together like it was, or—" she glared at Bill—"you'll pay!"

Bill whipped a wallet from his pocket. "Here. I'll give you five bucks and that's more than you could have raised on it before."

Maisie grabbed the five dollars he held out, but she didn't stop talking. "Five nothin'! You'll pay *ten* or I'll call a cop!"

"What cop?" he sneered, but he fished out another five. "Here—it's worth it to get rid of you."

"Don't worry." She stuffed the bills down the front of her dress. "I won't be around. Hard-shelled crabs give me ptomaine."

Bill started back toward the horse-shoeing shed. Halfway there he stopped suddenly, staring down into the field where the Davis encampment was in plain view. "Fred!" he said sharply. "Who're those imbeciles parked over there?"

"I dunno, boss," Gubbins said, anxious to make amends. "Honest, I don't."

Maisie sailed up to them. "Those aren't imbeciles. They're my friends."

The muscles of Bill's jaw worked and he swallowed hard, as if someone were torturing him and he was determined not to cry out. "Well," he said in a strained voice, "tell 'em to beat it! Right now!"

"Listen, Mr. Big-mouth," Maisie said, "just because you've got it in for me because I beat you to the punch once is no reason to take out your spite on these folks." There was just the barest trace of pleading in her tone, but Bill chose to ignore it.

"Don't think *that* bothers me! Get 'em off! This is private property."

"Looks like it's all private property around this neck of the woods! They're chargin' five bucks a week to camp any place near water, and the Davises haven't got the price."

His body still tense, Bill said, "I'm not running a camp for a bunch of gold-crazy tourists—"

"Tourists?" The half-conciliatory note was gone now. "Gold-crazy? Just because they're snatchin' at a chance to make a halfway decent livin' for their kids? All I can say is that they've been pushed around long enough—and you're not gonna push 'em around any more!"

"You heard what I said."

"Yeah—and I've seen that big gun of yours, too! Go ahead and get it. Just try to put us off! I'll be waitin' there to meet you! . . . Come on, folks."

"Boy!" Jubie said, on the way back to the car. "You sure told him off, Maisie!"

Bert was no less admiring. "Yessir! Stood right up to him, not a bit scared."

Maisie, still burning, snorted. "Scared? Of him? Just let him try to wave that gun under my nose and put us off. We're stayin' right where we are!"

"*We?*" Jubie echoed joyfully. "You stayin' too, Maisie?"

Maisie's swift steps faltered. Some of the light of battle faded from her face. "Well—" she said. "I haven't exactly figured out what I *am* gonna do."

"Why don't you stay and stake out a claim?" Bert suggested. "Or you and me could go pardners if you want."

"Yes, but . . ." Maisie stopped stock-still, thinking.

"We got a swell tent and plenty o' beddin', ain't we, Pop?" Jubie offered.

"Sure. We could rig things up easy! Don't need no equipment but a pickaxe and I got a spare. You oughta save them good clothes o' your'n, but between Sarah and me, we could fit you out fine."

Maisie gnawed on her underlip in deep thought. "Yeah," she murmured. "And we could use that ten dollars he gave me for groceries. . . ."

"You want to make your fortune, don't you?" Jubie urged.

Maisie smiled down at her upturned face. "You bet I do," she said. "You bet I do . . ." Abruptly she shrugged and held out her hand to Bert. "Put it there, pardner! The pleasure's all mine!"

After a minute she began to laugh. "And to think I took a swing at a fresh guy once for darin' to call me a *gold-digger!*"

LAUGHING, they marched the rest of the way to the camp and told a pleased Sarah of Maisie's decision.

"Well, better start right now," Sarah ordered. "Quicker you stake us out a claim, quicker we'll be rich. You run along, Bert—the kids and I'll rassle the tent up."

There was a slight delay while Maisie was outfitted in a khaki shirt, an old pair of Bert's dungarees and a pair of work shoes many sizes too big for her; then she and Bert set out into the desert past the Anders ranch.

"You know how to hunt for gold?" Maisie asked as they trudged along. The pickaxe was heavy as she swung it by her side.

"All you do is break up rocks and look at the pieces to see if they's gold in 'em," Bert told her. "It's easy."

It didn't sound easy to Maisie, but she said nothing.

After fifteen minutes of walking Bert set down his pickaxe. "Here's a likely-lookin' spot," he said, and began to roll up his sleeves.

It looked like any other place to Maisie: a hillock of sand and boulders, sparsely covered with dry-looking brush. She climbed up on it and gazed around. The desert was alive with people—little groups of two or three scattered here and there, bending over, digging in the ground.

"Well, here goes!" Bert said. He lifted his pickaxe and brought it down in a mighty sweep.

Maisie tried to follow his example. The implement was even heavier than she had thought.

The sun bored into the skin of her back, right through the heavy khaki of the shirt. She felt sweat begin to prickle all over her body. The pickaxe got heavier and heavier. It didn't look as if there was any gold in the rocks she was so laboriously breaking up.

"Well," Bert said after a while, "maybe we better go someplace else."

She followed him wearily, feeling the tender skin of her hands, which was beginning to blister, and they went on past another group of men. One of them stood up and stared at them.

"Hey! Bert!" He yelled. "Hey!"

Bert stopped and the man came loping toward them. Then Bert too yelled. "Elmo Beecher! I'll be doggoned—you old son of a mule skinner! How are you?"

Beecher, a long skinny middle-aged man, pumped Bert's hand enthusiastically. "Right as rain! Struck gold yestiddy!"

"No! Say, that's dandy! I'm shore glad to see you, Elmo! This here's Miss Maisie Ravier," he added in response to Elmo's curious glance. "Her and me's pardners."

Maisie tried not to wince as Beecher grabbed her hand in a hearty shake, but she wasn't successful and he grinned. "Hands blistered?"

"Yeah, a little."

"Now, that's a shame. But they'll callous up good and tough. . . . How long you been here, Bert?"

"Jest got in this mornin'."

"Heard about Ben Hartley and the Sullivans hittin' some gold, too?"

Bert asked excitedly, "Them folks here, too?"

"Why, say," Elmo told him, "they's a whole passel of us—Frank Tyler and his fam'ly and the Joe Carters—"

"Well, if that don't beat the Dutch! My, Sarah'll be pleased! You got to all come over to our camp fer a visit."

"We shore will," Elmo agreed. "Funny all us ole dirt-farmers a-windin' up here lookin' fer gold."

Maisie laughed. "Sounds more to me like there's somethin' peculiar about farmin'!"

"Pshaw, Maisie," Bert said, "Elmo and the rest of 'em ain't got no farms now any more'n we have! They been follerin' the crops around fer a couple years, same as us."

"Nigh onto three years, fer me and Maw," Elmo amended. "Say, how's your missus, Bert?"

"Oh, Sarah's jest fine, same as always," Bert said with a kind of shy pride. "Seems like she kin jest take things as they comes along. She jest keeps a-smilin' and sayin' everything's gonna come out all right."

Elmo leaned on his pickaxe. "Well, now, mebbe I can help you. They's a spot close by you might try. I was lookin' at it afore I made my strike. Be glad to step over with you."

Bert said, "Now, I call that mighty friendly of you, Elmo. Where is it?"

"Straight ahead—only 'bout a mile and a half."

Maisie groaned. "Only about a mile and a half. . . . What's *only* about a mile and a half?"

But she lifted her pickaxe and trailed along.

WHEN you are digging under the hot sun, the day seems endless. And, under such circumstances, every day seems a repetition of the day before, only worse. Blisters grew on Maisie's hands, burst, and started to grow all over again. The skin of her face got to feeling dry and leathery. The oversize shoes chafed her heels and they developed blisters, too.

At the end of the day all she wanted to do was fall into bed—a few blankets spread on the hard ground—and stay there. But it was hard to sleep. The feverish activity of the day, the hopes of gold, fought with the weariness of her body, established a garrison in her mind and wouldn't let her give in to slumber.

They all slept in the tent. It was cramped quarters, but none of the Davises seemed to mind and Maisie couldn't admit even to herself that she did. A flimsy blanket was strung up along the middle to divide the tent into two sections—one for Harold and Bert, the other for Maisie, Sarah, Jubie and the baby. Queenie slept where she could, without regard to sex.

One night Maisie heard Sarah praying. The hoarse whisper came through the darkness.

"Please, dear Lord—if only You'd help us to find the gold—make it soon—oh, please—if it ain't askin' too much. Amen."

She knew then that Sarah's day-long cheerfulness and courage were only a pose; that now, freed for a few precious hours from the demands placed upon her by the others, she could let her real fear and weariness express themselves.

Maisie stuffed a corner of the worn blanket into her mouth to keep from sobbing out loud. She thought with sudden fury of Bill Anders, sleeping snugly in his ranch house, unaware even that courage and devotion like Sarah's existed. She hadn't seen Bill, except at a distance, since the day of her arrival. The children went up to the house for water and they said if Anders saw them he never spoke.

IT was the next day, the fifth of their search, that God rewarded Sarah's prayer.

Maisie, utterly spent, was sitting with her back against a rough ledge of rock into which she had been nibbling with her pickaxe. To Bert's query, "Find anything?" she had been able to give nothing but a weak smile and shake of the head in answer.

"Wonder if we ought to move on somewhere else?" Bert worried.

The thought of moving was repulsive to Maisie. "It's early," she said. "We got plenty of time."

Bert said slowly, "Yeah . . . *time!* The Beechers is down to their last sack o' cornmeal and he can't git no credit at the store, even on his claim."

The old fighting spirit flickered faintly in Maisie. "Listen!" she said, "I'd like to have a dime for every dollar *I've* got on credit! It's a wonder I haven't got a government job!" But it was whistling in the dark, and she knew it.

The assayer sent out word that he couldn't get through all the ore until midafternoon, but no one could bear to leave. Hour after hour, Maisie, Bert and the children stood outside, watching the glow of the assayer's furnace flickering through the store window

Bert returned to his task of driving the pickaxe into the rock, levering it up so that a few hunks fell away to his feet, then driving it in once more. Maisie leaned back wearily and closed her eyes. A chip of rock dislodged itself and fell on her upturned face; furiously she seized a handy sledgehammer and aimed it over her shoulder. More chips fell and she ducked to avoid them. Then, as she brushed them from her clothes, her eyes became fixed.

"Bert!" she called. "Come here!"

She swept up a few of the chips and held them out to him. "Looks like it, don't you think—or do you?" she babbled.

Bert took them from her, turned them over and over in his horny hand. The sun struck a dull yellow glow from a narrow vein running through them.

"Looks just like Elmo said it would," he whispered. "It's . . . it's . . ." He dropped the stones, jumped, threw his hat in the air. "It's *gold!*" he shouted. "Gold, Maisie—gold!"

Maisie was shaking. Her lips were so stiff she could hardly talk. "Let's—let's—we gotta stake out our claim—here!" On her hands and knees she crawled around, gathering large-sized rocks. "Gotta put up a stone marker—"

In a few minutes they had the monument up, had written their names shakily on a piece of paper fished from Maisie's pocket and stuck it into a cleft stick at the top. Then they were running back to camp.

Sarah was wringing out clothes in a pail of water, Jubie was taking more clothes to hang them out to dry, when Bert and Maisie came into sight, yelling unintelligibly. Sarah dropped the clothes back into the pail and stood there, transfixed, waiting. Even when they told her the glorious news she could hardly believe it. She just took a few aimless steps in one direction, then a few in another, then whirled and said, "I'll—I'll git Gladys," and went into the tent.

It was a good thing, Bert told Maisie later that day, that they'd found the gold when they did. The talk around the camp was that the assayer was bound to turn up the next day. Somebody who'd just come in from Phoenix said he was on his way. And once he'd been there, valued the ore from the claims that had already been staked, and departed again, he might not be back for weeks.

They all went to bed that night filled with the same delightful dreams that come to children the night before Christmas. It was warm and stuffy; sleep didn't come easily. And yet Maisie was too tired to stay really awake. Thoughts, images, plans flitted vaguely through her mind; she dozed off for a moment and then started to wakefulness as the tent flap slapped against the canvas. Somewhere there was a basso-profundo roll of thunder. The tent ropes creaked at their restraining stakes. Maisie tried to burrow deeper into the covers, dimly aware that something was wrong and yet reluctant to wake up enough to face it.

Then, as if it had been sluiced out of a huge bucket, the rain came. The water drove through the canvas as if it had been mosquito netting, wakening everyone at once. For a few moments the tent was a chaos of wildly waving arms and legs, a babel of sleepy grunts and outcries. A moment later the wind added its measure of destruction: prying under the walls, pushing upwards and outwards in one imperious rush. One corner of the tent jerked loose and flapped wildly out into the night. Bert dived to grab it, and another corner lost its moorings; and then the whole flimsy structure took wings, leaving Maisie and the Davises shivering, clutching rags of clothing about them, unprotected from the driving rain.

"Make fer the car!" Bert shouted, but Maisie yelled immediately afterwards:

"No! The car's no good! We're goin' up to the house!"

"He—he mightn't take us in."

"Run for the house, I tell you!" Maisie said violently. She threw one arm around Jubie, grabbed up some clothes and blankets in the other, made sure that Sarah had the baby, and headed a bedraggled procession up the field to where Bill Anders' house loomed dark and silent.

They clambered up on the porch like a stampede and Maisie assailed the door with both fists. "Hey! Open up! Let us in!"

"I reckon they'll be sound asleep," Bert said.

"They won't be for long! Hey! Wake up in there!"

WITHOUT warning, the door was jerked open. Bill stood there, looking out at them with sleepy eyes. His hair was mussed and he wore some cotton pajamas. His mouth fell open, but before he could say a word Maisie had pushed past him into the house and was clucking her little brood after her. Not until she had banged the door after them did Bill find his voice.

"Say, what is this?"

"What does it look like to you?" Maisie was preoccupied and crisp. "Our tent blew away—"

"Reach fer the sky!"

Maisie whirled, to see Fred Gubbins standing in a bedroom door, dressed in an old-fashioned nightgown and pointing a shotgun at her. Harold screamed; Sarah caught her breath and held the baby closer to her breast.

"What're you tryin' to do, you big baboon, scare the wits outta these kids?" Maisie demanded. "Put that gun down and get busy—rassle up some towels—put some water on to heat—"

"Go on, Fred—put the gun away," Bill told him.

Fred slowly lowered the weapon but still stood there looking at them stupidly.

"Get busy!" Maisie commanded. "Before I grab your gun and decorate that chemise of yours with polka dots!"

"Now just a minute!" Bill snarled. "You can't come busting into a man's house like this—"

Maisie literally jumped at him, a small blonde fury. She was so angry her lips would hardly form the words that boiled up to them. "You—a *man!* Standin' there makin' speeches when we—and this little baby are half-drowned and no place

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else to go! I can think of lots of names to call you but a *man* isn't one of them!"

Surprisingly, Sarah said in a level, dangerous tone, "I ain't never raised my hand to a man in my hull life, exceptin' Bert once, and he's my own husband—but you send these kids back into the rain, Mr. Anders, and I won't answer fer myself."

Bill drew a deep breath. His lips pressed down upon each other until his mouth was a thin line. "Go on," he said to Fred. "Get some towels."

The tense group broke up into immediate activity. Maisie hustled Sarah and the children into a bedroom and superintended getting them undressed and rubbed with towels. Then she carried the baby into the kitchen, where she found Bill smoking a cigarette. "Here!" she said. "If you're gonna stand around like a floorwalker—*be* one! I got things to do!" And she put Gladys into his arms before he had time to protest.

At last Harold and Jubie were in bed, with the baby between them. In the same room a pallet had been made on the floor for Sarah and Bert. Maisie, in the kitchen with Bill, found time to rub her damp hair with a towel. Wet clothes were hung on the backs of chairs here and near the stove in the living room.

All her anger had drained out of Maisie like water out of a tub, leaving nothing but an empty feeling.

"They asked me to tell you thanks for 'em," she said timidly.

Bill didn't answer; he raised the lid of the stove and tossed his cigarette butt inside, then replaced the lid carefully.

Maisie said, "Guess I'll turn in too, as soon as the coast is clear. Where's the phantom?"

"In bed," he said.

Maisie shivered in one long tooth-rattling spasm and Bill glanced at her sharply. He reached out and found a lemon, cut it in half.

"Say," Maisie said hopefully, "I could use a hot lemonade—without the spike, I mean. Any chances?"

He didn't look up. "What d'you think I'm doing now?" he growled. "Better get those wet clothes off. There's a bathrobe in on the couch. You can sleep there. I'll bring this in to you when it's ready."

"Gee—thanks!" She was so unused to expressing any pleasant emotion to this man that she sounded awkward even to herself.

"Go on! Make it snappy!"

IT took her only a minute to shuck off her dank clothes and wrap herself in the bathrobe, smelling faintly of tobacco, which he had tossed over the foot of the couch. "All set!" she called and sat down, tucking her bare feet up under the robe. Bill came in from the kitchen, carrying a steaming glass wrapped in a cloth.

"Drink it while it's hot," he ordered indifferently.

Maisie took it from him, laughing shakily. "Gosh, what is this—old home week?" She lifted it to her lips. A familiar odor drifted up from it, and she stopped. "I'm sorry," she said apologetically. "Me and liquor don't mix. I never touch it."

Bill took a menacing step forward. "Listen! You can have all the moral pangs you want to, afterward—but you're going to drink that *now!* I'm not going to have the joint turned into a hospital—that's all I care about. Go on!" he commanded as she paused. "Get started!"

"Well . . . if you're sure it isn't strong. . . ."

"Go on, Duchess—drink it up! I'm staying until I see it swallowed!" His voice sounded ferocious, but somehow Maisie knew he wasn't really angry. She took a sip, wrinkling her nose.

"Long as you're gonna watch the operation," she suggested, "why don't you take a ringside seat?"

He hesitated before he picked out a spot on the far end of the couch. While he filled his pipe, he motioned with his head for her to drink some more, so she took two more sips, bigger ones this time. The liquor seemed to run directly into her veins, warmly and yet drowsily.

She sighed luxuriously. "Gee, I feel almost human!" For a minute she studied him over the rim of the glass, then added conversationally, "Why don't you have one, too? Might do the same for you."

His head jerked up and he gave her a swift, angry glance. But when he saw that she was smiling the anger died away and he said only, "Finish that drink."

"Don't care if I do," Maisie said blithely and took a long swig, lifting the glass away from her lips at the end with a fine flourish. Leaning forward, chin on the hand that didn't hold the glass, she observed, "You know, *I* don't think you're half as tough as you think you are!"

"Got me all doped out, haven't you?" The pipe evidently wasn't pulling well; he frowned at it carefully.

"Not quite all," Maisie went on. "I can't decide whether you got a broken heart or your best friend rifled the till. Both, maybe. But you're down on people just because one or two of 'em got the best of you once . . . How'm I doin'?"

Bill sat very still, looking away at a far corner of the room. "Just leave me out of this, will you?" he said quietly.

Maisie yipped in triumph. "Uh-huh, that's it! Can't fool Aunt Maisie!"

He turned on her so abruptly the springs of the old couch creaked. "I *haven't* got a broken heart! I walked out on myself—and nobody ever stole my money, because I never got it! My stepfather and my dear brother saw to that!"

"Oh!" Maisie said, her triumphant manner fading. "Where was all this—I mean, where you from, Bill?"

"Philadelphia—what's the difference?"

"Philly!" she cried in delight. "Well, imagine that—I used to play the Orpheum there. They billed me as 'Maisie, the Mirthful Melodist.' J'ever catch the act?"

Bill leaned down and rubbed his leg just above the top of his shoe. "Nope. I wasn't around town much."

"What were you doin' with yourself?"

"Keeping out of my family's hair," he said somberly.

"Oh. Travelin'?"

"Yeah. From one school to another until I finished college."

"Gee—the complete treatment! Tha's wunnerful!" Maisie noticed that she must be very tired: her mouth seemed unable to form words exactly as she wanted them formed. She repeated with care, "That's won-der-ful."

"What's so wonderful about it?" he asked.

"Well . . . readin' all those big books—learnin' all those things. . . ."

Between lips that moved just enough to let the words out, Bill said, "I learned enough to get as far as I could from the lies people tell and the drivel they believe and the tricks they use to cheat and steal from each other!"

"Maybe," Maisie suggested, "you jus' met up with the wrong books—and the wrong folks, Bill."

"If people weren't in the wrong most of the time, there wouldn't be any need for those books and lawyers'd be undercutting each other selling pencils on street corners."

"Oh, I get it," Maisie said with a sage nod. "So it was the law you studied. I can see where you wouldn't make much of a lawyer, Bill. For one thing, you're not gabby enough."

He grinned reluctantly. "Well, you'd have made a swell one!"

Maisie finished the drink before she answered. "I s'pose," she pondered, "I ought to resent that—but I won't 'cause you look so nice when you smile. Somebody told me once it only takes thirteen muscles to smile and fifty-nine or somethin', to frown. Why don't you try coastin' along on thirteen for a change? The rest might do you an awful lot of good."

Bill moved uneasily and stretched out his hand for the glass. Maisie paid no attention to either movement, but tugged at his sleeve to emphasize her point, which seemed just then to be terribly important.

"No foolin' Bill—why let the past keep eatin' on you, now you're turned your back on it? If you could just—*just*—loosen up a little—be nice to people instead of barkin' at 'em—they'd be a lot nicer to you."

He shook her hand roughly off his arm.

"Do you think I *care* whether they're nice or not?" he demanded. "I bought this godforsaken ranch just because I wanted to get away from 'em all—all of 'em! And now they're swarming all over the place like locusts, and squawking because I won't let 'em camp around my well! I've seen enough of people, and they're all alike—"

"There you go," Maisie interrupted in disgust, "makin' loud noises again!" A roll of thunder sounded over the house, and she giggled. "You got some stiff compish—compesish—I got the word, but I can't get it pas' my front teeth!"

Bill, once more retired behind the wall he had built around himself, held his hand out for the glass again. "Don't try," he said tersely. "Finished?"

Maisie squinted down into the glass. "All finish'," she said regretfully. "But aren't we gonna talk some more?"

"We are not!"

Maisie accepted that as a voice from on high and snuggled down against the back of the couch. "I feel so warm . . . and sleepy . . ."

"Why don't you go to sleep, then?"

When he came back from taking the glass into the kitchen, she had followed his advice. For a moment he stood looking down at her flushed, piquant face, at her tumbled blonde hair. Then he glanced suspiciously around the room. No one was watching him, so he went to the cupboard and got a blanket and spread it over her. His feet stumbled over her damp clothes on the floor; frowning he picked them up and spread them over a chair with its back to the stove. He blew out the lamp and tiptoed into his own bedroom.

BY the time Maisie woke up the morning sun had already sucked up much of the water left by the storm. Here and there a patch of wet adobe, sticky and slippery, glinted in the sun. The air was fresh and sharp.

Maisie and the Davises were up early, but not early enough to see Bill before he left the house. They went down to their camp and repaired some of the storm's destruction, and Sarah soon had a fire going. Bert and Harold set up the tent again, while Jubie and Maisie hung up blankets and clothes to dry.

They had just finished breakfast when Bill came up.

"Hello, Mr. Anders," Bert said. "Fine mornin', ain't it?"

"Yeah."

"Sure are obliged fer what you done last night. Hope we didn't put you to too much trouble."

"It couldn't be helped," Bill said and looked around at the party, absently scuffing the toe of his boot against the wet, dark earth.

Maisie set down her enamelware coffee cup. Smiling and confident, she said, "How are you, Bill? That lemonade you gave me sure had a sense of humor. I slept like a baby. Better. Did *you* have a good night's rest?"

"I'm looking forward to that *tonight,*" he said, but though the words were in the usual Anders vein, they didn't have the usual spirit behind them.

Bert had been looking around at the field. Yesterday it had been dry and scrubby-looking; this morning, after the night of rain, it was faintly green.

"Wonderful how a good rain brings everythin' pushin' up," Bert said a little wistfully. "You got A-Number one soil here, too. Pity you can't irrigate the whole piece. Ain't nothin' wouldn't grow here." He squatted down and dug his fingers lovingly into the dirt.

"I could irrigate, all right," Bill said shortly.

"You got enough water?"

"Plenty."

Bert was profoundly shocked and his face showed it. "You don't say!" he breathed. "Well, why ain't you done it, then?"

"Suits me the way it is."

Bert opened his mouth to say something more, caught sight of Sarah's warning headshake, and subsided.

Bill said, "I was just down to the store. Fellow I saw there asked me to tell you the assayer's here."

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The effect of his news was galvanic. Bert and Maisie both jumped up; Harold and Jubie began to dance in glee; and Sarah stopped clearing up the dishes.

"Bert! Get our ore!" Maisie ordered. "We got to hustle down there with it!"

"I'm gittin' it!" Bert mumbled, digging frantically inside the newly erected tent.

"Get ready to congratulate us, Bill Boy!" Maisie sang out gaily to Bill, who was still there, glumly watching the activity.

He frowned, started to say something, then changed his mind and said something else instead. "I'll be waiting."

There was already a crowd in front of the Spot Cash General Store when the Davises got there. A ragged, curving line of men, each carrying a bucket or sack full of ore, formed the crowd's backbone; for the rest it was made up of wives gossiping and children playing and dogs yapping excitedly.

Bert and Maisie both stepped into the line, while Sarah stood to one side with a sharp eye on the children and on Queenie, who was making some interesting new acquaintances.

The line moved forward slowly but steadily and no one in the cheerful, chattering crowd grew impatient. Everything was all right; they'd all struck gold and staked out their claims, the assayer was here at last and pretty soon he'd tell them how much money they were going to make.

"I can feel those minks snappin' and snarlin' around my neck right now!" Maisie laughed.

"Y'know what I thought I'd do, Maisie?" Bert said with quiet happiness. "I ain't no miner—I'm a farmer. So just as soon's I find out how much my claim's worth I'm gonna sell it and take the money and buy me a little place in California. Jest a place with a house on it and a few acres o' good dirt, where we can live and grow enough to eat. Then the kids can go to school and Sarah won't have to work so hard any more—well, a little bit of a place is all I want."

"Now you're talkin', brother," the man ahead of them in the line said. He was a tall, shabby individual with the barest minimum of flesh on his bones. "Most of us fellows here're figurin' on doin' that very thing."

THE warm sun beat down on them as they edged nearer to the porch. At last Maisie could see into the store, where a man stood behind the counter, sacks of ore stacked up on each side of him. The storekeeper stood by as an assistant.

"Keep movin'! Keep movin'!" the storekeeper called importantly.

A man laughed. "Keep movin'! Gimme some room and I'll run!"

A wave of laughter—tense, high-pitched—ran down the line at this sally. Nerves were strung so tightly that any kind of joke could arouse merriment.

"Name, please?" Maisie heard the assayer ask.

"William Howard Taft Miggs."

The assayer scribbled on a slip of paper, mumbling, "William H. T. Miggs," attached the paper to a sack of ore, and called, "Next!"

"Pay here," the storekeeper said. "Three dollars. I'm collectin' fer him."

"Gee," Bert said, suddenly dismayed. "I didn't know we'd haveta pay to git our ore assayed. I thought all along the guv'mint sent this feller down to do it free."

The man in front turned around. "No—you're thinkin' about that feller from the state minin' department. He's down here to look over the Morrison claim. That's free, all right. But you gotta pay *this* feller."

"Never mind," Maisie comforted Bert, reaching into her dress for some money and shaking out three one-dollar bills. "This'll be the best three dollars we ever spent."

Bert was still worried. "It don't seem right you puttin' up all of it, when we're s'posed to be goin' shares. I sure wish I could pay my half."

"Listen—you will!" Maisie assured him. "I'll be after you with a summons to collect that one-fifty, soon as we sell our claim."

"When you sell your claim," the man ahead promised them, "you won't *have* no small change in your jeans. Nothin' under a hunderd!"

Another minute, and Maisie and Bert between them were hoisting their ore onto the counter, watching to see that the assayer put both their names, spelled correctly, on the label.

"And be careful not to get our stuff mixed up with anybody else's!" Maisie warned him.

His glance appreciated her lighthearted beauty. "I get paid to be careful, lady . . . Next!"

" . . . And now," Maisie said as they went back out into the sunshine, "all we gotta do is—wait."

That was all, but it was the hardest task they had ever had. The assayer sent out word that he couldn't hope to get through all the ore until mid-afternoon, but no one could bear to leave the open space in front of the store. Hour after hour they sat or stood there, the patient people with the rough hands and the shabby clothes—waiting, watching the glow of the assayer's furnace as it flickered through the glass of the store windows. Harold and Jubie played for a while, then came back to stand restlessly beside their parents. About noon Harold raised the question of eating, but no one paid much attention to him.

Maisie chewed at the nail of her left index finger until it was worn down, then began on the one next to it. She'd never thought, in the long hot hours of swinging the pickaxe in the desert, that the time would come when just sitting, idle, would be an intolerable torture.

At first the crowd of people had passed the time by talking about what they'd do with their money, once their claims had been evaluated and sold. But after a while everything had been said on that subject that could be said and they all fell silent, watching the glow in the store windows with big, steady eyes.

THE sun was casting long shadows toward the east when the sound of horses' hooves came sharply from the direction of Bill Anders' ranch. "Here comes the U. S. Cavalry!" someone shouted and they all laughed as they craned their necks to see who was coming.

There were two horsemen, Bill Anders and a stranger, a young man in whipcord breeches and a khaki shirt. A canvas bag was slung across his saddle. They dismounted quickly, the stranger picked the bag off his saddle, and together they began to push their way through the crowd toward the store.

"Hi, Bill!" Maisie said.

He glanced at her briefly. "Hello," he said, and went on up the steps. The stranger opened the door and from inside the storekeeper was heard to call officially, "Ain't nobuddy allowed in!" Those nearest in the crowd heard the young man answer quietly, "I'm Spence, from the State Department of Mines," before he and Bill went on in and closed the door behind them.

An immediate buzz of speculation broke out among the watchers. Someone said crossly, "How does Anders rate goin' in?" They all knew Bill by sight and none of them liked him particularly; Maisie and the Davises were the only ones who had been allowed to camp on his property.

Maisie said fliply, "Oh, he prob'ly wants to ask the government guys can he be postmaster of the new town here."

"If he'd hurry that feller up, he could be mayor for all o' me!"

In another moment the door opened again and Bill emerged, calling, "Okay. Thanks," over his shoulder. His face a preoccupied mask, he walked down into the crowd and toward his horse.

"What about it, Bill?" Maisie asked. "How much longer is the assayer goin' to take?"

But he didn't answer, or even seem to hear her. He mounted his horse and galloped away. And then there was another long period of waiting—at least, it seemed long, although it was probably no more than ten minutes before Spence and the assayer came out of the store together. The assayer had a long piece of paper in his hand; he was talking earnestly in a low voice to the young geologist, who was nodding.

First a murmur, then a yell of delight came from the crowd. People moved up, close, until they were all standing packed about the foot of the steps, looking eagerly up at the two men. But in spite of the crowding, there was no ill nature: men got poked in the ribs by sharp elbows, and only laughed.

The geologist, Spence, raised his voice. "Quiet, everybody! I want to explain something before Mr. Groves reads the list of the assayed values of the ore he's examined so far."

"Sure, Sonny!" a jocular voice cried from the crowd. "Go right ahead—explain 's much 's you've a mind to!"

The young, rather somber face looked out over them. "They sent me out here from the Arizona Department of Mines to complete a survey we have been making ever since this gold rush started."

He paused, and the man next to Maisie sang out, "Oughtta staked yourself out a claim while you was at it!"

The crowd acknowledged this with an appreciative murmur, but Spence and the assayer exchanged worried glances.

Maisie, watching, felt in herself the beginnings of apprehension. Something—she didn't know what, but something—was very wrong. No one had ever looked less like the bearers of glad tidings than those two men on the porch.

But what could it be? Didn't the gold they'd found belong to them? Was the government going to take it away from them? Or were the assayer and the geologist just being cold and official about the whole business? Her uneasiness abated somewhat: that was it, of course that was it.

Spence went on: "We know how twenty-five years ago a couple of men struck a rich vein of gold here, and overnight this place became a town, full of prospectors and their families, telling themselves that now all their troubles were over because they'd found gold. Well—they had, in a way. And so have you."

A feeble cheer started from one fringe of the crowd, but it died out almost before it had begun. Something about Spence's tone had struck others besides Maisie by this time. Glancing sidewise, she saw a change in their faces—a lessening of eagerness, a faint cloud of dismay.

"The big strike was a failure. The vein was a freak. The ore the prospectors brought in was mighty poor in gold and mighty hard to dig out. In a couple of weeks, this was just a ghost town, full of empty shacks and coyotes."

And now Maisie knew. She knew what he was trying to tell them and why it was so hard to tell.

A movement below her and at her side caught her eye; it was Jubie, looking up at her. Instantly Maisie smiled, brightly. Though Jubie, too, would know soon enough.

Spence took a deep breath; then he said, "And that's what has happened again. Another fluke! Mr. Groves' findings here today support exactly what the Department of Mines expected—the ore is so poor it hardly pays for the trouble of digging it out. It isn't worth using machinery on, much less trying to do it by hand. To stay here—and work it—" he faltered, his eyes roamed over them all as if searching for one face to which it would be possible to tell the truth without inflicting too much pain —"would mean poverty—perhaps even starvation. . . ."

Involuntarily, although she had known what she was going to hear, Maisie winced. Ahead of her, she saw Bert slowly turn and look at Sarah, numb under the blow.

An angry mutter rose from the crowd as the meaning of Spence's words began to penetrate. A few of the men took a menacing step toward the porch.

"I don't believe it!" one man said, and another: "Read off that list!"

Spence stepped aside, with a nod to the assayer. The latter held up the list and instantly the crowd fell into a dead silence.

"Frank Tyler—twenty to thirty dollars a ton. Oren Fife—eighteen to twenty dollars. Matt and Ned Sullivan—eighteen to twenty dollars. Elmo Beecher—twenty to thirty dollars."

Suddenly, a woman threw her worn gingham apron over her head, bowed over, sobbing.

"Rueben Walters, ten to fifteen dollars. Theodore Beggs, twenty-five to forty dollars."

ALL around her Maisie saw men shaking their heads slowly, blank looks of incredulity on their faces. This thing couldn't be right! There must be a mistake somewhere! They'd seen the gold—seen it with their own eyes, there in the rocks they'd dug out of the unyielding ground. It had been yellow and bright and soft to the point of a probing penknife.

"How do we know he ain't lyin'!" someone said—a low, tense growl.

"Shut up till we hear!"

"Ezra Ford, twenty to twenty-five dollars. Joseph Ward, ten to twenty dollars. William H. T. Miggs, twenty-five to thirty dollars. Ben Hartley, eighteen to twenty-five dollars. Bert Davis and Maisie Ravier—fifteen to twenty dollars."

While the droning voice went on, Maisie and Bert and Sarah Davis stood perfectly still, not thinking, not feeling; just letting the knowledge seep through their bodies, softening and weakening them until they felt like putty. The children, to whom the recital of dry figures meant nothing, looked anxiously from one grownup to another, knowing that there had been bad news, not knowing why it was bad.

At last, all together, they turned and walked away. The assayer was still reading his names and his numbers, but other people were leaving the group now—silently, almost furtively.

They were halfway to the camp when Harold whimpered fearfully, "You said I could have some chalklits when we got rich! You did so, Pop! I want 'em!"

Jubie whirled on him like a small vixen. "You hesh up, Harold! You ain't a-gonna git no chalklits—n-n-nobuddy's gonna git *nothin'!*"

Put into words, the full sorrow of what had happened was too much for Jubie. She dug both fists into her eyes and stumbled blindly along the road, sobbing as she went.

"Guess we better git packed up," Bert Davis said in a quiet, lifeless voice. "We'll have to move on someplace."

No one asked what place. There was no need to ask a question to which there could be no positive answer.

THE sun had disappeared behind the western tablelands by the time they reached the camp. The homeward journey had taken longer than the quick, lighthearted exodus that morning—had it only been that morning? The camp looked dingy and forlorn in the clear after-sunset light. Sarah, in her haste, had left the breakfast dishes half picked up; a fruit-crate bench lay on its side where it had been thrown when they had heard the news of the assayer's arrival.

They went about the task of picking things up without enthusiasm. Not another word was said about gold. They accepted their disappointment as they had accepted so many disappointments before: as a matter of course, as something which people like them must expect. Maisie wanted to cry, but she knew she mustn't until she was alone. To show sympathy would be the ultimate indignity.

Elmo Beecher came by after a while. Without any particular expression in his voice he said, "Can you come down in front o' the store fer a little while, Bert? We're havin' a meetin'—figured it'd be better if we was all to spread out and not everybody go to the same place fer work."

"Yeah," Bert told him. "We'll be down."

Silently, Sarah had built a fire and prepared a meal for them; and they ate almost without speaking. Once Sarah asked:

"Got any gas in the car, Bert?"

And her husband answered, "Yeah. Enough fer a little ways, anyhow."

Harold and Jubie looked from their parents to Maisie, unspoken questions in their eyes. They were questioning the future, Maisie thought.

After supper Maisie said, "I'll go up to the house and get the blankets we left up there. You'll be needin' them when—when you move on."

She didn't care about herself, Maisie thought as she walked up to Anders' house. At least, not much. She'd been in worse fixes than this before and managed to get out of them all right. She was conscious of a resilience, an optimism, in herself that wasn't in the Davises. It wasn't in anyone who had come to this fool's-gold rush. Because these weren't the careless, money-seeking adventurers who had flocked to the old gold rushes of the West. They were—Maisie searched for a word that would describe them exactly—they were just folks that had been kicked around all their lives. And now another kick had been delivered to them, just where it would hurt the most. For a few days they'd had hope. And hope was so precious that when it was taken away they had even less than they'd had before it came.

There was a light burning in Bill's living room and she entered timidly. But no one seemed to be in the house. She moved around the rooms, picking up blankets, clothes, odds and ends the Davises had left behind. Jubie's frayed little sweater hung across the back of a chair and as she picked it up something seemed to turn over inside Maisie. The tears welled up, and she couldn't stop them. She buried her face in the threadbare fabric, sobbing.

A hand fell on her shoulder, gently. She started, and turned to face Bill Anders. He had been so quiet as he entered the house that she hadn't heard him.

"What's the matter?" he asked.

Maisie shook his hand off. "Oh—can't you leave me alone?" she asked pettishly. She didn't mean to sound that way, but she was sick of Bill Anders. He had a house and a farm, and her friends didn't have anything.

"Come on—what's the matter? The gold?"

"Well, what do you suppose?"

"The odds were a million to one against you," he said, not unkindly. "I could have told you that."

Maisie flared up. "Oh, you could? Well, isn't that fine? You must be feelin' great tonight, bein' so right! Honest, it's *worth* pushing the Davises and the Beechers and the Sullivans and all the rest of 'em off a cliff into nothing, so's you can say, 'I told you so!' Even if you didn't!"

Sniffing furiously, she began picking up everything she could find that belonged to herself or the Davises.

Bill said, "They could see that ghost town staring them in the face. Gold mining's been tried here before. They couldn't—"

"They never wanted to be gold miners!" Maisie interrupted him.

"No?"

"No! They're farmers! Plain ordinary dirt farmers—people who work with the land! Put their work into it and get a living out of it. But they lost their farms!" Her arms full of blankets and clothing, Maisie faced him, her breast rising and falling in excitement. "The banks got their farms, or the dust. They've got kids. They're hungry and broke. It was starvation that herded 'em into gold mining. Wantin' to eat—not wantin' to get rich quick!"

Bill calmly lit a cigarette and spoke around the smoke. "What're they going to do?"

"What can they do? Look for some kind of work that'll let them eat. Hope for it, anyway."

"What's the sense of hoping, when—"

Maisie bit his words off in mid-air. "Because when you quit hopin', you're dead, that's why!" She had picked up everything she could see; she was all ready to go—but somehow, she couldn't go. There were too many things bottled up inside her. "And lemme tell you this, Mr. I-could-have-told-'em Anders," she stormed. "Sarah and Bert Davis, broke, are seven million times richer than you are right now!"

He blew smoke out through his nostrils, lazily. "Yeah? I may not be a fine character, but I'm eating."

"Sure! You're eatin', but they're *alive!*"

"What am I? Dead?"

"So close to it," Maisie told him, "it would take a pretty experienced coroner to say yes or no. Bert and Sarah have known what it's like to love somebody. They got each other, and kids, and hope. You got your land, and your sour, lonesome thoughts, and Fred Gubbins. I know who wins for my money—and it's no photo finish, either!"

Crushing out the cigarette in an overflowing ash tray, he said crisply, "Never mind the lecture. Where are they?"

"What do you care?" Maisie asked, but he just waited quietly for her answer, so she said, "They're down at the store with the rest of the gang, holdin' a meetin'."

"Holding a meeting?" Bill seemed genuinely puzzled. "What about?"

"It'll be pretty hard for you to understand, bein' like you are about people," Maisie said. "But they've got to move on someplace, see? There's prunes to be picked here, and oranges to crate there, and a cotton crop someplace else—*maybe*. They figured out if they all went to the same place, they'd be competin' with each other. So they're down there decidin' who goes where. They'll all starve, most likely, but this way, they're spreadin' the starvation out over a coupla states, not bringin' it on each other."

"I see," he said. "Well, I'm going down there."

He turned and headed for the door. For a moment Maisie looked after him in amazement, then she began running to keep up with him.

"What're you goin' to do?" she demanded. "Crow over 'em? Just you dare, Bill Anders, and I'll—I'll—you just wait and see what I'll do!"

She might have been a breeze whistling past his head for all the attention he paid her.

Maisie stopped briefly at the now deserted camp to drop her armful of clothes and then ran after Bill, who hadn't bothered to wait for her. In a few minutes they reached the open street in front of the store. Once again all the gold-seekers were gathered there, but this time they weren't waiting for anything. They were grouped in a loose circle around Elmo Beecher, who had a pencil and a piece of paper in his hands.

As Maisie and Bill joined the circle they heard Beecher say, "Matt and Ned Sullivan, you're down for Santa Clara Valley."

"Okay. Chances there're as good as anywheres else." The man's tone was neither sad nor cheerful; it was resigned, filled with acceptance.

BILL shouldered his way through the ring of people into the cleared space in the middle. He stopped and looked around, and said, "Listen! Before you people make definite plans, I've got a proposition I'd like to put up to you."

"Why—sure, Mr. Anders," Beecher said.

"It's just an idea I had. You may not think much of it. But I think you'd like to hear about it."

Men looked sidewise at each other, all around the silent circle. There was suspicion in their eyes, but there was the beginning of a new hope, too. It took so little to bring hope to these people, Maisie thought. Just a word would do it.

"Go right ahead," Elmo Beecher said eagerly. "Tell us, Mr. Anders."

"I had a talk with those government men today," Bill said. "That's why I went down, you know, while they were making the assay. I thought this land around here was still open for homesteading. They told me it is."

The tenseness of the men relaxed as the faint flame of hope that had been kindled in them died.

"Sure," Beecher said, "we know that. But you gotta prove up your claim inside two years."

Bert Davis, on the other side of the circle from Maisie, said, "That's right. You gotta work the land and while yer doin' it, how you gonna eat? Where you gonna get the tools? Or the water?"

"I've got the water," Bill said. "There's a table of it under my land—enough to feed a couple of thousand acres."

Sarah Davis swallowed and reached out for Bert's hand. No one in the crowd spoke.

"I've never tapped that water," Bill went on. "Never developed my own acreage. I want to do that now. Here's my deal. I've got the water and a little capital. I'll put up the money for tools, ploughs, a tractor, seed for the first crop."

A man—Maisie recognized him as Matt Sullivan—said timidly, "What's the catch in it? What do you want from us?" He wanted to believe, his tone said, he wanted terribly to believe, but he was afraid to. He had believed before, and had found only disillusionment.

"Yeah," Beecher seconded him. "What do we have to do?"

Bill appeared to find this a reasonable question. "Dig the irrigation ditches for my land and yours. Help me get my acreage planted first. Just your labor, that's all I want from you. It's a cinch to irrigate this land." And now for the first time Maisie heard the careful, reasonable restraint of his voice begin to break under the stress of enthusiasm. "Working together, we could get this whole valley under cultivation by next spring . . . What d'you say?"

A murmur of speculation broke out. Families put their heads together, whispering. As the men talked their eyes were all on Bill, measuring him, trying to see past his face into his heart.

Elmo Beecher, knowing what the others wanted to ask, said, "Sounds good, Mr. Anders, but there's some dee-tails I don't git. We can't work our land till yours is all watered and planted?"

"That's right," Bill answered. "I get help first on mine, in return for what I loan to start things moving."

"How we gonna eat, meanwhiles?" Beecher asked. "We got families, all of us."

"I'll take care of that," Bill told him. "I've got capital enough to feed us all until we get started."

Still they hesitated. There was one other question to be asked, and Beecher could not bring himself to

ask it. At last a man near Maisie said:

"What guarantee we got that when your work's done, we git our end?"

Bill looked at him steadily. "Only my word," he said.

The man shook his head. "Mighty flimsy guarantee to stake all that work on!"

"S'posin' somethin' was to happen to you," another man said. "Or you changed your mind after your work's done? Where'd we be then?"

Elmo Beecher said regretfully, "Sounds like the Garden o' Eden 'thout no snakes—but it's shore chancey!"

Maisie had been watching Bill Anders. She had seen his mouth lose the boyish curve of enthusiasm that had come to it when he spoke of watering the whole valley and making it bloom. Once more it had become thin, tight, uncompromising. His eyes had begun to glitter impatiently. Now he said:

"You people don't trust anybody, do you? I see I had a bad idea. Forget it!"

He turned and started to break through the group. Bert stepped quickly in front of him.

"I don't mistrust you, Mr. Anders. *I'll* put in with you!"

Bill didn't stop. "No—no," he said. "I made a bad guess. Forget it."

"Bill!" Maisie cried suddenly. "Don't you say that!"

She ran into the center of the ring, whirled around, her eyes blazing.

"Wait a minute! Everybody!" Bill halted, half turned, still poised to walk away. "You *can't* say no to him!" Maisie pleaded. "It cost him plenty to invite the lot of you to be neighbors and partners of his. He had to come out of a shell—a shell with barnacles on it! He could've gone on livin' all right the way he was. He still can. But what about *you*? Here's your chance to have homes again—farms—and raise your kids decent. You *can't* turn it down! I never knew there were people livin' the way you've had to live, until I met the Davises. I know what's the matter—you think it's too good to be true! You've taken such a beatin' today—and for the last five years, too—you figure there's a catch to everything. Well, there's no catch to this! It's a straight offer from a straight guy! Oh—can't you see—he's giving you a chance for *life!*"

She stopped, tears in her eyes, and waited. For a moment nothing happened. Then Elmo Beecher stepped forward and took his place beside Bert Davis.

"Yer *right!*" he said vehemently. "I'll put in with you, Mr. Anders—your word's good enough bond fer me!"

"Same here, Anders!" another man called; and then suddenly the tide had turned and they were all crowding up to shake Bill's hand and assure him of their belief in him, their willingness to do as he said. In the background Maisie saw the women, crying, laughing. And Bill's mouth had relaxed once more into the lines of a boy's mouth; as he shook hand after hand he kept smiling and repeating over and over, "Sure. That's okay. Forget it."

But in spite of his protestations, Maisie knew that never in all his life had he been quite so happy and pleased.

Jubie was the one that remembered Maisie. She came running up, her puckish little face aglow. "Now you'll never go away!" she exclaimed rapturously. "Now we'll have a reg'lar house with rooms and a roof, and the best room of all'll be fer you!"

Maisie looked down and smoothed the child's straight brown hair with her hand.

"No, honey," she said slowly. "Not for me."

"Yes, it will, Maisie! We're not goin' pickin' now. We're gonna have a farm! You heard Pop and Mr. Anders say so."

"I know, sweetie," Maisie said. "But I got to be pushin' on—to get me a job, see? I'm pullin' out for Phoenix in the mornin', some way or other. . . ."

After a second of wide-eyed disbelief, Jubie clutched her around the waist, bursting into tears. "No! No, Maisie! You can't—I don't want you to go away!"

Tears burned in Maisie's own eyes, but she said huskily, "I'm sorry, sweetie, but I guess I . . . I gotta go. . . ."

Slowly, still talking eagerly, the group of people broke up and everyone turned back to the camps they had so nearly dismantled. Bill and Maisie and the Davises strolled back toward the ranch, Bert and Sarah in front. It was night now, but not the dark night it had been when Maisie first came to Camino. A full moon rode overhead and its light shed silver-gilt over the tumbledown shacks, the field where the Davises' tent was pitched, the house where Fred Gubbins played a lonely game of solitaire by the yellow light of an oil lamp.

"You'll be staying too—Maisie?" Entreaty was in Bill's voice and it was the hardest thing Maisie had ever done to answer:

"No, Bill, not me. All I know about groceries is that they taste good and cost plenty—coaxin' 'em to sprout is outta my line."

He stopped, forcing her to stop, too. In the silence they heard the steps of the Davises receding along the road. His face was very close to hers and the moonlight threw its planes and angles into sharp, strong relief.

"You ought to stay, Maisie. Why, you don't even know if you can get a job."

"Nope. But then again, I never *have* known. Bill," she said, "I know how you feel, but it's only because your heart is full right now and you're happy. And grateful too, maybe, because I was able to do somethin' for you that needed doin'. But that's all. And—I know, even if you don't, that I don't belong in a place like this. I got my limitations and I know what they are. It just wouldn't work out. So—"

He had been holding her hands; now he dropped them. "I suppose—yes, I suppose you're right."

"I *know* I'm right, honey. Right now, there's nothin' I'd like better than to stay here with all of you. But I'm no farmerette. I wouldn't fit, any more'n I'd fit in a Park Avenue apartment. And it

Bill was standing beside the car. "Got enough money?" he asked. "Oh—sure, sure. I've got some of what you gave me for my car left," Maisie said, her head averted

wouldn't be long before we were all sorry I'd stayed."

"I—I'd never be sorry."

Maisie smiled wisely. "Yes you would, Bill. You'd be sorry, too."

They walked on, came opposite the camp, and stopped again. Suddenly Maisie knew if she stayed with Bill another minute she'd stay with him for good. Frightened, she gave his hand a quick squeeze, then turned and ran to the Davises' tent.

Bert and Sarah were sitting at the table, talking. From within the tent came the sleepy murmurs of Harold and Jubie. Bert looked up.

"Can't you stay too, Maisie? he asked wistfully. "We'd like to have you, if you'd be willin' to live with us."

Maisie shook her head. It was going to be easier to say good-by to the Davises than to Bill—but even at that, it wasn't going to be any too easy.

"No, I'll be pushin' along in the mornin'," she said, forcing a bright smile. "I'll get back to Phoenix somehow."

"Bert and me was thinkin'," Sarah said gently. "If you won't stay here, we'd like fer you to take the car. We—we won't be needin' it, now that we're settlin' down fer good."

You'd have thought from the expression of Sarah's face, Maisie said to herself, that she was just announcing the acquisition of a million dollars.

That annoying lump appeared once more in her throat. "Gee, thanks," was all she could say.

One more night she spent in the tent with the Davises—and then it was morning. While Maisie put her belongings into her suitcase, Bert started the car and tuned it up.

Jubie threw her arms around Maisie. "I still wish you wasn't goin'," she said in a voice that threatened more tears.

"Never mind, honey. I'll send you postcards from wherever I am," Maisie promised.

Harold cried, "Will you send me the chalklit creams like you said? Cross your heart?"

Solemnly, Maisie crossed her heart. An instant later that same heart gave a bounce. Bill Anders was coming down the slope of the meadow toward them.

"The best of everything, Maisie," Sarah Davis said. "You deserve it, and you'll get it. You're bound to. There's wonderful things ahead o' you, Maisie. Only a little bad luck has held you back up to now from what's yours by rights—the finest in the land. Bein' beautiful like you would make a lot o' women proud and uppity. But you're so nice with it all. You have a sweet nature, Maisie, along with bein' pretty as a picture."

MAISIE laughed shakily, moved by Sarah's words and uncomfortably conscious of Bill standing silently by. "*Me?*" she said. "Listen—if I could look in the glass and see a face like yours lookin' back out at me . . . I guess it's bearin' swell kids and bein' a grand wife and always findin' courage that people can draw on when they need it bad—it's years of that makes somebody as beautiful as you. Say, if I could live so's to *earn* a face like yours and have what you've got, honey, that's all I'd ask."

Sarah leaned forward. Her strong arms went around Maisie and for a minute Maisie's head was against her breast. Then they drew apart, smiling mistily. Maisie blew her small nose furiously and went to the car.

"I only hope she holds together," Bert fretted.

"Don't worry. She will. She's got to!"

Bill was standing beside the car, "Got enough money?" he asked.

"Oh—sure, sure. I've got some of what you gave me for my car left," Maisie answered hurriedly. She teetered awkwardly from one foot to the other, trying to find the right words to say.

"Well—" she and Bill began together and then fell into an even more embarrassed silence. Then Maisie tried again.

"Well—looks like it's time for my curtain speech to you, Bill. You—you been—swell—and—and I know you're gonna be happy and— I just don't seem to be able to find the right words to tell you thanks for all you've done, so I—I guess you'll just have to be satisfied with a big kiss instead of a speech!"

Reaching up quickly, she pulled his head down to her face and kissed him full on the lips. Abruptly, she released him and clambered into the car.

Bill took a quick step as if to stop her, hesitated, and said— "You'll be coming back to see the Davises?"

"I might." Maisie tramped on the starter. Hurry, hurry, she was saying to herself, or you'll make a mistake you'll be sorry for.

"Come back, Maisie—soon."

"Well, cutiepie," she said, "just you keep that lemonade recipe of yours handy in case I do."

The old motor leaped into asthmatic life. She put it in gear and it started to move.

"Good-by! Good-by!"

After a few feet the car coughed, slowed up.

"Oh," Maisie breathed, "don't you die on me—you *gotta* get me away from here!" As if in answer, it took on a surer note and chugged away contentedly.

Maisie leaned out to wave a last good-by at the group in the meadow. Bert and Sarah, Jubie and Harold, all were waving. But Bill was standing with his arms at his sides, immobile.

As she went through the once-deserted street of the town people stopped what they were doing to smile and wave.

A moment later the desert closed around her on both sides. The early morning sun put pink and lavender colors on the tablelands in the distance. A cool breeze came through the car. A sign said Phoenix 190 miles.

Maisie pushed her big red hat farther back on her head and wriggled down in the seat.

"Oh, well," she said.

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